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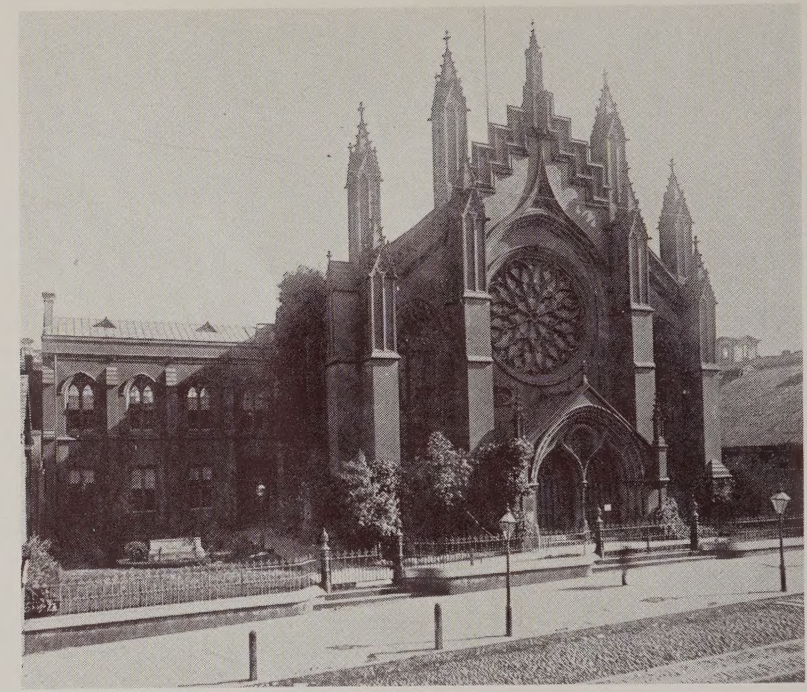


FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO

South Side of Geary Street, Below Stockton Street

Courtesy of The Society of California Pioneers

Emerson the Lecturer in California

By William Hawley Davis

THE ACTIVITIES and the influence of the self-improvement groups often called lyceums in mid-nineteenth-century America have yet to be chronicled in detail. Among their developments the still continuing practice of offering and attending "lectures" has, to be sure, received some attention. Yet as aspects of our culture history both lyceums and lectures remain largely neglected. Fortunately for the historian of American culture, at least one case study of lecturing, neatly circumscribed, is available. For the numerous appearances of Ralph Waldo Emerson, aged lecturer, in San Francisco and Oakland in April and May 1871, are vividly recorded in the daily press of that region and in a few personal memoirs. And the social phenomena thus presented can be appraised, at least with respect to one genuinely American community, because several of Emerson's lectures there are available as published essays.

I

Emerson did not go to California to fulfill lecture engagements. Aware that the decline had set in which he had anticipated in

It is time to be old,
To take in sail,

in 1865, weary from decades of lecturing in the East and the Middle West, and almost exhausted by his course dealing with the natural history of intellect in the current academic year at Harvard, he accepted the urgent but rather impromptu invitation of John Murray Forbes, wealthy and admired citizen of Quincy, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1871 to join a Pullman-car family party on a visit to California over the new transcontinental railroad. Leaving Boston on April 12, with James B. Thayer, who later recorded the whole experience in his *A Western Journey with Emerson*, Emerson boarded the "Huron" in Chicago two days later, at length breakfasted at Colfax beyond the Sierra on Friday, April 21, and was established in the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, that evening.

Lists of even ordinary transcontinental passengers, duly telegraphed from Ogden, were being currently published on the Coast; and although the Sacramento *Daily Union* merely noted the arrival of the "Huron" and its twelve passengers in California, San Francisco papers printed Forbes's name and the names of his guests. It is clear, especially from what follows, that Emerson arrived otherwise unheralded.

The *Daily Alta California's* April 21 list of "Huron" passengers may have misled some California readers with its "R. M. Emerson." Perhaps it was the

San Francisco citizen most likely to perceive the error who first identified this Eastern visitor as the former Unitarian minister and long eminent lecturer, poet, and essayist. Certainly Reverend Horatio Stebbins, gifted successor of the great Thomas Starr King as minister of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, called promptly upon Emerson at the Occidental Hotel on Saturday, April 22, and from that day forward the newspapers concentrated upon Emerson as the important member of the visiting group.

II

Now the Bay Region that spring was by no means starved with respect to either entertainment or instruction. In addition to stock evening offerings, San Francisco was presenting to its population of about 175,000 persons a variety of opportunities for enjoyment and improvement. Professor Martin Kellogg, one of the few professors in the college just ambitiously reorganized in Berkeley and Oakland as the University of California, on April 22 lectured "in the University course" at the Mechanics Institute upon "The Classics as Allied to Science." Stebbins, like King before him, was a gifted and popular lecturer. During Emerson's stay, Dwight L. Moody and John B. Gough, both mighty platform figures, competed with him for public favor. And David Lee Emerson, valedictorian of the first class of the College of California, widely known and well advertised, lectured on April 28 in Brayton Hall, Oakland, on "The Elements of Success," for the benefit of the Oakland Benevolent Society. As for other entertainment, Offenbach's *Orpheus* was performed at the Metropolitan Theatre on the night of Emerson's arrival, and similar attractions were offered frequently thereafter. Manager Tom Maguire was rehearsing for early production in his Opera House "the great comic pantomime, *Wee Willie Winkie*," the scale of which is indicated by his current advertisement for "100 ladies for the corps de ballet." At the Pavilion Rink (roller skating) exhibitions were being given daily by Miss Carrie Augusta Moore, "the most accomplished lady skater in the world," sometimes "in a costume of red, white, and blue." Oddly enough, Miss Moore revealed herself to Emerson as likewise a citizen of Concord, Massachusetts, and these two public entertainers exchanged admission courtesies as such. Still more oddly, Tom Maguire was presenting at the Alhambra "The Great Emerson Minstrels," with the then renowned Billy Emerson in songs and dances and a play entitled *Carry the News to Mary*. The Minstrels were also rehearsing *Faust in Black* and *Father, Come Home*.

His lecture schedule has received scant attention in biographies of Emerson, which seem to require readjustment in the light of what can now be presented concerning it. Emerson remained in California almost a month. Of that period he spent one long day on a trip to Calistoga and fourteen days on the visit to Yosemite so extensively recorded by John Muir and by

William F. Badé, Muir's biographer. On six of his fourteen days in what is now called the Bay Region Emerson delivered public lectures, admission at the current rate of fifty cents being charged for each of these except the first. The frequency of Emerson's lecture engagements in San Francisco and Oakland and the space assigned him in the daily local news attest a wide and genuine interest in him and in what he said. No literary lion of the present day is kept relatively busier or receives proportionately as great newspaper attention.

III

When Emerson arrived, the church notices for Sunday, April 23, were doubtless already in type, and that for the Unitarian Church announced Dr. Stebbins' subject for his evening service as "Methodism." However, perhaps while taking Emerson on Saturday to the Cliff House, Stebbins evidently persuaded Emerson to speak in his stead. For, making plain that the occasion had been a surprise, the *Daily Alta California* and the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, for Monday, printed accounts of his address, on "The Immortality of the Soul." That fulsome praise or courteous silence was not habitual among the journals is clear, however, from the parallel items that day in the two newer newspapers. Of these, the *Examiner* mildly said: "The address was long, but the greatest interest was maintained by the audience to the end." The *Chronicle*, for April 25, facing both ways, stated:

> Ralph Waldo Emerson, the most original, profound and incomprehensible American essayist, lecturer and philosopher, is at present sojourning in San Francisco—the guest of Rev. Horatio Stebbins. He has already lectured on "The Immortality of the Soul" and will probably soon deliver another of his characteristic imponderable dissertations . . . .

Emerson, never a ready impromptu speaker, had been able to accept Stebbins' invitation more readily because his daughter Edith, wife of John M. Forbes's son, Col. William H. Forbes, foreseeing such a possibility, had put into his trunk the manuscripts of a number of his stock lectures.

The First Unitarian Church building was a worthy setting for an Eastern lecturer. Erected by Thomas Starr King at a cost of $90,000, it exhibits in extant photographs an impressive exterior and a spacious interior. It seated fifteen hundred, and the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, and *Examiner* accounts stress the fact that it was crowded to capacity following Stebbins' mere announcement at his morning service that Emerson would speak.

In the essay entitled "Immortality," later published in *Letters and Social Aims*, we may read the actual or the virtual lecture which Emerson delivered. It is by no means a simple test for any audience or reader. The *Alta* attempted a synopsis which closely corresponds to the printed lecture. Emerson said toward the end of his address something like the following:

> [Man, successively from youth to old age] is rising to greater heights, but also rising to realities; the outer relations and circumstances dying out, he entering deeper into God, God into him, until the last garment of egotism falls, and he is with God,—shares the will and the immensity of the First Cause.

This the *Alta*, sympathetically and with almost pardonable lameness, paraphrased in its concluding paragraph as follows:

> The building was crowded, and the discourse although an hour long, was listened to with breathless attention, everyone feeling as they left the Church that an elegant tribute had been paid to the creative genius of the great First Cause, and that a masterly use of the English language had contributed to that end.

The passage was soon derisively cited by the *Bulletin* in the fashion of rival newspapers then and today and the incident is widely reported in accounts of Emerson's visit.

IV

The *Bulletin*, in an editorial that first Monday morning, following an extended and factual biographical account of Emerson, stated: "Large numbers of our people would be delighted if other opportunities were offered to see and hear him." The *Examiner* expressed a similar wish. Obviously to its satisfaction, the *Bulletin* announced the next day, Tuesday, April 25: "Ralph Waldo Emerson will deliver a course of lectures in this city. New Englanders rejoice." And Wednesday's papers advertised that Emerson would lecture that night, in the Unitarian Church, on "Society in America," admission fifty cents. The Sunday night lecture had been free. An idea of what had happened in the interval is conveyed by Charles A. Murdock, a member of Stebbins' Church, in his *A Backward Glance at Eighty*, published in 1921:

> . . . . It was about eleven o'clock when we called. I asked him if he could give us one of the lectures that evening. He smiled [said yes] . . . . Going at once to the office of the *Evening Bulletin*, we arranged for a good local notice, and soon had a number of small boys distributing announcements in the business streets.
>
> The audience was a good one in point of numbers, and a pleased and interested one. His peculiar manner of reading a few pages, and then shuffling his papers, as though they were inextricably mixed, was embarrassing at first, but when it was found that he was not disturbed by it, and that it was not the result of an accident, but a characteristic manner of delivery, the audience withheld its sympathy and rather enjoyed the novelty and the feeling of uncertainty as to what would come next. . . . .

The real test of San Francisco's interest in what Emerson stood for and might have to say to it was amply furnished by the lectures thus initiated and successively advertised, delivered, and reported during his stay. The entire six may be listed as follows:

Date	Place	Subject	Published as
Sun., April 23	First Unitarian Church	"The Immortality of the Soul"	"Immortality," in *Letters and Social Aims*, 1875
Wed., April 26	First Unitarian Church	"Society in America"	Not published
Sat., April 29	First Unitarian Church	"Resources"	"Resources," in *Letters and Social Aims*, 1875
Mon., May 1	First Unitarian Church	"Character"	"Character," in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, 1883 (?)

Date	Place	Subject	Published as
Wed., May 17	First Unitarian Church	"Chivalry"	Not published
Thurs., May 18	Brayton Hall, Oakland	"Hospitality"*	Not published

That "Society in America" was successful is indicated by the space given to it in each paper on Thursday and by the admiration and affection generally shown in the accounts. Since the lecture is nowhere printed entire, the *Chronicle's* report of it may be reproduced here:

> RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
>
> His Lecture on American Society.
>
> Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poet and essayist, who has, to use the words of the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, "stolen in upon us by surprise even as his thoughts steal in and astonish our minds," lectured at the First Unitarian Church last evening, his subject being "Society in America."
>
> Mr. Emerson
>
> Is young in appearance for one who has lived and thought through so many years; his figure is slight and his face almost Wellingtonian in the prominence of its features. The expression is one of benevolence, of one who rises above the petty annoyances of life, and finds pleasure in dwelling on pleasing abstractions and discovering the beauties of the infinite.
>
> His Style.
>
> He evidently makes no claim to oratory, or rather elocutionary display. His style of speaking is colloquial, unassuming and deliberate—so deliberate and interlarded with so many hesitations after unimportant words, that the style of the indifferent English public speaker is unavoidably suggested to the mind of the auditor. And this, even, while he reads from his manuscript. It is as if a desire to overcome a naturally rapid habit of speaking had degenerated into a jerky yet monotonous utterance.
>
> The Lecture
>
> Was a disappointment to at least one who delights in the reading of his essays. Although full of those curt, telling sentences in which each word expresses so much, and are so perfect in themselves that the slightest attempt at emphasis would have destroyed their symmetry, the ideas were not harmoniously blended, and the transitions were often abrupt. Less was said concerning
>
> Society In America
>
> Than might have been expected. The first portion of the lecture was more of a disquisition upon manners and behavior than of manners and behavior in America. It was filled with curt [*sic*] quotations from ancient and modern authors, and from the sayings of celebrated conversationalists. The boisterous man; the man who is "so leaky that he cannot but tell all he knows;" the mock sentimentalist; the garrulous man, "whose things said for conversation are like chalk eggs," were all touched; and it was on this sub-subject of conversation, its uses, effects and rules governing it in cultivated and refined circles, that the lecturer was most instructive and entertaining.

---

*Reported thus and also, by the *Bulletin* of May 18, as "Homes and How to Make them Happy."

> As A Whole.
>
> Although abounding in beautiful thoughts and aphorisms, pertinent illustration and apt quotation, the lecture failed in producing the effect, the impression which it may fairly have been expected from a spoken essay by so great a man. It seemed as if an elaborate and perfect composition had been mutilated and cut down that it might be compressed into the dimensions of ordinary lectures; and as if an attempt had been made to reduce the philosophical or metaphysical features to the comprehension of inferior minds. It was almost as if a jeweler had torn asunder a masterpiece of art at the order of some impatient public, and in despair had huddled the precious stones together in imperfect arrangement. The diamonds were there, but the setting impaired their brilliancy, and the brooch had lost much of its symmetry and beauty.
>
> On Saturday evening, Mr. Emerson will lecture on "Resources" at the same place.

The *Examiner* included only favorable criticism and said: "The conclusion of the lecture was a masterly peroration, and was warmly applauded . . . ."

The *Bulletin* commented upon Emerson's appearance and manner and reported the lecture at some length. The rather florid item began by recording an accident (likewise reported by Murdock) which had occurred as Emerson had begun to speak—the overturning of a vase of flowers on the reading desk: ". . . . he calmly surveyed the wrecked nosegay, and then descended the steps, gathered the flowers, and rearranged them in the vase —an act which few speakers could or would have performed with equal grace and thoughtfulness." The account concluded:

> The lecturer relied entirely upon his perception and sentiment of beauty and truth in addressing the audience, making no attempts at oratorical display. His style is entirely colloquial, and the dainty intellectual sweetmeats lose none of their delicacy by his manipulation; and his wit is so irresistibly clear that the dullest mind can comprehend and admire it. The audience listened with rapt attention to the speaker, and appeared delighted with what they heard. The lecture partook of the nature of an essay.

This Thursday, April 27, Emerson spent with others of the Forbes party on a trip, via Vallejo, by water, rail, and stage, to Calistoga. Oliver Wendell Holmes embodies in his narrative of the experience Forbes's testimony that with the thermometer recording 100° Emerson sat, with buffalo robes around him, absorbed in the scenery.

That same day, the *Alta* recorded that D. L. Moody had on Wednesday conducted a noonday prayer meeting at the Hall of the Y. M. C. A. And that newspaper saw fit to employ as a filler a few lines from one of Emerson's addresses.

On Friday, April 28, the *Chronicle* announced the coming of John B. Gough for a series of lectures, and significantly prophesied: "Without being as erudite as Emerson, he will please where that scholar would not interest." And that day, the Sacramento *Union* reprinted the *Alta's* Thursday review of the "Society in America" lecture. It seems clear that San Francisco and California had become very conscious of Emerson's presence.

Advertisements announcing Emerson's lecture that evening on "Resources," at the Unitarian Church as before, appeared in the San Francisco newspapers for Saturday, April 29. The *Bulletin*, in its reading announcement, stated: "The mere announcement is enough to fill the house." The *Chronicle* carried an additional entry concerning him under its "Across the Bay," to this effect: "Ralph Waldo Emerson will visit Oakland, where he has relatives."

Both the *Chronicle* and the *Golden Era* on Sunday, April 30, reported, rather inconspicuously, Emerson's lecture of the evening before, the *Era* characterizing him as "one of the most profound thinkers of the age" and the *Chronicle* mentioning that the house had been crowded. On Monday, May 1, however, the *Bulletin* devoted most of columns 1 and 2 of page 1 to the "Resources" lecture. Evidently Emerson had improvised an introduction especially appropriate to California, but the lecture seems to have consisted chiefly of the material now available under its title in *Letters and Social Aims*.

The Monday, May 1, issues of the *Alta*, the *Bulletin*, and the *Examiner* announced for that evening a lecture by Emerson at the Unitarian Church, admission fifty cents as usual, on "Character." And each paper duly reported the lecture next day, Tuesday, May 2. The *Alta* gave four inches of column 5, page 1, to it, saying it was "largely attended," quoting sentences, and adding that it was "full of the most valuable thoughts and reflections." This lecture, presumably, is today likewise available in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*. The text there indicates that Emerson again provided a passage suggested by his particular audience; for the *Bulletin*, having again cautiously stated that an "epitome can scarcely do it justice" and having devoted to it nearly half a column on page 3, stated that he "paid glowing tribute to the resources and capabilities of California, which, if properly husbanded, will give her a standing second to no other state in the Union." The *Alta* confirmed this by stating that he "concluded with an allusion to the wonderful capabilities and possibilities of California life, and the advantages we should take of it—the noble men California should and will produce."

In connection with the lecture on "Character" both papers further stated that a final lecture, on "Chivalry," would be given at a time to be announced upon Mr. Emerson's return from Yosemite.

Even during Emerson's stay in Yosemite, the *Chronicle* on May 7 ran the item concerning him:

> Ralph Waldo Emerison, who recently arrived here, has been planning it is said, to visit the Pacific Coast for ten years; but until this season has not been able to leave the work to which he is so much devoted. Yosemite has long been one of the great natural curiosities which the Sage of Concord expressed himself unwilling to die without seeing.

Emerson's return from Yosemite was duly chronicled in the San Francisco papers; and repeated advertisements of his final lecture appeared on Wednesday, May 17, in all four daily papers, together with news items relating to them. These suggest some anxiety on the part of his manager, presumably Stebbins, lest the attendance be poor. Thus, the *Alta* for May 15 stated:

> Ralph Waldo Emerson will deliver the last lecture of the course at the Unitarian Church, Geary Street, on Wednesday evening next. The subject of the lecture is "Chivalry." The previous lectures have been well attended and greatly enjoyed. An opportunity to hear so eminent a thinker read his own writings is seldom afforded, and a large audience will no doubt bid him farewell.

The *Chronicle* the next day, with less indication of bolstering up a waning reputation, said: "Gough to-night, Ralph Waldo Emerson to-morrow night—both popular lecturers. Who says San Francisco is not lucky this season?"

Charles A. Murdock, in his *Horatio Stebbins* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1921), a half-century after the event, recorded the following as to Emerson's popularity:

> The first audiences were good, but curiosity seemed to be the leading motive of attendance, for toward the end the audiences dropped off, whereat Dr. Stebbins remarked: "I thought the people would tire in the sockets of their wings if they tried to follow him."

What is the testimony of the San Francisco newspapers of the day, which by then had fully canceled any presumed obligation to the managers of Emerson's series? All four—*Alta*, *Bulletin*, *Chronicle*, and *Examiner*—on May 18 reported a large and appreciative attendance and gave ample space to their reports. True, the *Examiner* injected a sour note by stating:

> This had been announced as the last of his lectures, and the impression produced on [the] audience at its conclusion was that it was well that it was so, for his expiring effort in San Francisco was tame and uninteresting, by no means sustaining his claims to the position which he is thought to occupy in the lecture room.

The *Golden Era* rather confirms this view in its brief item of May 21, as follows:

> Ralph Waldo Emerson's lectures have inspired little interest. Unless there is eloquence in delivery, men prefer to read for themselves than have authors read for them.

On the other hand, the *Alta* for May 18 definitely approved the "Chivalry" lecture, and the *Bulletin* that day included the more than gracious statement: "The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and made a lasting impression upon those present"—previously referred to as "a large, intelligent audience."

The "Chivalry" lecture has never been published. According to the record printed in Cabot's life of Emerson, it was first given as Lecture I of a series entitled "Readings of English Poetry and Prose." One reason why it has not merited publication is probably that it consisted largely of quotations, including extended passages, from the works of others—the *Alta's* report states that "Mr. Emerson read extracts from Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur' and other words of knightly poetry and fiction . . . ."

Concerning the structure of the "Chivalry" lecture the *Alta* statement ran in part as follows:

> . . . . Mr. Emerson traced the gradual rise of civilization, dating the growth of chivalry from the days of Peter the Hermit . . . . more difficult to date its culminating point or its decline . . . . A true reverence and respect for women began to exist in those days . . . . and concluded with expressing his views on the chivalry of the present day—the power it is and may become.

The *Chronicle* reported "a large and appreciative audience," devoted six or eight paragraphs to a digest of the lecture, and stated that the "gentleman's remarks were loudly applauded at their close."

One further detail concerning Emerson and San Francisco is furnished by the *Bulletin* on the 18th, when it stated in a separate item: "Ralph Waldo Emerson has decided to leave for the East tomorrow morning. He was compelled to decline the invitation of the Suffrage Convention [reported in adjoining columns] to deliver an address before them, on account of his early departure. The ladies prevailed upon him to give them photographs, and these they will sell at the approaching Suffrage Bazaar."

And the *Examiner*, reporting Emerson's having donated photographs to the Bazaar in lieu of an address, commented somewhat cryptically but surely not by way of compliment: "The shadow for the substance, but consolation comes at last."

V

Though "Chivalry" was advertised as the last of Emerson's San Francisco series, it proved not to be his last in the Bay Region. For, as duly attested by newspaper advertisements, items, and reports, and by Emerson's own letter to his wife from Lake Tahoe (James E. Cabot, *A Memoir of Emerson*, 1887, II, 648), he lectured in Oakland, on Thursday, May 18. This lecture was given in Brayton Hall, the auditorium of a college-preparatory school which had been established some years before by Albert P. and Rev. Isaac Brayton, by this time owned by the new University of California at Berkeley, and the usual place for public lectures in Oakland. Offering it apparently as a commercial venture like those in San Francisco, Emerson spoke upon what is variously announced and reported as "Hospitality" and "How to Make Homes Happy." The Oakland *Daily Transcript's* (May 18) announcement included the statement: "This will be the last opportunity our citizens will have to hear this renowned lecturer, as he leaves for the East on Friday morning." And on Friday, the 19th, it further reported: "Emerson's Lecture.—The lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Brayton Hall last evening, was well attended, and evidently gave the highest satisfaction to his audience."

The *Daily Evening Bulletin* asserted that "the attendance, though not large was above the average. The lecturer dwelt on the beauties of the country house, the gardens, the landscape, the river and all the reasons which set the rural life above [that of] the dweller in cities. In illustrating the varieties of hospitality he told a touching story of the Oriental's observances of this sacred duty," which story the newspaper proceeded to quote in detail. "The lecture was full of fine maxims, and graphic descriptions of the happy homes."

Numerous items in San Francisco, Oakland, and Sacramento papers recorded Emerson's departure for the East on May 19. And his letter to Mrs. Emerson, dated Truckee, California, May 20, includes the graphic detail: "Friday [Thursday] night I went to Oaklands [*sic*] (the Brooklyn of San Francisco) to read a lecture . . . . and returned at eleven o'clock P. M. by rail and boat to San Francisco."

A May 1871 expression of the *Golden Era*, one of the critical San Francisco weeklies of the period, rather disapproving in character, has already been quoted. The testimony of one other local review, the ambitious and fairly caustic *California Mail Bag*, is likewise available in its first issue to bid for public interest, June 1871. On page vii, under "The Month," among brief characterizations, apparently day-by-day occurrences of the previous weeks, is the entry:

> May 18.–Mr. Gough's first temperance and Ralph Waldo Emerson's last philosophical lecture; both well attended.

Subsequently, under "Chronicle of the Month" covering April dates, we find first (p. 1) the mere record of Emerson's "Immortality" lecture having been given, and later (pp. 25 and 71, respectively) the following:

> Ralph Waldo Emerson has relatives residing in Oakland, but wishes his friends and patrons to understand that the other "Emerson," with the big feet and high collar, who ventilates the "elements of success" to empty benches, is none of the family.
>
> Ralph Waldo Emerson was asked his opinion of a chapter of personal gossip about himself, and this was his answer: "I should suppose my cook had run away, and, quitting saucepans for scribbling, had embodied the entire range of impertinencies in ink, because he had been bribed to tell all he did not know about me."

If such was the general aftermath of Emerson's stay, and if he continued to furnish news thus after his departure, it seems probable that the newspaper record of his sojourn fairly represents the facts.

VI

Such and so ended was this four weeks' visit of Emerson to California and the opportunity of California to make its impression upon Emerson and to receive impressions directly from him. Emerson was too old, and perhaps his stay was too short, for his impressions of California to be notable. Certainly he included in his subsequent journal entries and in his few new compositions very little by way of characterization of California and the Far West. On the whole, his works contain sympathetic and statesmanlike opinions of Far Western occurrences and prospects, opinions far broader than critics who attribute to him narrow New Englandism seem to acknowledge. But these were never revised for public consumption.

As for California's, and particularly San Francisco's, appreciation of

Emerson, surely the record is creditable. John B. Gough and Dwight L. Moody were directly competing with him for attention in California in April and May 1871; each might have been expected to overshadow him in almost any and certainly in any new American community. Yet Emerson attracted numerous and large audiences and was extensively reported and almost uniformly praised in the San Francisco newspapers. Moreover, there is no printed confusion or comparison of the two Emersons then featured in San Francisco's rich program of entertainment. There also is a minimum of derisive comment on the loftiness of Emerson's thought or of expression. Whether or not derision or impatience dominated the private conversations of those who came in contact with him is not recorded; the evidence that is available, however, indicates that he was heard with sustained attention, great respect, and a commendably high degree of understanding.

How lasting or influential were the impressions made upon his hearers we likewise do not know. Perhaps some day there will be available further memoirs which throw light upon the matter. It seems probable that Emerson looked back upon what he had witnessed with some surprise, no little delight, and great satisfaction that his theories of men and of what we now call democracy were here being confirmed by experience. He would have rejoiced in the San Francisco of 1941 and the California of 1941. Perhaps his lectures and his presence there effectively upheld the hands of the many already directing rightly the destiny of the region, and its manifold tradition comprises not only Mark Twain and Jack London and a host of unconventional and sprightly figures but also this stalwart, wise, uncompromising, and unchangeably democratic and characteristically American figure whose old lectures attracted so many audiences and such favorable comment in 1871.

John White Geary and His Brother Edward

By CLIFFORD M. DRURY

ONE OF San Francisco's busiest and most important thoroughfares—Geary Street—is named for the city's first postmaster, last alcalde and first mayor, Colonel John White Geary. Although he lived but three years in California, from 1849 to 1852, he was able in that short time to leave an impression upon both the city and the state which will remain as long as there is a San Francisco and a California. He inaugurated some of the first civic improvements in the City of San Francisco and, although not actually a member of the first State Constitutional Convention, he exerted a potent influence on its transactions and, as a member of the Democratic Territorial Committee, rendered valuable assistance in getting California admitted into the Union as a free state.[1]

John White Geary was born near Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania, in 1819, of English parentage.[2] His childhood was spent in eastern Pennsylvania, where his father was engaged in the steel business. He entered Jefferson College with the class of 1839, but remained there but a short time, finding it necessary, owing to the death of his father, to leave school and go to work to help support his mother. While teaching school he studied civil engineering and law. He was admitted to the bar and practised law for a short time. His inclinations and training, however, led him into civil engineering and he later became assistant superintendent and engineer of the Allegheny Portage Railroad, one of the links in the chain of transportation from the port of Philadelphia to the rapidly developing Ohio region.[3]

In addition to his studies in the fields of law and engineering, Geary was intensely interested in military history and tactics. This interest enabled him to rise rapidly from the rank of private to that of brigadier general in the Pennsylvania Militia.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he raised a regiment of volunteers and became its lieutenant colonel and later colonel. This regiment saw action in most of the major engagements of the war. At the battle of Chapultepec, Geary's uniform was pierced in five places and finally he was struck in the groin, but remained out of action for only a few hours. This regiment, under Geary's command, encountered one of its bitterest engagements in the capture of Mexico City, and his troops were the first to enter the walls of the capital. In recognition of gallant services, Colonel Geary was placed in command of the city during its occupation.[4]

As a further reward for his services in the Mexican War, President Polk appointed Coloned Geary postmaster of San Francisco, on January 22, 1849, with power to establish new postoffices and postmasters and to create new mail routes throughout the Pacific Coast. Colonel Geary had married Margaret Ann Logan (daughter of James R. Logan) of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on February 12, 1843,[5] and now, at the age of twenty-nine, with his wife and a son two years old, he sailed on the steamship *Falcon* from New York City on February 1, 1849, for California, via the Isthmus. He carried with him a quantity of mail for California points, including about 5,000 letters for San Francisco.

During the Colonel's weeks of waiting in Panama for the steamer, he spent much of his time in writing and in studying the civil conditions of that country. In the *Annals of San Francisco* we read: "Col. Geary accordingly organized and presided first over a Masonic society, and subsequently over an association of Odd-Fellows, for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings and relieving the miserable condition of the unfortunate gold seekers."[6]

The Geary family secured passage on the *Oregon*, the second of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to make the journey around the Horn.[7] It was her maiden voyage to the Pacific Coast. The *Oregon* left Panama City on March 13, loaded to capacity with eager gold-seekers. It is interesting to note here that among those on board was the Rev. Albert Williams,[8] pioneer Presbyterian pastor to San Francisco, who organized the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco on May 20, 1849, with six charter members, among whom was Mrs. John White Geary and most of whom had been his fellow-passengers on the *Oregon*.[9] Since the disbanding of the old First Presbyterian Church of Benicia in 1875, the one in San Francisco has the distinction of being the oldest in the State of California.

The *Oregon* arrived in San Francisco Bay on April 1, 1849. Colonel Geary at once opened the first United States postoffice in San Francisco in a rented room at the corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets. Having no furniture suitable for the distribution of mail, he was compelled to draw squares on the floor and mark them alphabetically for the purpose.[10]

Within eighteen days after their arrival, Mrs. Geary gave birth to her second child, a boy, who was named William Logan. He was referred to in later letters by his father as "Frisco Billy."[11]

Colonel Geary's important commission as postmaster of the city naturally threw him to the forefront of local public affairs. On hearing of the appointment, by President Taylor, of Jacob B. Moore as postmaster of San Francisco, Geary turned over the duties of the office to Colonel W. P. Bryan, who served until Moore's arrival.[12] On July 21, 1849, Geary wrote to his wife, who had returned to Pennsylvania, as follows:

> This day the elections came off in California for the various legislative, judicial and civil authorities of the Territory. Since my departure from the Post Office, I have scarcely been able to restrain the people of San Francisco from holding indignation meetings and expressing their feelings against the Administration of Gen. Taylor, and

> my traducers in Pennsylvania. And this day they have paid me the handsomest compliment ever paid to man on the Pacific Coast. Although I determinedly declined accepting any nomination, I have been unanimously elected 1st Alcalde of the city. This office combines the Offices which with you are Mayor and Judge of Court of Common Pleas. The salary is much better than that of the Post Office.[13]

In addition to his duties as alcalde, Geary was appointed judge of the first instance for San Francisco on August 6, 1849. These two offices were Mexican institutions and combined such offices as sheriff, probate judge, recorder, notary public, and coroner. From the time of this appointment until the summer of 1850, Geary was the only magistrate in San Francisco.[14]

San Francisco adopted its first city charter on May 1, 1850, at which time the Mexican offices were abolished and American forms were established. Under the new charter Geary was elected the first mayor of San Francisco by a flattering majority.

> During his official term, he rendered most valuable service in the work of perfecting the municipal organization; restrained all tendency to extravagant expenditure of public funds; nobly sustained the city's credit; hastened with a few citizen soldiery to Sacramento and quelled some serious riots there; and for his almost superhuman efforts to save the city, during the great conflagration [in 1850], he received the grateful acknowledgments of the people . . . .[15]

For the establishment of the first permanent public school in San Francisco Colonel Geary deserves at least partial credit, and he was president of both the state and city boards of health.[16] He was admirably qualified for the important work which was his in laying the foundations of a great city. His knowledge of law and civil engineering, his army experience, and his forceful personality all combined to give him exactly those talents most needed by a rapidly growing city. San Francisco was highly favored in having such a man to guide its destinies in days of such strategic importance.

Geary sailed from San Francisco on February 1, 1852, fully intending to return in about six months. However, sickness in the family and the death of his wife on February 28, 1853, at New Alexandria, Pennsylvania, probably were the main reasons for Geary's change of plans.

The remaining part of Colonel Geary's life was spent in the East and Middle West in political and military service. It is evident from his record that he was a man of unusual ability. In July 1856, President Pierce appointed him governor of Kansas, which position he held until he resigned in 1857.[17]

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Geary hastened to raise the 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers and during the conflict took part in a number of important engagements, including the battle of Gettysburg. The author of this article remembers seeing a monument dedicated to him on the battlefield at Gettysburg. Geary was with General William T. Sherman in the famous march to the sea and was the first to enter Savannah after its evacuation. He was made military governor of the city and in 1865 was promoted to the rank of major general by brevet.[18]

In 1866 General Geary was elected governor of Pennsylvania, which office he held for two consecutive terms.[19] He died suddenly at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on February 8, 1878, eighteen days after the expiration of his second term. He was then a little more than 53 years old. The state of Pennsylvania has erected a monument over his grave in the Harrisburg cemetery.

In November 1858 General Geary was married a second time. His second wife was Mrs. Mary Church Henderson, the daughter of Robert R. Church, of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and of this union were born Mary, Margaret, John White, and Louise.[20]

This is the man for whom Geary Street, San Francisco, is named.[21]

The Rev. Edward Ratchford Geary, D.D., the brother of John White Geary, was sent out to Oregon by the Presbyterian Church in the early part of 1851 and remained there until his death on September 1, 1886. Dr. Geary was one of the leading citizens of Oregon of his generation. His trip from New York to San Francisco was by the same route which his brother John had taken about two years earlier. Thus, in the account written by Edward Geary, we find a description of experiences similar to those which his brother must have had. While passing through San Francisco Edward called on his brother and also upon his friend, the Rev. Albert Williams, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Edward Geary's vivid account of his journey to Oregon follows:

LETTER FROM REV. EDWARD R. GEARY

Clatsop Plains, near Point Adams,
Mouth of the Columbia,
Oregon Territory, April 17, 1851.

Mr. John McLellan;

Dear friend:—It has pleased God to conduct us in safety to this point on our journey. I am now within the limits of that field of labor for which I left my beloved charge, and my most cherished associations in Ohio.

I would like to sit down and give you "my travel's history" thus far. Were I one of the circle around your stove, as I have been, but may never again be, I might make the hours of an evening pass pleasantly and profitably perhaps, by the recital. As it is, however, the pen is at best but slow of speech, and under the pressure of my engagements, and amidst the inconveniences of this new country, I can but give you the most imperfect sketch. We sailed, as you have no doubt heard, on the *Empire City*, a splendid steamship, on the 13th of February, two days earlier than we expected when we left home, so that your letter addressed to me at New York overtook me in San Francisco, having been forwarded by the Hon. Mr. Lowrie. I was surprised, and much gratified to learn that my esteemed young friend S. G. Irvine[22] has determined to make this territory the field of his enterprise, and regretted that I had not received your letter early enough to be of service to him. I have, however, mentioned him to my brother in San Francisco, who will be happy to render him any aid in his power.

We had a pleasant run of ten days to Chagres. Our course was to the eastward of Cuba and for a day and a half in sight of the shores of St. Domingo, the realm of his Majesty, who in royal parlance is styled "by the grace of God, Faustin the First." Thence we passed to the eastward of Jamaica, and by a straight course through the Carribbean Sea to Chagres. The 22nd was celebrated with enthusiasm by the passengers and officers.—The dinner was splendid; there was more than a national salute fired from Champagne bottles, and notwithstanding several were *badly shot*, nothing occurred to mar the hilarity of the occasion. The excellent commander, Capt. Wilson, treated us to a fine display of rockets in the evening. Before midnight of that day we dropped anchor off Chagres. The Rev. Dr. Clark[23] and the Rev. Mr. Mines of the Episcopal Church,[24] with their families, were among the passengers, also Mr. [Thomas O.] Larkin of Monterey, and Mr. Gatton, consul at Mazatlan, both very pleasant and intelligent gentlemen, to whose kindness I feel much indebted.

In the morning, though the sea was rough, we were early surrounded by boats manned by naked and half naked natives, seeking to carry us ashore. The distance of the landing from the anchorage is about a mile and a half, and through a violent surf. The first object that attracts the view in turning towards the shore, is a bold bluff on the east side of the river, projecting into the sea. A stone tower on the eminence, a part of the extensive ruins of an old fortification, formidable in the days of the Buccaneers, is now used as a lookout station to announce the arrival of vessels. Here and there a dismounted gun may be seen lying on the dilapidated works. The American town, as it is called, is on the west bank and presents a very mean appearance, the buildings being of the most temporary kind. It is a very unhealthy place, and the sick may be found in almost every house, while the fresh hillocks in the graveyard attest a constant and large accession to its quiet tenantry. We landed on the Sabbath, but it is unknown and uncared for here. On all sides was the bustle of business—at every corner, on every porch almost—the gamblers were busy. On some of their tables was displayed, I would judge, from five to ten thousand dollars in silver and gold. In a cove formed by a recession of the high precipice on the other side of the river, already mentioned, and a little back from the sea is the old or native town, a collection of the rudest bamboo huts, built without regard to order, and thatched with the branches of the cocoa and palm tree. The natives are a mongrel race of indians and negroes, with now and then a villainous streak of white. They wear little or no clothing and are all armed with a short sword or knife of rude manufacture. The river is ascended to Gorgona or Cruces in small boats and canoes, propelled by natives or emigrants from the Spanish Main and the West Indies. Several attempts have been made with steamers, but as yet with indifferent success. The best way is for a number to club together and hire a covered boat with 4 or 5 oarsmen or *palanquers*, and also to lay in provisions for the voyage. The railroad is in progress of construction to Gorgona—it is located no farther—but the work advances slowly, and its completion is considered by many, extremely problematical.

The scenery on the river is wild and romantic. The stream flows on like liquid crystal, and is smooth as a mirror. The banks are generally covered with a dense growth of tropical vegetation, and the spreading branches of the cotton wood and other giant trees cast a refreshing shade over the stream. Palm and Cocoa trees, with their spreading leaves and ponderous fruits, ever and anon rear their heads in princely pride, and occasionally a field of plantains and bananas or sugar cane of luxuriant growth, in the vicinity of a bamboo hut, mark the rude cultivation of the natives, and attest the surprising agricultural capacity of the country in the hands of a more enterprising race.

Snow white cranes skim along the waters, while birds of brilliant plumage sport from branch to branch, and flocks of parroquets keep up their unceasing, noisy jabbering. After the first day of our ascent, the river became shallow and the current more rapid. The oars were exchanged for setting poles, and the *palanquers* to be the less impeded in the laying out of their energies, stripped to the ebony with the exception of the *breech-cloth*. These, you will say, are strange christians, yet they are all the children of the "Holy Mother"—the famous old lady of Rome:—educated too, beyond the debasing influence of Luther's heresy!

Our first night on the river was spent in our boat at a ranche called Gatoon. A heavy shower at midnight roused us, all completely drenched except Mrs. G. and the babe, whom we had carefully guarded against such a contingency. It is not unpleasant to sleep on the boat, save a little misgiving, arising from the apprehension of a nocturnal visit from an alligator. This reptile is here of huge size and abounds in the river.

Four o'clock, A. M. found us under way. We breakfasted at *Dos Hermanos*, (the Two Brothers.) This place will long be remembered as the scene of a fearful tragedy on the night following that day. The passengers of two boats were here murdered by the treacherous boatmen. They were in all probability our fellow passengers on the *Empire City*. There were 7 men and two women in one boat, a man and wife with two children in the other. A misunderstanding as to the place of stopping for the night had irritated the natives, but it is supposed a heavy box of tools which they supposed to be gold, excited their cupidity and tempted them to the commission of the horrid deed.

The intelligence produced a strong sensation in Panama, and the authorities, aided by several Americans, were soon in pursuit. The result was the capture of three or four of the perpetrators, one of whom boasted of the deed and only regretted that he had not killed more. They were imprisoned, and have probably ere this been executed. Our second night was spent at Palanquena, a ranche, where I had the enviable success of securing a bed—a bone fide *feather bed*—the only one in the place, for Mrs. G. and the children. For this I paid the small consideration of a quarter eagle! The Rev. Mr. Mines, his wife and her mother, and Mrs. Judah and two children, slept on some goat skins on the loft of a native house, to which they ascended by an upright notched pole, something like those sometimes seen appended to hen houses in the west. The next day at noon we reached Gorgona where we debarked and began to prepare for our mule-back transit to Panama.

Gorgona is seven miles lower down the river than Cruces, and is at the head of navigation in the dry season. This place is a collection of native houses built in the usual rude style, with little regard to regularity. It contains a native population of about 1000, and some 300 Americans and other foreigners attracted thither for the purposes of trade. The adult natives, with but few exceptions, are only half clad, and the children are entirely naked. The most dilapidated house in the place is the Chapel. Its vestibule seems to be the favorite resort of the mules, and the door being unhung there was unmistakable evidence that more than one donkey had taken sanctuary even within the consecrated walls! Probably like mother Rome, they keep the feast of Asses.

With Mr. Dorn, of Guaymas, as my interpreter, I called on the Padre (priest). Two very well-fed negresses, his housekeepers, informed us that his reverence was asleep, and I had an eye and ear testimony of the fact, as the worthy gentleman lay supine in his hammock. They invited us to call in an hour, which we respectfully declined and took leave.

But the morning scene of preparation for the ride to Panama baffles all successful description with the pen, and is wholly in advance of the most ludicrous groupings of Hogarth. What a strange caraven! What grotesque men and beasts! A hundred and fifty anxious travelers—five hundred horses, asses and mules, a hundred mule owners, and muleteers, all jabbering, and bargaining, or lading their animals with their huge packs;—men and women—black, white and yellow—clothed and naked—ladies on sidesaddles, ladies mounted a la Spanish—all jostling and crowding in a narrow street, and scolding, in the most perplexing confusion. I succeeded in getting a sidesaddle for Mrs. G. The two girls were mounted on another mule, Martha claiming the precedence of seniority—the baby swung in a blanket around the neck of a native on foot; a muleteer on foot, and myself mounted on muleback with a six-shooter, which my friend Mr. Larkin prevailed on me to carry, and begging pardon of every decent man I met, for carrying a deadly weapon, completed the cavalcade. As to the winding way through the mountains, its contracted path, narrow ravines, abrupt precipices, deep gutters, tumbling torrents, and so on, of which you have heard so much and probably imagined more—I would not miss one of them, for all may be passed without danger, and all are needed to render the journey exciting and romantic. Our only accident in crossing was a tumble of the girls from the mule, with but slight injury.

We arrived much fatigued at 6 o'clock, P. M., in Panama, and retired early, to be sung asleep for the first time by the lullaby of the Pacific. This city is the second of the name built on the bay.—Old Panama, some miles to the south, was destroyed by the Buccanneers. Prior to the days of Bolivar it was a city of considerable commerce and the surrounding territory was in a high state of cultivation. As the city is approached, dilapidated gateways and courts, and the ruins of stately houses, in the midst of which now stands the wretched bamboo hut, tell at once of former prosperity and present decline. As we approached the city we encountered a string of donkeys carrying water from the springs near the base of a neighboring mountain. The city is enclosed with a massive stone wall, and is entered through a long stone avenue paved with large flags, and through an arched gateway commanded by frowning towers. The old iron shod gates no longer swing on their hinges, no guard keeps watch, no sentinel challenges—these things of the olden time are passed away, perhaps forever. The narrow streets, lofty tile covered houses, arched entrances and open courts in the centre, give the place that gloomy aspect peculiar to Spanish towns. There are several large catholic chapels; the most noted is the Cathedral on the Plaza. This was built about a hundred and fifty years ago and is in a tolerable state of preservation, though much of the statuary is defaced, and the ivy has crept to its highest turret. Mass is celebrated here twice every day—the altar has a great deal of silver about it, but the priests are meanly clothed and perform their service in a most slovenly manner. Samuel Irvine has an ear for music, and probably may say something about singing. It was to me so ludicrous that I found it impossible to preserve my gravity. From the number of black gowns and cocked hats on the street, I would suppose the priests form about one percent. of the entire population. They are said to be much addicted to the sport of cock fighting. The most of them are of pure Spanish blood.

I must not forget to state that there is an old stone road extending from Cruces to Panama, which is in many places in a good state of preservation. We traveled on it for several miles in approaching the city. Another stone road has recently been discovered, it is said, extending from Panama to Navy Bay on the Atlantic.

Several splendid brass cannon lie dismounted on the wall of the city next the Bay. They ring like silver on the slightest touch, and are said to contain about 6 percent. of that metal. They bear the cypher of Carlos III. There is a splendid promenade on this part of the walls, much resorted to by strangers in the evening, where they can escape from the infected atmosphere of the city, and breathe the pure air of the bay. Near the gate on this side is a nunnery where the purest water is obtained by going to a window and calling for "agua" (water). There is a revolving shutter to the window, a turn of which brings out an urn of water, and if a lady is of the party, a bouquet of beautiful flowers.—None of the inmates are seen, nor can they be induced to converse.

The walls of the city are built of a species of coral, infiltrated with sand and shells, and hardened into rock. The tides of the bay rise about 18 feet. Mrs. G. suffered much while here from neuralgia in the face, and continued to be afflicted the greater part of the way up the coast.

The soldiery here are all negroes in dingy uniforms and bare feet. They are chiefly employed as a police guard.

I have not time to tell you about the market.—Suffice to say it is a perfect gehenna of filth. The meat is cut in long thin strips and sold by the *vara* (i. e. yard)!

On the 1st of March we went aboard the Panama steamship, and after a short pause at Toboga, proseeded on our voyage. The ship was extremely crowded, and the accommodations comparatively poor. For the first ten days it was very warm, and I slept on a cot on deck. We were seldom out of sight of land, as the high mountain coasts of Guatamala and Mexico can be seen at a great distance. Nothing worthy of special note occurred before our arrival at Accapulco, where we put in for a supply of coal. This is one of the best ports of Mexico; the harbor is completely land-locked, and would contain a thousand line-of-battle ships. The mountain which encircles the harbor, also sweeps around the city, which stands on a low, gradually ascending shore. It is very sultry here, for the want of the sea breeze, and in order to remedy this, the old Spaniards, with an enterprise unknown to their degenerate posterity, attempted to cut through the mountain. The work was never completed. Beyond this gap, the sea rushes with violence, at the flow of the tide, and has worn several caverns in the rock. One, called the Cave of Aeolus, presents a remarkable and sublime phenomenon. The wave rushing in compresses the air, which, when the wave has spent its force, re-acts with violence, but before it entirely escapes, it is met by the next wave, and the forces of air and water acting in contrary directions, force the retiring wave up to the height of 300 feet, in a cloud of spray. I clambered over the precipice, to view this grand display, and returned with the rich compensation of gratified curiosity.

I visited a plantation in the neighborhood, in company with some friends. The owner treated us very politely to cocoa nuts, pine apples, and oranges. Here we saw the chocolate nut (cacao), the coffee shrub, oranges, lemons, cocoa nuts, dates, the fig-tree, the mango, the guava, the pomegranate, and a great many other tropical fruits, all growing in the same vicinity. Should the Isthmus continue the great thoroughfare of intercourse between the eastern and western coasts, Accapulco must become a place of great importance. This is not likely, however, to be the case; yet in the developing greatness of the Pacific Coast, it will always hold a conspicuous place among its commercial cities. Capitalists are beginning to make investments here in real estate.

Our next stopping place was San Blas—a mere collection of native huts, with a few commercial houses, erected by foreigners. It is chiefly important as the port of Tepic, a city about 18 leagues in the interior, noted for its cotton factories. It is near 300 leagues from Vera Cruz. Hence we proceeded to Mazatlan, which is a place of great wealth and commerce; it is a beautiful and clean Spanish town, and has sometimes been called the Paris of the Pacific. Some of the silk stores are splendid. A stranger is surprised to see the number of shoemakers, chiefly women, that are working and displaying their shoes on the sidewalks. Mazatlan is on the Tropic of Cancer, and just within the Gulf of California. We had some rough weather off Cape St. Lucas, and were retarded by head winds. This so far consumed our stock of coal, that we had to put in at San Diego for a supply. Here there is nothing of importance to be seen. The old town is five miles from the harbor. We landed Mr. Larkin at Monterey. This is a place of great natural beauty, though in itself quite an insignificant town. It is situated between the Bay and the hill, on a crescent-shaped slope. This is covered with the richest verdure, and dotted with low evergreen oaks, which appear like venerable apple-trees. Back of this rises an elevation covered with wild oats, while still more elevated and remote, extends a forest of pine and cedar.—Back of all, rose a mountain covered with snow, appearing to the eye of fancy as if old Winter, captivated by the surpassing charms of Spring, had rudely thrown his icy arms around her. In twelve hours after weighing anchor here, we entered the Golden Gates, and anchored off the far-famed city of San Francisco. Here everything astonishes and overwhelms. The shipping in the harbor presents an immense forest of masts, and the banners of a large portion of the maratime nations float in the breeze. So rapid is the growth of this city, that those who had been absent a few months expressed more surprise than entire strangers. Two years ago there were here 600 inhabitants, living in a few tents and rude buildings. It is now a city of 30,000 inhabitants —one-third of its space reclaimed from the sea, with extensive wharves, densely built blocks of stores, warehouses, hotels, theatres, and here and there a church with its heaven-pointing spire. But it is Mammon's metropolis, and is crowded with his most ardent votaries. Think of 25,000 men in a city not 3 years old!—as many men as old Boston or Baltimore! But I have not time to talk of San Francisco.

I found my brother well, but much care-worn, and desirous to escape from the onerous duties of a difficult office. I spent my time very pleasantly here, and made a great many very agreeable acquaintances. The Presbyterian Church is in a flourishing condition, and is efficiently served by its excellent pastor, Mr. Williams. I preached in his church twice, to large and attentive audiences, and was present at a most refreshing prayer-meeting. There are a Baptist, a New School, a Congregational, and a Methodist Church, here. They are all served by excellent men. I forgot at the moment the Episcopal Church, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Mines, who, notwithstanding his high-church exclusiveness, is an excellent man, and highly esteemed.

On the 4th instant we sailed on the steamer *Columbia*, for Astoria, and after three days, anchored off the place on Monday evening. It may surprise you to hear that the entrance of the river is safe by the south pass in almost all stages of weather, and that the harbor of Astoria is one of the safest on the coast. But be not mistaken about Astoria. Astoria proper does not contain a dozen houses.—At Ft. George, a mile below, there is a small garrison, and half a dozen stores. In both places, the garrison excepted, there are not a hundred and fifty inhabitants. Yet here is probably the destined seat of a mighty city. It is evident that the heavier shipping cannot ascend in safety the Columbia above Tongue Point, where at ebb tide there is not over 9 feet of water on the bar, and less than 16 feet at the flow.

General [John] Adair received us with the utmost Christian cordiality and affection, and took us immediately to his house. He is the Collector of the port. On Tuesday afternoon he accompanied me to Clatsop, where I found Br. Thompson,[25] my only ministerial predecessor of the Old School Presbyterian Church in Oregon. He lives in a house chiefly erected by himself, in a little cluster of pines near the shores of the Pacific. He is an excellent, simple-hearted man, and has endured many hardships as a pioneer, without a murmur. He lives about six miles from his church—a neat little edifice, where he preaches to a small but devoted band.—He usually goes on the beach in his ox-cart, when the tide favors. He has about forty head of cattle, from which he principally derives his support.—The Plains, extending from the southern bank of the Columbia to Killimook [Tillamook] head, are very singular in their appearance, and have evidently been thrown up by the ocean. The beach is very broad, and at low tide a hundred carriages might run abreast for 15 miles, on a road so smooth and level that a bowl of water might be carried without spilling a drop. Next rises a sandy bold shore; then a grassy plain, now white with the blossom of the strawberry; then comes a belt of the richest soil, where 600 bushels of potatoes have been raised on an acre. The chief dependence of the settlers is on their dairies.—Butter is worth a dollar a pound. The possessory right to a single claim has here sold for $5,000! Among the natural curiosities is an immense canal, 11 miles long, 150 feet wide at top, and 60 at bottom, and about 40 feet deep; it is dry, and covered with the richest grass. There is also a creek—the Neocoxe, which flows due north 8 miles, and then after a short detour, returns all the way by a course directly parallel with itself.[26] The Columbia is a noble stream, 15 miles wide at its mouth, and about 5 miles wide at Astoria. Its salmon-fisheries will become a source of great wealth. In entering the river, a tall mountain appears in the distance, on the summit of which towers a single pine, which the sailors have named *Jim Crow*, and hence the name of the mountain. Beyond this, and visible in a clear day, rises the volcanic mountain of St. Helens,[27] covered with perpetual snow. Contrasted with the green mountains that fill up the foreground, and as it reflects the sun-beams from its surface of peerless white, it presents a view at once among the most beautiful in nature. . . . .

My thoughts and affections are often in Fredericksburgh, and among the dear people of my late charge, and kind neighbors. I have only time to express my warm affection for them all, and deep interest in their welfare. Remember me very kindly to old Father and Mother Brown, if they are yet alive. My family will remain in Clatsop till I visit the Willamette and return. I set out this evening. I shall hope to hear from you soon. Direct to Astoria for the present. Mrs. G. joins me in the above kind wishes, and in affectionate regard to your family.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD R. GEARY.[28]

JOHN MCLELLAN, Fredericksburgh, O.

NOTES

[1] *A Sketch of the Early Life and Military Services of Maj. Gen. John W. Geary, Candidate of the National Union Party for Governor of Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1866), pp. 11-12.

[2] Richard Geary, the grandfather of Col. John White Geary and the Rev. Edward R. Geary, migrated to America from England just before the Revolutionary War. He had served in the Royal Navy, and while his sympathies were entirely with the Colonies in their struggle for independence, his recent contacts with England's armed forces precluded his taking any active part with the American army. Richard married Martha Ratchford, who is thought to have been of French Huguenot stock, and they settled in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. He died in 1805.

Richard and Martha had two children, a daughter who died in infancy, and a son, Richard. Jr., who was born on January 1, 1779. In 1808 this Richard married Margaret White, of Hagerstown, Pennsylvania. Four children, all boys, were born of this union, two of whom died in infancy. The two who lived were Edward Ratchford, born on April 30, 1811, and John White, born on December 30, 1819, near Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. The father died at New Alexandria, Pennsylvania, on February 22, 1834. His wife survived him nearly fifteen years, passing away on February 13, 1846, in Fredericksburg, Ohio, where her eldest son was pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

We are indebted to Mr. John W. Geary, of San Francisco, grandson of John White Geary, who has many of his grandfather's letters, for much information concerning his grandfather and the family history.

3. Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, and James Nisbet, *The Annals of San Francisco* (New York, 1854), pp. 719-20; *Sketch of the Early Life*, pp. 4-5.

4. *Annals of San Francisco*, pp. 721-22, and information furnished by Colonel Geary's grandson, Mr. John W. Geary.

5. *Memorial Addresses on the Death of Gov. John W. Geary, Delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and Attendant Obsequies, February, 1873* (Harrisburg, 1873), p. 80.

6. *Annals of San Francisco*, p. 724.

7. For an account of this voyage see pp. 397-400 of John Haskell Kemble, "The Genesis of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company," in this QUARTERLY, XIII (December 1934).

8. The Rev. Albert Williams, *A Pioneer Pastorate and Times* (San Francisco, 1879), pp. 11-14, also gives an interesting account of the voyage.

9. *Ibid.*, pp. 24-25.

10. *Annals of San Francisco*, pp. 726-27.

11. William Logan Geary later served in the Civil War as a drummer boy and despatch carrier at the age of thirteen, and subsequently graduated from West Point, becoming a second lieutenant of the Twelfth U. S. Infantry on June 17, 1874. His life was spent in the Army, with the exception of a few years in the mercantile business in Oregon and Idaho. During his career he saw service in many Indian campaigns, as well as in Cuba during the Spanish American War, and during the Philippine insurrection. He died, while still in active service, in San Francisco on December 7, 1907. His widow and daughter are at present living in Berkeley, and five sons are living in other parts of California—two in San Francisco and three in the southern part of the state. Information from his son, Mr. John W. Geary, of San Francisco.

12. *Annals of San Francisco*, pp. 727 and 728.

13. Letter of John White Geary to his wife, San Francisco, July 21, 1849, in the possession of his grandson John W. Geary.

14. *Annals of San Francisco*, pp. 727-32.

15. *Sketch of the Early Life*, p. 11.

16. *Annals of San Francisco*, p. 731.

17. *Sketch of the Early Life*, pp. 14-17.

18. *Ibid.*, pp. 20-32, and *Memorial Addresses*, pp. 20-21, 79-80.

19. *Memorial Addresses*, pp. 37 and 80.

20. *Ibid.*, p. 80, and Geary family papers.

21. The University of Pennsylvania Press in 1940 issued a brief biography of Geary, by Harry Marlin Tinkcom, under the title, *John White Geary, Soldier-Statesman, 1819-1873*. Of its 155 pages only 18 are devoted to his California experience, and for these the author evidently drew heavily upon the *Annals of San Francisco*.

22. The Rev. S. G. Irvine was a well-known and highly regarded pioneer preacher of Oregon. At the time of Dr. Geary's death, in September 1886, he was a doctor of divinity and was connected with the United Presbyterian Church, Albany, Oregon. Information furnished by Mr. Lewis A. McArthur, President of the Oregon Historical Society.

23. The Rev. Orange Clark, D.D., a chaplain in the U. S. Army. In the *Journal of the Proceedings of the Special Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in California, 1857*, he is listed as minister of St. John's Church, Fremont, Santa Clara County, California.

24. The Rev. Flavel S. Mines was rector of Holy Trinity Church, the first Episcopal parochial organization in the Diocese of California. Soon after he held his first services in San Francisco on July 8 and 22, 1849, the parish was organized and he was made rector.

He died in August 1852. D. O. Kelley, *History of the Diocese of California from 1849 to 1914* (San Francisco [1915]), pp. 7, 8, 342, and 405.

25. The Rev. Lewis Thompson was the first Presbyterian pastor to minister to white people on the Pacific Coast. Thompson came overland in 1845 and organized the church at Clatsop Plains, near Astoria, in the fall of 1846. The organization is still in existence. Thompson lies buried in the Mountain view Cemetery in Oakland.

One other Presbyterian minister came to the Pacific Coast before Thompson. He was the Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding, who, with Mrs. Spalding and Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, crossed overland in 1836. The Spaldings settled at Lapwai, near what is now Lewiston, Idaho; the Whitmans lived at Waiilatpu, near what is now Walla Walla, Washington. Dr. Whitman was the first American trained physician to cross the Rockies.

26. This canal is a natural depression between two very long and even sand dunes which lie parallel to each other. The Oregon Coast Highway (U. S. No. 101) today traverses one of these long dunes for several miles, and Neacoxie Creek, which still flows just as Dr. Geary describes it, occupies a couple of the parallel depressions between similar long dunes. Information furnished by Mr. Lewis A. McArthur.

27. Mount St. Helens was named, in the fall of 1792, by the Vancouver expedition, for the British Ambassador to the Court of Madrid. It is a symmetrical cone rising 9,571 feet above sea level. *Idem.*

28. This letter was printed in the Wooster *Democrat*, of Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, on June 19, 1851. The Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, Ohio, possesses a copy of this newspaper, and we are indebted to its staff for checking our typewritten copy with the original printed one. This copy came into our possession through descendants of the Rev. Edward R. Geary now living in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon.

Life in California in 1849

As Described in the "Journal" of George F. Kent

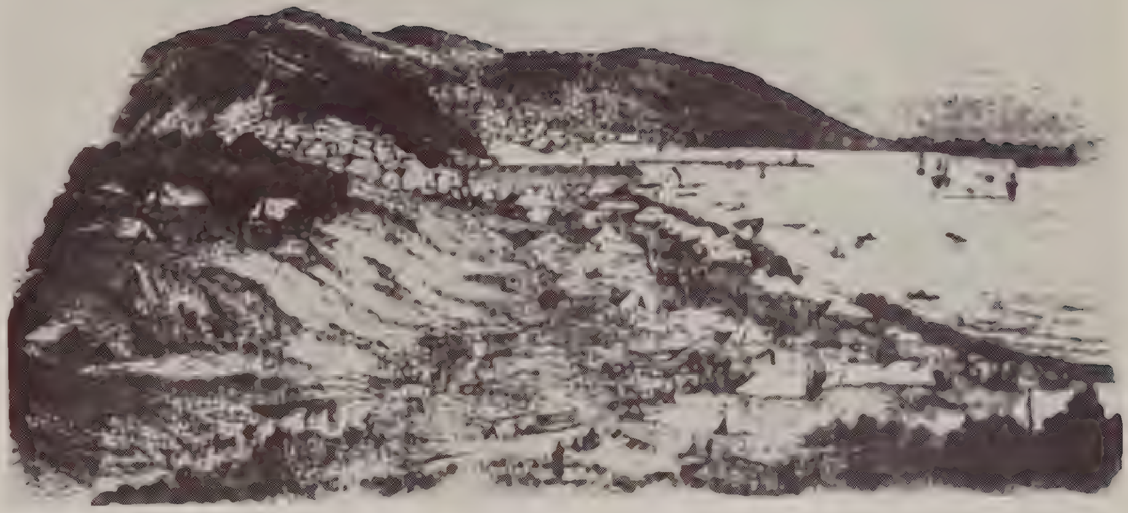
Edited by John Walton Caughey

INTRODUCTION

A CORRELATION ought to exist between the importance of events and their recording. That at least is the excuse of many of us who refuse to enter in diaries the prosaic happenings of our lives. In California's past there have been periods of stress when the participants in epochal developments seem not to have had a realization of their high calling and did not trouble to set down an account for posterity. Fortunately, the forty-niners were less neglectful—more conscious of their significance or more aware of the intrinsic interest contained in their adventures. A goodly number of them by the plains, by Panama, or by Cape Horn, traveled with quill in hand and jotted down faithfully some record of their experiences and their thoughts.

So many of these journals have been published that it is incumbent today to give good reason for presenting another. Concerning the portion of George F. Kent's journal appearing herewith the justification is multiple. The prefatory remarks are a fair sample of New England's reception of the news of California gold and of the organization of companies to sail round the Horn. The shipboard journal, some 200 pages of which are omitted from this printing, is also representative of an average passage in 1849. Minutiae predominated, most days were uneventful, and time hung heavy on the diarist's hands. He recorded much trivia of personal experience, indulged in rhapsodies about the beauty of a tropical night or sunrise, wrote an apostrophe to Cape Horn, and whiled away the time with other occasional pieces in appropriate doggerel, an "Elegy (L. E. G.) to a Pig Lost Overboard," "A Galley Lyric," and "The Fourth of July." Kent's party put in at the island of Mocha, where they almost ran the ship aground, at Talcahuano in Chile, and at Cape San Lucas, Lower California. In each instance Kent found inspiration for several pages of spirited description, not, however, of particular moment so far as California is concerned.

Having reached California, the average diarist found himself too busy to continue his entries; the majority of the journals, like Archer Butler Hulbert's synthetic diary, *Forty-Niners* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1931), break off abruptly once San Francisco or the diggings are reached. Here Kent's account is a happy exception. At intervals he found time to enter his impressions of San Francisco, to describe with feeling the hazards of mud bank and mosquitoes encountered in working the brig up to Sacramento,



HAPPY VALLEY IN 1849

From San Francisco *Pictorial Golden Era*, January 1, 1854

to appraise the prospects at Sacramento, to comment on the ups and downs of California freighting, and to paint a fair picture of the hibernating forty-niner. In passing, he remarked on the postal service, gambling, climate, game, agricultural prospects, river steamers, and prices current. The whole is expressed in simple language but with suitable verve.

In preparing the journal for publication editorial intervention has been held to a minimum. If Kent chose to capitalize for emphasis or to spell "exaggeration" with one "g" or "separate" with an "e," it seemed hardly to call for the injection of a learned "*sic*." If he erred in minimizing the prospects for agriculture in California, it seemed but an impertinence to point to the state's present rank as first in the value of agricultural products. Except for the insertion of an occasional explanation he has been permitted to tell his story in his own words.

The Journal[1]

PREFATORY REMARKS

Sometime during the month of December, A. D. 1848, strange and almost incredible tidings began to reach New England of discoveries of vast gold deposits in Upper California, in the immediate vicinity of the Sacramento River, and about 140 miles above the city of San Francisco. These reports were at first received with considerable distrust; many of the "knowing ones" thinking that they were put in circulation by the government, or by interested persons, to promote emigration to, and a consequent speedy settlement of, that new United States' territorial acquisition. However, the stories, instead of dying away, kept daily increasing in extent; and it was not long before the most confirmed skeptics were forced to admit that "there must be something in it," for certain official reports, and statements from private sources of the most unquestioned veracity, proved clearly the existence of a Gold Region in California whose wealth or extent no man could estimate. The newspapers all over the U. S. seized greedily upon every new light that gleamed from that distant and boundless horizon, and of course ridiculous and improbable exagerations were often published and believed in by the "green uns." But, after all, enough of certainty remained to stir up such a fever throughout our great country as has never before existed on a similar subject. Many companies were formed in all the principal cities of the Union for the purpose of Mining, or Mining & Trading, in the new "El Dorado." These were generally joint-stock companies, who purchased each a vessel of some kind & fitted her out to make the passage round Cape Horn. One of the first ships which sailed from Boston was the "Edward Everett," 650 tons, Capt. [Henry] Smith, taking out the New England Mining & Trading Company, which consisted of 150 members.[2] Two, out of the six directors of this Company are natives of my native place, Concord. N. H.

(Abiel Carter & I. J. [J. C.] Whipple). Two or three other young men from Concord are also members of this Association.[3]

On the 25th of this month (Christmas evening) a few would-be adventurers assembled in the counting-room of Holden & Blanchard, 83 Hanover St., Boston, for the purpose of forming a small band to seek the new country. Soon after this my old friend & townsman Harrison Eastman[4] and myself joined this Association. I was at the time pretty much "thrown upon my oars" in regard to business, which, added to my natural fondness for adventure and love of *change*, readily induced me to forego the allurements of home for a season. My friend was doubtless actuated more by the last two motives than by the first; but our reasons for joining this particular Company were very similar—because we liked the appearance of the men, and, like them, rather chose to go with a small party than a large one. Our Association, the papers of which were drawn up in the form of a partnership concern, took the name of the Shawmut & California Company, and consisted of 16 members, owning equal joint stock shares, who in the month of January 1849 purchased the packetbrig "Rodolph," 123 tons, 4½ yrs. old, for $3500. We had her coppered, and rigged with an entire new suit of sails—then refitted for the accomodation of our Company and 18 passengers. We stored her with provisions for a six month's voyage, and for use after our arrival—also with various mining utensils &c. Beside this we took out a good supply of consigned goods & freight. An arrangement was entered into with Capt. Hartwell Walker of Stratham, N. H. to the effect that he should take command of the vessel for the voyage, and become a member of our Company upon our arrival at San Francisco.[5]

It is a circumstance worthy of note here that the "Rodolph" was in the possession of 16 owners, of whom our Company of sixteen purchased her.

After some delay, which extended the time of sailing into February, we at length got ready for sea.

[Then follow some 200 pages of the journal in which the events, big and little, of the 220-day passage[6] to San Francisco are narrated.]

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA: SAN FRANCISCO

Before commencing this part of my journal I will just minute down by way of self defence, the fact that I did not begin to write it out, nor even take a passing note of any incidents that occurred, until near the middle of December, when we had got snugly located in our new log cabin situated in one part of that very extensive domain denominated "the diggings," and the winter evenings had begun to get long. Then I concluded to keep an irregular sort of land journal of California life with more reference to facts than to dates. Indeed chronology is a science but little cared for among these hills. We have much difficulty in keeping the run of the days of the week so as to know when Sunday comes, and still more trouble to find out the day of the month.

I suppose I must call San Francisco a city, for all the world does so now, but such a city all the world put together never saw before. Its laying-out is the very *ne plus ultra* of irregularity—but irregular cities we can see at home. The great peculiarity of San Francisco is that it has thus far been built with a most special regard to the saving of building materials. Wherever the place of a board, a shingle or a brick can be filled by anything else, no matter what, it is done; and this is not strange in a country where lumber commands the enormous price of $500. per thousand and bricks & lime are in proportion. In many instances canvass supplies the place of more costly materials, either put up in the form of houses or tents, and cotton sheeting is in great use for partitions to rooms in the more substantial buildings. The location of the city is one of the worst imaginable, and the only thing that makes it any way tolerable is the fact that there is no decent location for a city anywhere in the neighborhood. The harbor, however, is excellent, excepting that the tide sets in and out with great rapidity which makes boating difficult—it has good holding-ground, and must be a good protection against most winds.

A part of the city well worthy of notice is "Happy Valley," so called—a large collection of tents pitched in a valley near the beach which may contain some 2000 inhabitants, mostly newcomers waiting for a chance to go to the mines and miners who have left the diggings for a season. These locate in Happy Valley wherever they see fit, and any attempt to collect rent of them (there have been several such attempts made) is rejected as absurd. This appears to be a regular *free soil* movement carried out into pretty effectual operation, for half a mile above there any piece of land large enough to pitch a decent sized tent on will rent for a very high price. In the Valley a variety of trades are carried on, and there are quite a number of shops for the sale of small articles, liquors &c.[7]

The Parker House has been the principal hotel in the city, and it is still the chief house, but is mostly cut up into gambling rooms of various kinds. There are several law & other offices in the building. This building which is built in a plain enough way and the like of which would cost perhaps $2500. anywhere in New England now rents for something more than $100,000. pr. annum. Real estate is enormously high here, much higher than in Broadway, New York, and money lets at a very high rate—something like $10% a month now, I think.

I was rather surprised to find that my old townsman, Jacob B. Moore[8] had been appointed postmaster at San Francisco, and I had the pleasure soon after our arrival of shaking hands with him & two of his sons (Charles & Frank), and the greater pleasure of receiving some invaluable letters from home—one from Father enclosing a long letter from sister Mary and one full of news from Joseph Richardson. I also heard of several other letters on the way and a day or two after I received one from Father by a passenger in a ship from Boston. These letters did me a vast amount of good—more by far than any that I ever received before; and I think I won't say much against letter-writing in future, although just at this time the practice seems harder to me than ever before. As might be expected the business of this post office is very great and is constantly increasing—for the world's people are pouring in here like bees to a swarming. There has been great irregularity in the mails, which still continues to a great extent and there has been much complaint of bad management in the post office department. Since Mr. Moore's arrival, however, the business goes on much better, and I think that in time he will manage to reduce the disorderly elements to something like regularity.

Moore's family are not at all well pleased with the country—having had considerable sickness since they came. By one of my letters from Father I got the very welcome news of the appointment of my uncle Edward Kent as Consul at Rio in place of Gorham Parks. "Old Zach" [President Taylor] appears to be rewarding some of his friends at last—for he certainly had few firmer ones than Uncle Edward. I found a note for me in the post office from Mr. Stowell of New Bedford, who is in the concern of Simmons, Hutchinson & Co.;[9] one of the largest houses in the city. I called to see him and found him very friendly, though he was hurried almost to death. He gave me some valuable information about the country; and I there found a letter from Uncle Thomas, who is a particular friend & correspondent of his.

Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. have a branch of their house at Sacramento City under the name of Gelston & Co. who do the largest business of any concern there. S. H. & Co. have lately purchased the large propeller steamer "McKim," to run on Sacramento River between the two cities. The "Senator" has been bought or chartered by other parties to run as a rival boat, and she cannot fail to do the best business, being the largest and being a regular paddlewheel boat. The Senator makes the passage up to Sacramento (a distance of about 150 miles) in 10 hours. The cabin fare is $25 (since raised to $30). The ordinary deck fare in schooners and boats is $12 or $14, cabin fare $20. The price of freight is from $2 to $3 per hundred.[10]

San Francisco streets are filled mostly with two classes of people—those who have returned from the mines, either with or without a fortune, and those just arrived via Cape Horn and the Isthmus. Gambling saloons are as plenty as grocers' shops are in Boston, and there are enormous amounts of money squandered away in them. Many young men who come down from the diggings flush, and feeling as rich as kings find that their speedily acquired riches will vanish even more speedily under the influence of that infernal taste for gambling which seems to possess men in this country more than elsewhere. It is truly lamentable to see this taste increasing to such an extent in these new settlements. Generally the heaviest betting is among the Spanish part of the population, but there are plenty of New England men who indulge in this dangerous amusement, and their number is daily increasing.

I heard of John A. Collins[11] as being in the city, but did not see him. It is said that he has acquired considerable property during the short time he has been in the country. I found many acquaintances here—many of whom left home months after I did.

The United States ship Ohio left San Francisco a few days before we arrived and the frigate Savannah has taken her place. The Savannah is a beautiful vessel and is said to be a fast sailer. Comodore Jones is in command.[12] One of the finest vessels which has come from the States is the ship "Architect" of Baltimore, clipper-built and a splendid model.[13] She made the passage in 117 days. The "Greyhound" of Baltimore came out in 110 days,[14] and a schooner called the "Sea Witch" was only 95 days; which is the shortest passage I have heard of, and probably one of the quickest on record.[15] Most of the vessels have had long passages, many of them 6 months or more. This is owing in great measure to the prevalence of northerly winds on the coast during the summer season. The unprecedented arrival of vessels at this Port makes a great amount of business for the Custom House:[16] an establishment that I must say appears to me to be managed at least as poorly as the Post Office has been. There seems to be a great tendency among the officers to make the greatest possible trouble for all shipmasters. I was in there several times, and saw many old skippers come in to enter their vessels, with the apparently confident expectation of passing muster well enough, but there was always sure to be some trouble in store for them. Flaws would be picked in their papers, however correctly they might be made out.

Perhaps the most striking piculiarity observable in this city is the *plentiful lack* of women. The streets are crammed with human beings of all nations, but nearly all wear hats, coats & breeches or the corresponding male attire of their several native countries. The ladies (God bless 'em) are not there to promenade the walks and greet with their smiles the coming or returning gold diggers. Not that there are no females here: I have seen several rigged out in complete home costume; but instead of being the majority of the population, as in New England, they are vastly in the minority. I have no doubt that this scarcity of female society serves greatly to increase the patronage of the gambling houses. There is a theatre here which I believe is tolerably well supported, though the performances are said to be of a very poor order. There are plenty of eating and drinking houses, as well as bowling-saloons; and all establishments of this kind charge a very high price for their services. Vegetables are very scarce and dear. Potatoes were selling for 75 cts. pr. lb. ($45. a bushel) when we were there; onions from 25 to 50 cts. each &c. The price of a dinner at an eating-house is from $1. to $1.50.

They get up very good meals for a new country. There is a great disproportion in the prices of various staple articles here, their value depending chiefly on the supply there happens to be in the market. Saleratus sells for $1. or more per lb., sperm candles for $2., mould tallow ditto for $1.; liquors & tobacco (except at retail) are very cheap; mess beef and pilot bread are cheaper than in Boston; guns & pistols, especially the latter, are sold at very low rates. Many articles are high at retail which bring very inferior prices at wholesale. The reason of this is obvious, rents and other store expenses being so high.

The value of vessels is very unequal. A good fast-sailing schooner of say 100 tons burthen often brings a higher price than a large ship. Indeed no ship is worth here more than one third of its home value. The harbor is filled with ships, which cannot be sent to sea, owing to the scarcity of sailors and the expenses attending an outfit. But small vessels, schooners, sloops, small brigs, sail-boats, anything, in fact that is little & handy, can be used on the river, and therefore will sell. We could have got $6000, (possibly more) for the Rodolph, but concluded to take her up to Sacramento City, and bide the issue of events. The price of pilotage up the river is from $200. to $500; the best pilots obtaining the latter sum for their services. Our Company, in their usual shiftless way of doing things, left without a pilot, and we had trouble enough to pay for it. Some of us (and here I include myself) were strongly opposed to going without a pilot, but the majority had their say. We had indeed engaged a man (not a regular pilot) who said he knew the channel, but he was not to be found at the time of sailing. So we got under way and stood up the river as far as Benicia (30 miles), taking with us most of our old passengers and some new ones.

PASSAGE UP THE SACRAMENTO

At this season the wind is generally fair up the river, and, with a pleasant breeze to back us, we reached Benecia safely that evening and dropped anchor in the stream, where a number of vessels were laying. In the morning early we pulled in shore in a boat and tried to hunt up a pilot. At last on board Capt. Green's[17] ship, the "Lemon," we found a young man by the name of Caldwell who said he knew the channel and would go up if we couldn't find a regular pilot. So we engaged him, got one more passenger, and put on board. Got under way again at about 9 o'clock and crossed Shushun [Suisun] bay.* Our craft drew nearly 7 feet of water, and the heave of the lead frequently showed 1½ and 1¼ fathoms. This was close scraping, but we managed to move along through the bay and had got the old brig's nose pointed into a narrow passage, leading (our pilot said) in the right direction, when of a sudden she brought up all standing, stuck fast in the soft muddy bottom. It was then high tide, and there we lay until the next turn of the tide, in the hopes that we might then get started again. It was near midnight when the vessel began to swing round and soon she was afloat. We then went on well enough for ½ or ¾ of a mile, and stuck again, this time, as it proved, being a *regular sticker*. We got out kedge anchors & tried to haul her off, but it was of no use. So we lay by for a full tide again. The next forenoon, when the tide favored, we manned the windlass & began to heave both on our kedges & the large anchor which had been carried out, but found it impossible to start her. In the afternoon some of us went in the boat curlew-shooting so as to pass away the time a little. We were not very successful, though we saw plenty of game, the birds here being very shy. We saw plenty of wild beast's tracks, bears, wolves &c. We also saw several deer and elk while we lay anchored in the mud. During the second day, at each turn of the tide we renewed our efforts to get off, but without avail.* We then made a raft of casks & spars, and took on it many of our heavy articles, barrels of beef, pork &c., by way of lightening the brig. But this did not get her light enough to work off the mud bank, which at low tide was partly out of water. We had got almost out of drinking water, that about us was brackish and there were no springs or streams on the flat or indeed anywhere in the immediate vicinity. So four of us took a boat and started for a place on the river called New York,[18] about 8 miles distant. We had to pull a great part of the way and didn't reach there till near nine o'clock in the evening. We filled a 120 gallon cask, and got to the brig again before daylight, being obliged to pull back most of the distance against a strong tide. This was hard work, especially as the mosquitoes were perfectly intolerable. I thought I had seen these animals *thick* about some of our New England swamps, but there never was a greater mistake. Here they were so terribly numerous that they seemed to crowd the air like animalculae, only (unlike them) they could be seen and felt; being quite as hungry as they were plenty. Once or twice when we were out shooting, when we got where the bushes were thick I raised my gun to my shoulder, and could not get sight over it for the multitude of mosquitoes.

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*I spell this as it is pronounced. [Kent.]

After our return from New York owing to the impatience of some of our passengers at being detained so long and their wish to get off we manned a boat and took half a dozen of them up to a place which I can't spell but which is pronounced *Hael Sheunuck*,[19] or like that. This is a small settlement on the Sacramento river 15 or 20 miles above its junction at New York with the San Joaquin. We had previously chartered a scow to take off a quantity of our cargo. I was one who went in the boat to H. S. The scow had gone on ahead of us & stopped at H. S. leaving her freight on board. We found two or three of our company who went up with the scow stopping at the home of a Mr. Wright who with his wife & 2 or 3 children has been in the country about two years, and dug near $20,000. Theirs, I think is the only house as yet erected there. It is built of doughbies [adobes], a sort of sun-dried mud bricks that are used considerably in this country. Mr. W. is going into the agricultural line, besides trading somewhat. We found that [George W.] Wallace, who came up with the scow, had been seized with a violent attack of the dysentery which appeared dangerous at first, but Mrs. Wright tended him very carefully, & he soon got better. We hired a man to take our half-dozen passengers up the river to Sacramento City, and the next morning before daylight started on our return to the vessel, which we reached in the afternoon after a hard pull, there being little or no wind. The mosquitoes were eating everybody up on board, and several had their faces so swelled that one would hardly know them. In fact, that day, being so still & calm, mosquitoes were the chief part of the atmosphere. We eat, drank and breathed them. It was utterly impossible to stay in the cabin long enough to eat a meal, and the only endurable place was in the foretop or somewhere aloft.[20]

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*In one of these trials we succeeded in losing the only large anchor that we had saved out of that Mocha scrape.

The next day when the tide favored, by a "long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether," our brig being so light, we managed to get off that cursed mud-bank, and then stuck her up through the remainder (some 5 or 6 miles) of "Mosquito Creek," as we named it, into the bay opposite New York. There we anchored for the night, and the next morning went on our way to Hael Shunuck. We reached there sometime in the afternoon; but it was again morning before all the scow-load was taken in and we were off. With a fair wind we stood up the river bravely, and now had the satisfaction of passing almost every vessel that hove in sight. One schooner, which had passed us at anchor about daylight, we found in her turn anchored on a mud bottom a few miles above H. S. They were making a raft of spars &c to lighten her with. On we went, passing all manner of boats, schooners, sloops &c. One was the "John Allyne," a vessel[21] with which we had been so intimate for months past.* Soon after passing her, we came to a sudden turn in the river and run the old brig's nose against a steep bank, but it only caused a laugh; we got off directly with no trouble. So long as we kept in the channel there was no difficulty; there was water enough anywhere in the channel to float a much larger craft than ours, although the river at this time was lower than before during the season. Where we run against the bank was in one of the *slews*, as they are called, in the Sacramento 15 or 20 miles above H. S. The river here divides into three seperate channels or watercourses, which are quite narrow, swift and about 7 miles in length. After we got into the main river again we took a headwind and beat up but slowly against it. At night we anchored and lay by for daylight. In the morning the wind was fair, but very light, continuing so during the day. At sundown we were almost up to Sacramento City, but soon after dark we stuck on another mud bank, and had to wait the tide's rising to get us off. When it did favor, we stood up past the shipping and anchored in the stream opposite the city.

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*She had changed owners & had an entire new crew. A trifling incident that happened at San Francisco is worth mentioning only to show we seemed destined to fall in with this vessel or her inmates everywhere. One evening, when the tide was setting out of the harbor at a swift rate, one of our boats got adrift—the other one had gone on shore, & we were likely to lose her altogether. [Edward] Matthews called out to a ship nearby us for one of their boats to go after ours, but just as they were starting, a boat from another quarter pulled off to ours, picked her up & brought her back. As soon as they got near enough we saw that they were some of the "John Allyne's" company who happened to be pulling across the harbor just in the nick of time. [Kent.]

I was more pleased with the appearance of the Sacramento river and its banks than I had anticipated from what I had hitherto seen of the country. The valley of the Sacramento is generally well wooded, and high up the growth of timber is very heavy. Below Sacramento City the timber is not remarkably large, though there are some sizable trees, one oak which I saw in the city measuring over 36 feet in circumference. The growth is chiefly of black, live & white oaks, & different kinds of pine. The soil of the valley looks tolerably rich, and produces rather a rank vegetation; but I have little faith in it. The native produce does not appear to be substantial enough. Some kinds of grain (wheat for instance) would doubtless grow well. It seems to be the opinion of most of the western farmers that California would be a good wheat-growing country. I have no doubt that parts of the country would yield an abundance of almost all kinds of produce, but my general impression of this as an agricultural country is unfavorable. I may see reason to change this opinion, but it is founded on what I have as yet seen & heard. I am satisfied that the ideas we had formed of California before leaving home were very incorrect, and people who come out here must form their opinions of this new state independent of any home notions derived from Fremont, newspaper accounts &c.

CITY OF SACRAMENTO

Sacramento City has, if possible, a more *mushroomy* appearance than San Francisco. It is built on pretty much the same principle, but looks different, inasmuch as here there are plenty of fine trees interspersed among the buildings and tents, while there there are none. The location of Sacramento is far superior to that of San Francisco, excepting that the heavy winter floods must prove troublesome and destructive to property in this place. The traders here are generally doing very well: some of them almost coining money. One of the largest concerns in the place (Gelston & Co.) is a branch of the San Francisco house, Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. There is a good deal of shipping here, many of the barques, brigs &c. being used for storing chests, trading &c. Of course the population is constantly shifting, and would be difficult to estimate. I should set it at from 10,000 to 15,000. There is an abundance of game in the vicinity of the city: elk, deer, antelope, hares, geese, brant, ducks, curlew &c. very wild, but is good sport for a good sportsman. Geese sell for $3. a piece, & other game in proportion. I saw several men who followed shooting for a living, and made good wages at it. I shot several hares up near the Fort.

This far-famed Sutter's Fort is situated just two miles from the river inland on the road leading by branches to most of the eastern diggings. I hardly know what this great lumbering pile of walls was built for, but presume it was Sutter's protection against the Indians. It might have proved serviceable to prevent an invasion of some of the inland tribes, but Sutter seems to have been greatly in favor with the tribe living in the neighborhood of the Fort, and he employed many of them in his extensive agricultural operations. The Fort is built of bricks or rather *doughbies*, is somewhere about 200 feet square and formerly mounted several guns. The walls enclose wooden buildings, which are now occupied for a hotel, eating houses &c. Sutter now resides on the river some miles above Sacramento City.[22] He was candidate for governor this year, but not elected. Although a very enterprising man he cannot be said to be very popular. The report is that he has been rather dissipated of late years, how true I know not. The American Fork empties into the Sacramento about a mile above the city. The water of all these rivers (except in the rainy season) is very clear and good to drink.

We were all pretty busy after our arrival at Sacramento, and I had my hands full in attending to the settlement of freight bills &c. We paid our blundering pilot $125. for his services. We sold our tents and one boat for good prices, and got up an auction to sell many other things, such as hardware, ammunition &c. The provisions we divided.

Almost all of us had severe attacks of the diarrhoea or dysentery either before or after our arrival at this place. About the middle of October the first of our number died, Andrew Watkins of Boston, a member of the S. & C. Co^{y}. He was attacked with the dysentery coming up the river, and died, on board the brig some ten days after we reached Sacramento. He was formerly in the employ of Varnum Warren, drygoods dealer in Hanover St. Boston, was 37 years old, and has left a wife & I believe one or two young children to mourn his loss. This will be sad news indeed to his friends at home, and it threw a gloom over our small band of emigrants. We dug his grave in the burying-ground near the city hospital & about half a mile above Sutter's Fort. I little thought that our first digging in California would be digging a grave. Our fellow passenger, J. V. Sullivan read the funeral service. We laid him alongside of young Carnes of Walden who was buried here last summer. It is a little singular that Carnes' place of business in Boston was formerly directly opposite Watkins'.

Nearly a month later another member of our Company, Charles Stearns of Walden, died from a severe attack of the dysentery. He had been sick several weeks. He was, I think, 27 years old, unmarried, and, like Watkins, had enjoyed very good health during the passage. We had again the mournful task to perform of consigning another brother's dust to dust. We buried him next to Watkins, and I read the funeral service. A wooden tombstone is all that marks either of their graves, recording their age, former place of residence and time of death.

Here we offered the Rodolph for sale and posted up advertisements to that effect but met with no actual purchesers till after Nov. 1st, when we sold her for $5000. to Col. Bailey, a wealthy man in the country. $2,000. was paid down & the balance in notes on 60 & 90 days, with a mortgage on the vessel for security.* We paid up our Boston debt of $1300, and (the brig being off our hands) had little trouble in bringing the remaining business of the S. & C. Cy. to a final close, as those of its members who had gone up to the mines had left powers of attorney with some of the boys yet in Sacramento. Thus happily ended this vexatious copartnership, bringing forth at the close of its nine months' *travail* less than the mountain in labor did.** I am right glad to be through with recording its spasmodic efforts to do something (the full half of which I have omitted) and still gladder to be at last tolerably well out of the scrape.

Sacramento, like San Francisco, is filled with gambling-houses. The propensity for gaming prevails to a frightful extent among the residents of this new country. It is but one (though one of the worst) curses which gold will bring upon the republic. I have seen a Spanish woman seated at a *monte* table in one of the largest gaming houses in this city, surrounded by numerous male gamblers, offering her bets, laying down & taking up the stakes, as coolly as the oldest gamesters. There is a theatre[23] in the town, which is not very liberally patronized, more, I fancy, on account of the meagerness of the performances than from any distaste for theatricals.

Eastman & I (although we started on the expedition together) parted company at this place. I have little to say about the seperation. The connexion had doubtless become burdensome to both of us; it certainly had to me. He has my best wishes for his success & happiness, and I presume I have his; but our sea voyage convinced me that we could never live comfortably together. His tastes & mine (with but few exceptions) are as opposite as light & darkness.

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*These notes were promptly met.

**The bill of sale was drawn up on the 8th of November, just 9 mos. from the day we left Boston.

ROUTE TO THE GOLD DIGGINGS

I had made an arrangement to go up to the mines in a company consisting of Capt. Snow, Edward Matthews (our former mate), Wm. Slater (Snow's brother in law), A. P. Chapman (formerly of the firm of Chapman & Haskell, merchant tailors in Treman's Row), I. K. McClannin [Isaac McClennan] (a young man who was with Chapman in Boston) Thomas L. McGuire (formerly a hatter in Ann St.), George Barton (cook of the Rodolph), and Capt. Austin with his two *cholos*. Chapman & Slater bought a team together, and during the month of October they took up two loads to a location within 8 miles of Weaverville,[24] and one mile off the Weaver road. It is 40 miles distant from Sacramento, and on what is called the *Divide* between the Maconney river[25] & the American Fork. All of our party went up in October except myself. I was detained in the city till the middle of November when Chapman went up with his last load. The rainy season had then set in, and we were more than a week making the passage; the road was in such a horrible condition, abounding in mud holes where cattle would sink almost out of sight, and literally strewn with dead oxen, mules and wrecks of waggons. The second day after leaving the city our waggon stuck in a mud hole, and in attempting to extricate it the tongue was broken, and it took us several hours to repair it, having but a scanty supply of tools. We left part of our load at the ten-mile house, not being able to go on with the whole of it. When the waggon was repaired we got another team to help pull it out and then moved slowly on in company with that and another team which came along about the time. With one of these teams was a Boston man by the name of Shedd,* formerly a provision dealer and an acquaintance of Chapman's, who had been up to Georgetown and went down to Sacramento for a load of provisions. He had got into rich diggings in Georgetown, and told us that just before he left he with three others dug $1800. in 9 days. He was a jolly fellow by nature, and his good luck had urged him still further to the mirthful, so we had quite a merry time in spite of the bad weather. Shedd had a horse which he bought in the city for $50, and took great pains to feed, declaring that the horse should not go hungry at all events. He was not actually a very spirited animal, but seemed to feel grateful for the kind attentions of his master, and contrived to put considerable life into himself on the occasion.

The two teamsters who came up in company with us were both Western men; indeed most of the teamsters to the mines are so, men who have driven their teams across the plains, & find teaming here more profitable than gold digging. This country abounds in men from the Western States, many of them people of considerable intelligence and good sense, but generally rather deficient in education. Of course they have nearly all come out across the plains, and they speak of the route as being very difficult.

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*He did not live long to enjoy his good fortune. Sometime in March, when at Hangtown, we heard that Shedd had died in Georgetown some two months before. His disease was fever. He left a family in Boston. His partners were doing well in the mines till the winter set in.

We passed by the White Rock Springs, near which was a very deep mire bed where many cattle had been mired, and we were obliged to double teams to get through it. We then crossed the desert to the Mormon Tavern about ten miles from our place of destination. Here we parted company with the two teams who took the Georgetown road. In two days from that time we finished our journey. During this tedious journey we every night pitched our tent and built a rousing fire to cook by and keep ourselves warm.

The Mormon Tavern is kept by a Mormon by the name of Lathrop, and he is making money probably as fast as almost any man in the country. The charge for freight from Sacramento to Weaverville is ordinarily $10. or $12. per hundred, but at the time we came up it was $50. & soon after $75. This will give some idea of how bad the roads were. A noted stopping-place on the road is the Shingle Machine,[26] situated just below our winter location.

"EUCHRE DIGGINGS"

These diggings where we went then had no particular name, so we called them "Euchre Diggings" from the fact that more time was spent there during the winter in playing the game of *euchre* than in digging gold.[27] The name took quite well among the residents in the valley, being considered quite applicable. When Chapman & I got there our log house was not quite completed, and our party were living in a tent nearby. We put on a canvas roof which we carried up, and moved into the house where we spent most of the winter. Our house was situated about two miles distant from the Shingle Mill in a valley directly at the foot of a high conical hill from whose top you might overlook a large extent of country embracing the "Desert" leading on toward the Sacramento River and the long range of the Sierra Nevada mountains with their snow-capped peaks. It was a magnificent prospect, the numerous hills all cut up with countless ravines running in every direction to meet the main canions or creeks leading down to the rivers whose outlines could be dimly seen in the wide-spread valley below. Some large pines (from 100 to 200 feet in height) grew about our house and oaks, black and white. There is but a small variety of woods in this part of the country; oaks and pines constituting the principal timber. Some of the pines grow very large: I have seen one of a species called the "sugar pine" that was at least 250 feet high and 8 feet in diameter. Of the lesser growth of woods a tree or bush called by some people the laurel but the correct name of which is, I think, red ebony [the madrona, or possibly the manzanita], is by far the most beautiful both in growth & in its grain. It grows in a bush whose branches crook in every direction and are covered with a thin smooth bark nearer resembling in color and texture the covering of an apple seed than anything else I can compare it to. The wood is nearly as close-grained as boxwood and of a deeper hue than red cedar, being beautifully varigated in grain and capable of a high polish. The leaf is nearly oval & smooth, the blossoms resemble apple-blossoms, and it bears a small red berry whose properties I do not know.

A striking peculiarity about this country is that the surface of the soil has no greensward upon it: the herbage does not mat together in a turf, but the top soil, which is of a reddish hue, is perfectly loose. The ravines greatly resemble the trout brooks among our New England hills, but I presume there are no fish in them. The water in them, where it is not disturbed by digging, is very pure. They abound in quartz & slate rock, which are supposed to be gold indications. In some of them the deposites of gold are vastly richer than in others, and the gold is generally distributed unequally in different parts of the same ravine. The beds of the ravines are apt to be the richest, but sometimes the banks pay best. Level spots below a descent are usually chosen to dig in and places where the hillsides are steep, but these are not at all sure indications of the existence of rich deposits. Where the bottom rock comes near the surface a lodgment of gold is not often found—it laying oftener in crevices where the rock is deeper. On the rivers the gold is found mostly in sand, always richest near and on the bottom rock; in some parts of the country it exists in the clay below the soil, and elsewhere almost entirely in a kind of soft slate which lays in rifts upon the solid rock bottom.

We found the diggings near our winter quarters very poor, with the exception of a few rich spots, but we were located there with a comfortable house to live in, the roads were almost impassable, and it rained a great part of the time, so that even had we been in good diggings we could not have worked much of the time, and on the whole we concluded not to go elsewhere until the traveling got to be tolerable. So we spent much of the time that we could not work in hunting, and killed a great amount of game—mostly hares, quails, & pigeons, with now & then a deer—which kept us well supplied with fresh meat. The best day's work that I made there was $23—; we did not often make more than half an ounce when we worked. From the commencement of the rainy season till the first of February it rained upon an average about four days out of each week, with an occasional snowstorm. Capt. Snow shot the largest deer that was killed in the valley during the winter (a 4 year old buck) and also shot a large eagle on the wing whose weight was near 50 lbs. & measured more than 8 ft. from tip to tip. In the neighborhood where we located some ravines had been very rich, which had given the place some reputation, but they were nearly all dug out before we got there, and we did not know enough about mining to improve the remnants to much advantage. We celebrated Thanksgiving day (or what we supposed to be so) and New Year's by an extra dinner on the former, and firing guns &c. on the latter. Our nearest neighbors were a New Bedford company of 8 or 10 individuals and a company of 4 Dayton, Ohio men. Then there were several other houses and tents nearby, with two stores and a *Doctorate*, and in the whole valley I presume there were not less than 150 persons located, who, with but few exceptions, were not doing better than ourselves at mining. Two Iowa men, who came there in August 1849, dug out all the rich portion of one ravine entirely by themselves, keeping very quiet about it and made I suppose before Spring some $5000 or $6000 apiece.

Another camp were all deer shooters, and they brought in great quantities of game during the winter, killing sometimes 5 or 6 deer a day. These animals were very plenty when we first camped there but were almost all gone before the winter was over. When it stormed too bad to work or go out hunting, we used to spend the time in reading, playing at whist, euchre &c. One of our men had a violin which he played very well, and once in a while we could get up a sort of break down dance.

A few grisly bears were killed in the neighborhood this winter, and three of our men had fell in with one while out hunting & shot him in the head with a charge of buckshot, but instead of attacking them he made tracks for his den. I was out shooting that day and had parted with them but a short time before they saw the bear. The next day we got up a party to track him to his den, some 6 miles distant, but he was not at home, though there were traces of his recent ocupancy of the cave. Some of these bears are very large, weighing in instances round 1200 to 1500 lbs. Toward the last of the winter I met a man who a few weeks before was wounded very severely by a grisly bear, and he showed me a wound on his arm that had not then healed. His brother, who helped him fight the bear, was nearly killed, but had then got so as to walk about. They fired two or three balls into the bear's head before he attacked them, but he at last got away alive, though he probably died in his den. This affair occurred within a few miles of our camp. Generally these bears are very hard to kill, but a Mr. Taylor shot one near the Shingle Machine, in March, with a single bullet. This bear weighed when dressed 960 lbs. and his meat sold for $1— per lb.

The California quail is a most beautiful bird, and one of the very finest of game birds. The plumage on his back is of a delicate slate color, his breast is a mottled brown beautifully shaded, his head & neck with alternate strips of black & white, short bill, and a black crest or plume. He runs very swiftly and hides in the bushes so as almost to defy observation, but when seen & closely pursued he starts up with a whir like a partridge and flies a short distance with great rapidity. It requires nice shooting to take them on the wing, as they usually get the nearest bush between them and the marksman. They are oftenest found in small squads, and will frequently remain hid under a bush until they are almost trodden upon. The hares are of the same species as the English hare, and their habits similar. The pigeons are one-third larger than ours, have a shorter neck, shorter legs, and the male has a white ring about his neck. The legs & bill are both yellow. The gray squirrel found here is smaller than those in the States and has a shorter neck, but does not differ much in other respects. The robin is much like ours, only smaller.

Nearly all of our party except myself were troubled more or less with the scurvy sometime during the winter. This has been a very prevalent complaint in the mines, owing to the scarcity of fresh provisions and exposure to the wet. Capt. Snow was very much afflicted with this disease, but finally drove it away by the free use of potatoes, vinegar &c.

One sad incident occurred to interrupt the social harmony of our winter residence. Thomas L. McGuire (formerly a hatter in Boston) who came up with us from Sacramento, and was a member of the S. & C. Co^{y}., was taken sick a short time after his arrival at the mines and continued to decline gradually till the morning of December 28th, when he died. I hardly know what to call his disease, though the Doctor said it terminated in scurvy. It seemed more like quick consumption than anything else. I cannot say that he had the best of medical or other attendance, but I do think that the disposition was not wanting to do what lay in our power towards saving his life. We dug his grave on the hill near our house, sinking it a foot or more into the rock. His funeral was attended by a few of the neighbors. I read the funeral service—we shovelled the dirt in upon his coffin (which was constructed of such materials as we could find for the purpose)—and thus closed the earthly career of another of our companions, the third who had died out of the small number who left Boston in the Rodolph. McGuire left a wife and family of children at home, to whom he had been strongly attached, for he often spoke of them with much affection. He was a man of strong feelings & prejudices, but his heart was in the right place, and he had a fund of quiet humor rarely excelled.

We remembered the different anniversaries as they came round—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years &c. and a part of them we celebrated so far as our situation would admit of it.

From the first day of February up to about the 20th the weather was very mild, atmosphere clear and no rain, so that almost everybody concluded the rainy season was over, and many of the miners began to get ready or actually started for the rivers. But it was a great mistake, as time proved. Some of our party went on a prospecting tour to Hangtown (near Weaverville) and we came to the conclusion that we could be edging further inland to advantage. So we concluded to move to Hangtown before going on to any of the rivers. Chapman & I went up there and bought the middle tenement of a three-story log house (all three stories on the ground floor), for which we paid $50. Just before the middle of February we locked up our house, and taking a few cooking utensils &c. started for Hangtown, where we thought there was a chance to do better and we could not easily do worse than we had been doing. Two mules (for the use of which we paid $15– each) took up such luggage as we wished to carry, at one load.

Before we left our winter quarters the anniversary, of the sailing of the Rodolph from Boston(the 8th of February) came round, the happiest event of which anniversary was the reception of letters from home—the first we had any of us received for two or three months. All of these contained good news with the exception of Chapman's, which brought him the sad intelligence of the death of his brother. It is a hard country, this, in which to hear of the death of home friends. There is vexation and disappointment enough in it without the additional grief of such sorrowful tidings. When at Sacramento I heard of the death in Boston of an old friend of our family, Mrs. Clark, and, partly because I was in a far country, partly that I both respected and loved her, it was mournful news to me. How comparatively sure we feel that our friends will live while in the possession of their society, and how easy a thing it seems for them to die when far away from us! The pleasure that we felt on this anniversary at getting news from home was damped somewhat by the reflection that we had been absent a whole year, and as yet done little or nothing toward accomplishment of our designs in coming to this country. However the future is before us, in which to try and redeem the misspent time. There is certainly gold enough in the country, if we can only get at it. Perseverance will accomplish much, and I hope it may yet win for us all a fortune in California.

Here the journal ends. Of the author nothing further is known, but the following inscription on the journal's flyleaf has an ominous intimation:

"Found by G. D. Colburn of Boston in a cabin occupied by him and owned by Mr. Boulton Geologist, at Randolph Flat near Rough & Ready California, and being valuable to the writer (or if deceased) to his friends, preserved, and sent in care of S. S. Hussey, resident of Nevada, from Portland Maine, to my father Mr. Joshua Colburn 2 Sewall Place Boston, we taking the unusual privilege of perusal of its interesting contents, as compensation for the care and return of the work.

"Randolph Hill (Signed) G. D. Colburn
"May 1, 1852. c/o Slate Creek Canal & M'g. Co.

"By some oversight the journal was left in the Secretary of Mr. Hussey at Portland, until my arrival home June 9, '53 when I sent for it and received it some two weeks after, have perused with much pleasure its contents and shall make haste to return, if I find out his (or his friends) address.

"55 Kneeland St. G. D. C.
"Boston, July 14, 1853."

NOTES

1. Although the manuscript is not, strictly speaking, a journal, it bears the title, "Journal of a Gold-Hunting Expedition to Upper California, Commenced in the Month of February, A. D. 1849, Kept by George F. Kent." The title page also carries the motto, "Necessitas non habet legem," which Kent has facetiously translated as "Necessity has nothing to depend on but its legs." The manuscript is catalogued as HM 524 in the collection of the Henry E. Huntington Library, whose officers have generously consented to the present publication.

2. The *Edward Everett* (named for the president of Harvard College) was the first vessel to sail from Boston with a regularly organized company, according to Octavius Howe. Carrying the Boston and California Joint Stock Mining and Trading Company, she sailed on January 13, 1849, and arrived in San Francisco Bay on July 6. Among her passengers were William H. Thomes, the author, and the Rev. J. A. Benton. Octavius Thorndike Howe, *Argonauts of '49; History and Adventures of the Emigrant Companies from Massachusetts, 1849-1850* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1923), pp. 47-57 and 189. See also Carroll D. Hall, ed., *Journal of a Voyage from Boston to San Francisco in 1849* (Redwood City, California: privately printed, 1933). The New England and California Mining and Trading Association came on the *Leonore,* which did not leave Boston until February 1 but reached San Francisco on July 5, a day earlier than the *Edward Everett.* Howe, *op. cit.*, pp. 57-61 and 203.

3. Abiel Carter and J. C. Whipple were directors of the Boston and California Joint Stock Mining and Trading Company and came on the *Edward Everett.* The other members of the company from Concord were J. Pettengill, Walter S. Colby, Noah C. Webster, and William L. Knox. Boston *Herald,* January 12, 1849, in Scrapbook of Newspaper Cuttings, Templeton Crocker Collection, California Historical Society.

4. Harrison Eastman was a native of Concord, New Hampshire, born ca. 1822. From 1852 until 1893 he worked in San Francisco, first as a wood engraver and designer and later as a painter of landscapes and marines. He was one of the illustrators of Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, and James Nisbet, *The Annals of San Francisco* (New York, 1855). His early works won recognition at the first Mechanics' Institute Fair. From time to time he was associated with other California artists, among them Thomas Armstrong, William Keith and Arthur Nahl. A view of Sutter's Fort and an early portrait of James Marshall, painted by Eastman, are in the collection at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento.

5. According to Howe, the brig *Rodolph,* or *Rudolph,* sailed from Boston on February 8, 1849, with Hartwell Walker, master, and Andrew Waters [Watkins?] of Boston, president of the company which owned the vessel. Howe calls it a company of thirty-three, presumably referring to the number aboard. He adds that the *Rodolph* was subsequently used in the South Sea trade. Howe, *op. cit.*, p. 208. A newspaper clipping, probably from the New York *Herald* of Feb. 9, 1849, gives the passenger list, which, rearranged alphabetically, follows:

Bishop, William (Boston)
Blanchard, William K. (Chelsea)
Bradbury, John D. (Walden, Mass.)
Cantelow, William (Boston)
Chapman, A. P. (Boston)
Dennison, Ammi P. (Lowell)
Dickerson, Charles A. (Boston)
Dillaway, Jos. B. (Boston)
Dodd, Charles E. (Boston)
Eastman, Harrison (Concord, N. H.)
Hayden, C. C. (Boston)
Hazelton, D. (Lowell)
Kelsey, David B. (Walden)
Kent, George F. (Boston)
Leach, R. L. (Lowell)
McClennan, Isaac (Boston)
McGuire, Thomas L. (Boston)
Murden, Lyman P. (Boston)
Plummer, M. D. (Dorchester)
Roberts, Thomas H. (Boston)
Slater, William (East Boston)
Stearns, Charles (Walden)

Stearns, Thomas (Sudbury)
Stebbins, Francis (West Springfield)
Stiles, Edwin B[rown] (Walden)
Sullivan, James B. (Chelsea)
Taber, William H. (East Boston)
Wallace, George W. (Boston)
Watkins, Andrew (Boston)
Whitmore, John (Hebron, N. H.)
Wise, Daniel P. (Walden)
Wyman, Rufus P. (Woburn)

Haskins calls the vessel the brig *Randolph*, and gives "G" as Bradbury's middle initial and "V" as Sullivan's. C. W. Haskins, *The Argonauts of California, Being the Reminiscences of Scenes and Incidents That Occurred in California in Early Mining Days* (New York, 1890), p. 496.

6. Howe, *op. cit.*, p. 208, reports a 219-day passage for the *Rodolph*. Kent's dates, February 8 and September 16, and his figure of 220 are consistent.

7. Visiting the locality a few weeks later, an English merchant from Tahiti described it as "a sandy hollow, bordering on the sea, where much wretchedness and sickness were found under canvass tents, but which has received in mockery the name of the 'happy valley'." [Edward Lucatt], *Rovings in the Pacific from 1837 to 1849; with a Glance at California* (2 v., London, 1851), II, 350. By the following summer Happy Valley had risen to the estate of an "important suburb . . . , a hive of manufacturing industry, where there were many large works for the building and repairing of steam and sailing vessels, foundries, lumber-yards, docks, flour-mills and workshops of various kinds." *The Annals*, p. 302. In 1851 it was credited with "a large number of commodious and handsome habitations," and "many manufactories and workshops," and in 1853, with "many elegant private dwellings and manufacturing establishments," not to mention "extensive shipbuilding." *Ibid.*, pp. 414, 416, 489, and 547.

8. An appointee of President Zachary Taylor, supplanting the highly popular John W. Geary, who was promptly and unanimously elected first alcalde of San Francisco. *Ibid.*, pp. 727-28.

9. Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. was established by Captain Bezer Simmons, of Woodstock, Vermont, who had come to San Francisco in 1848 after several years of trading along the coast of Lower California. In January 1851, he visited Vermont, then returned to find his firm insolvent. When he died, the following September, the press hailed him as "among the most respected citizens of San Francisco, and the earliest business man of the place." *Ibid.*, p. 291.

10. Concerning this river navigation consult Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (7 v., San Francisco, 1884-90), VII, 130-34, and John Haskell Kemble, "The 'Senator'—The Biography of a Pioneer Steamship," in this QUARTERLY, XVI (March 1937), 61-70.

11. *The Annals* twice mentions a John A. Collins. In September 1850 he is noted as a vice-president of the New England Society, a San Francisco organization of descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. *Op. cit.*, p. 714. Early the next year he is mentioned as secretary of the Pacific Mining Company, which proposed to work a fabulously rich deposit at Gold Bluffs on the seashore north of the Klamath River. "Mr. Collins," according to the *Annals*, "measured a patch of gold and sand, and estimates it will yield to *each* member of the company the snug little sum of $43,000,000," whereupon the reporter commented, "No digging even was required, since one had only to stoop a little and raise as much as he wished of the stuff—half gold, half sand." *Op. cit.*, pp. 311-14. According to the records of The Society of California Pioneers, Collins arrived in California on June 4, 1849.

12. Thomas ap Catesby Jones was commander in chief of the Pacific Squadron; the *Ohio* was formerly his flagship. Howe, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

13. The *Architect*, 520 tons, had been built in 1847, at Baltimore, for Nye, Parkin &

Co., American merchants in China, and was commanded by Captain George Potter. Arthur H. Clark, *The Clipper Ship Era* (New York [1910]), p. 70.

14. According to Howe, the clipper *Greyhound*, a small vessel of 115 tons, Captain Claypool, made the run from Baltimore in 112 days. Howe, *op. cit.*, pp. 34 and 59.

15. The *Sea Witch*, 890 tons, built for Howland & Aspinwall in 1846, under the supervision of her captain, Robert H. Waterman, was said to be the swiftest ship that sailed the seas during the first three years of her career. Clark, *op. cit.*, pp. 68-69.

16. For a commentary on the problems of this office see Grant Foreman, *The Adventures of James Collier, First Collector of the Port of San Francisco* (Chicago: Black Cat Press, 1937).

17. Frederick P. Green is listed in the San Francisco Directory for 1854 as agent for the Despatch Line of Sacramento packets. LeCount & Strong's *San Francisco City Directory for the Year 1854* (San Francisco, 1854), p. 62.

18. For a description and history of this would-be city see Ernest A. Wiltsee, "The City of New York of the Pacific," in this QUARTERLY, XII (March 1933), 25-34.

19. Halo Chemuck, or Halo Chamo, was a settlement founded by John Bidwell, Major P. B. Reading, and Capt. J. D. Hoppe, on Bidwell's Ulpinos grant on the Sacramento River, just above present day Rio Vista. San Francisco *Californian*, August 28, 1847. In English, this Indian name means "nothing to eat," according to Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VI, 18.

20. Cf. Thomas Kerr, "An Irishman in the Gold Rush," in this QUARTERLY, VIII (March 1929), 17 ff.

21. The American schooner *John Allyne*, Captain Allen Brownell, left New Bedford on February 13, 1849, and arrived in San Francisco Bay on September 12, after an adventurous passage of 214 days. Howe, *op. cit.*, pp. 164-66, 198; Haskins, *op. cit.*, p. 469; *Quarterly of The Society of California Pioneers*, Vol. I, No. 4 (December 31, 1924), p. 41.

22. At Hock Farm.

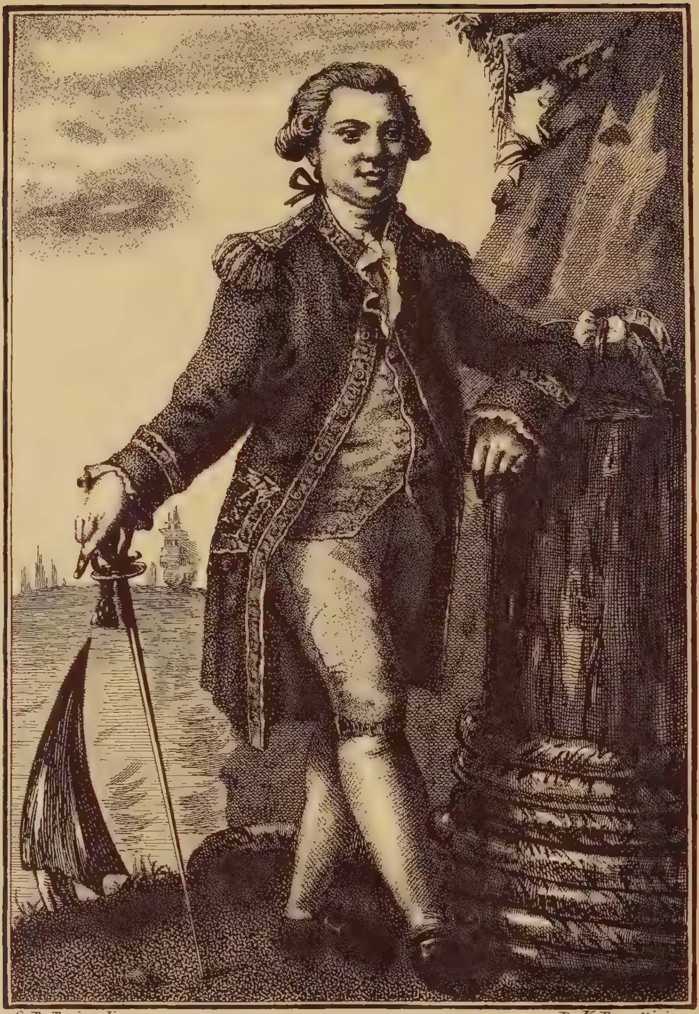
23. Probably the Eagle Theatre, which had opened on October 18, 1849. Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire* (2 v., New York, 1850), II, 29-31.

24. For "Weaverville," here and throughout, read "Weberville," a mining camp and trading center established by Charles M. Weber, the founder of Stockton. It was on or near Weber Creek, not far from Diamond Springs in what is now El Dorado County.

25. The reference apparently is to a tributary of the Cosumnes. Or the author may have confused the Mokelumne and Cosumnes rivers and was attempting to say "Mokelumne."

26. Better known as Shingle Springs.

27. The name did not persist, though to the south on the Cosumnes there was a Pokerville, and on the northern branch of the American, a Euchre Bar.



G.B Bosio dis D.K.Bonatti inc

Giovanni Francesco Di Lapérouse
celebre navigatore

Jean François Galaup de Lapérouse

A Check List

By Edward Weber Allen

INTRODUCTION

LAPEROUSE COMMANDED the first French expedition to visit Alaska and the first expedition of any nationality, other than Spanish, to visit the Spanish settlements of California.[1] His voyage, therefore, though of world wide interest, has a special bearing on the history of the Pacific Coast.

Elaborate royal instructions were presented to the commander for a voyage around the world with particular emphasis upon the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean. They were in five divisions: 1. His route, which, however, he was granted permission to change at his discretion; geographical and historical notes. 2. Politics and commerce. 3. Astronomy, geography, navigation, physics, the different branches of natural history, to serve the artists and men of science employed in the expedition. 4. Conduct toward the savages. 5. Precautions to preserve the health of the ships' crews.

His instructions on politics and commerce indicate that the French no longer wished to leave Pacific Ocean trade or territories wholly to the Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, Russians or English. Concerning the Pacific Coast of North America they read:

> It appears, that Spain has entertained the design of extending her claim of possession as far as Port de los Remedios, nearly in the latitude of 57¼°; but nothing indicates her having formed a settlement there, when she ordered it to be visited in 1775, any more than at Port Bucarelli, situate about two degrees less to the north. As far as it is possible to judge from such accounts as have reached France, the actual possession of Spain does not extend beyond the harbours of San-Diego and Monterey, where she has erected small forts, garrisoned by detachments from California or New Mexico.
>
> The sieur de la Pérouse will endeavour to learn the condition, strength, and object of these establishments; and to satisfy himself, whether they be the only ones formed by Spain on this coast. He will likewise inquire in what latitude furs may begin to be procured; what quantity the Americans can furnish; what commodities are best adapted for the trade; what conveniences may be found for making a settlement on this coast, if this new trade should offer the French merchant sufficient advantages, to induce him to engage in it, with the view of exporting the furs to China, which is said to be a ready market for them.[2]

Lapérouse did cruise along the Alaskan shores where he discovered what is now called Lituya Bay but which he named Port des Français. There he suffered the loss of all who were aboard two small boats which he had sent out surveying. Undiscouraged by this tragedy, he dreamed of making this port headquarters for a French fur company to rival that of Hudson's Bay.

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[1] California Historical Society *Quarterly*, XV (September 1936), 213-23.

[2] *A Voyage Round the World* . . . ., translated from the French (London, 1799), I, 28.

In 1786, Lapérouse landed at the Spanish settlement on Monterey Bay. He received a cordial welcome, and, what he perhaps appreciated quite as much, an opportunity to restock his ships with needed supplies. Lapérouse was a thoughtful commentator as well as an accurate observer. The Spanish generosity touched him, but did not deter him from making a critical, though not unfriendly, analysis of the treatment accorded to the mission Indians. Early maps of San Francisco Bay and of Monterey Bay appear in the atlas issued with the first published account of his voyage (1797).[3]

Lapérouse had an attractive and colorful personality. He was handsome, romantic and brave. As a naval officer he distinguished himself in campaigns in the Indian Ocean. During peaceful intervals he fell in love with a Creole of the Ile de France (Mauritius) whom he later married. He accompanied the French fleet sent to help the American colonies in the Revolutionary War, and his skill and success in combats with the British resulted in his selection to lead an expedition into Hudson's Bay. There he attacked and destroyed Forts Prince of Wales and York, and captured the famous governor, Samuel Hearne.

Finally, Lapérouse was placed in charge of two splendid frigates with which to explore the Pacific Ocean and to circumnavigate the world. The first European navigator to sail northward through the Sea of Japan, he had largely carried out his orders and visited many parts of the coasts of both America and Asia, as well as numerous Pacific islands, before he put out from Botany Bay, Australia, in 1788, never again to be seen by European eyes.

Not only were special expeditions sent forth to search for Lapérouse, but all who coursed the South Pacific for many years tried to solve the mystery of his disappearance. At last Peter Dillon in 1827 definitely determined that the two French ships had met disaster on the reefs of Vanikoro Island of the Santa Cruz group. In the meantime fanciful stories in circulation resulted in the publication of apocryphal accounts of his wanderings or of his wife's search for him, some of which are exceedingly rare.

In 1888, the Société de Géographie met in Paris to honor Lapérouse on the centenary of his death. This society also published an excellent book entitled *Centenaire de la mort de Lapérouse* which, among other material concerning him, included a bibliography. A large number of items (386) were described with varying degrees of completeness, but many were overlooked, and many that were included are of slight importance.

About eighteen years ago the writer visited Lituya Bay. Like Lapérouse, he was delighted with the little T-shaped bay, the shank bordered by coniferous forests ascending rounding hills and the head pressed hard against the snow-covered Fairweather mountain range—a veritable scenic gem. To collect a library built about the bay's discoverer has been a most entrancing hobby.

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[3] See Henry Raup Wagner, *The Cartography of the Northwest Coast of America to the Year 1800* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1937), II, Maps Nos. 837-48.

In preparing the present bibliography, the author has endeavored to procure from librarians and dealers information to supplement that obtainable from his own collection and the bibliography of 1888. In some cases complete descriptions have been unobtainable. When a publisher has produced the same work under different dates the dates have been indicated without listing each printing as a separate item. Not all items, not even all in the author's own collection, have been listed in the four classifications into which the work has been divided, but their relative importance has been considered.

First. An attempt has been made, under the heading "Accounts of Lapérouse' Last Voyage, 1785-1788," to include every unabridged or full volume edition of the account of this great voyage.

Second. An attempt also has been made to list every imaginative account of the wanderings of Lapérouse after his disappearance from Botany Bay and every account of his wife's purported search for him. These are few in number and have been grouped under the term "Apocryphal Accounts."

Third. Under "Search for Lapérouse and Contemporary Voyages" appear items relating to the promotion of searches, accounts of the searches themselves, and accounts of the various voyages which in some manner bear upon the search. It seemed sufficient to list only a representative edition in each language in which such an item occurs.

Fourth. There is a wealth of material relating incidentally to Lapérouse which is not all of equal significance. Hence under "Miscellaneous," selection —perhaps in some instances arbitrary—has been made of those items which seem to the author to be of sufficient interest to warrant inclusion. Because Kotzebue's drama, *La Peyrouse*, is such an attractive bibliographical item and because the several editions in English had different translators, all editions known to the author have been listed.

When an item is contained in any of the following libraries—each of which possesses a substantial Lapérouse collection—the fact is indicated by the use of the following abbreviations:

Library of Congress	C
New York Public Library	NY
University of Washington Library	W
Author's private collection	A

Reference to four particular libraries is not intended to imply that other libraries may not contain some of the items listed. These four were selected because they apparently contain the largest Lapérouse collections in this country. When, however, an item is not contained in any of them but is found in some other American library that library is named.

When an item is included in the bibliography published by the Société de Géographie, in 1888, the fact is indicated by the use of the letter "S."

As to sizes, books have been arbitrarily classified as 16°, 12°, 8°, 4° or f°.

The present war has caused such difficulty in procuring information from France and other European countries that it has been impossible to avoid errors and omissions. The author would like to be apprised of corrections or additions.

I. ACCOUNTS OF LAPEROUSE' LAST VOYAGE, 1785-1788

1797 *Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde*, publié conformément au décret du 22 avril 1791, et rédigé par M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. Paris: Imprimerie de la République, an V. 4 v. & atlas. 4° & f°. C NY W A S

This is the first and official account of the voyage. Lapérouse at each opportunity had sent to Paris his journal up to date. The last installment included his visit to Botany Bay. It could have been only a short time after he left this bay that his ships were wrecked on the reefs of Vanikoro. The several installments of the journal are set forth in full in the second and third volumes of this edition. It is asserted by the editor that, with a few slight exceptions, he has scrupulously preserved the "writer's style, merely subjecting it to the established rules of the language." This first volume contains preliminary data respecting the expedition, including the private instructions from the king, the ships' rosters, and an account of a voyage made in 1779 by Maurelle, the manuscript of which was sent home by Lapérouse. The fourth volume is composed of tables in the nature of a log, scientific reports of members of the expedition and extracts from letters of Lapérouse and others. The large atlas contains, among others, charts of the Northwest Coast, California, Port des Français (Lituya Bay), San Francisco Bay, Monterey Bay, the Sandwich Islands. It also contains many interesting illustrations, including the partridge and the "promerops or bee-eater" of California.

1797 Du Petit-Thouars, Aristide Aubert. *Fragments du dernier voyage de La Pérouse.* Quimper. 8°. S

1798 *Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde*, publié conformément au décret du 22 avril 1791, et rédigé par M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. Paris: Plassan, an VI. 4 v. & atlas. 8° & f°. NY A

1798 *The voyage of La Pérouse round the world in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788 with the nautical tables.* Arranged by M. L. A. Milet Mureau. To which is prefixed, narrative of an interesting voyage from Manilla to St. Blaise. And annexed, travels over the continent with the dispatches of La Pérouse in 1787 and 1788, by M. de Lesseps. Tr. from the French. London: John Stockdale. 2 v. 8°. W A

1798 *A voyage round the world in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788.* By J. F. G. de La Pérouse. Published conformably to the decree of the national assembly, of the 22nd of April, 1791, and edited by M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. Tr. from the French. London: J. Johnson. 3 v. 8°. C NY W A S

1798 *A voyage round the world, performed by Captain De la Pérouse, in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788.* Written by himself and sent by several expresses to Europe, the last of which is dated from the English settlement at Botany Bay, where he arrived January 23, 1788. London: Anne Lemoine. 12°. A

1798 *A voyage round the world: which was performed in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, by M. De la Peyrouse.* Abridged from the original French journal . . . . lately published by M. Milet-Mureau. Edinburgh: J. Moir. 12°. C W A

1798 *Sketch of a voyage of discovery, undertaken by Monsieur de La Pérouse, under the auspices of the French government.* Drawn from the original, lately published at Paris. London: M. Allen. 8°. NY

1798
1799 *A voyage round the world, performed in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, by the Boussole and Astrolabe, under the command of J. F. G. de La Pérouse.* Published by order of the national assembly, under the superintendence of L. A. Milet-Mureau . . . . Tr. from the French. London: G. G. and J. Robinson. 2 v. & atlas. 4° & f°. C NY W A S

1799 *Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde*, publié conformément au décret du 22 avril, 1791, et rédigé par M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. London: A. Hamilton. 2 v. & atlas. 4° & f°. W A S

1799 *Relation abrégée du voyage de La Pérouse, pendant les années 1785, 1786, 1787 et 1788*, pour faire suite à l'abrégé de l'histoire générale des voyages, par Laharpe; avec portrait, figures et carte. Leipsig. 8°. A

1799 *A voyage round the world, in the years 1785, 1876, 1787, and 1788, by J. F. G. de La Pérouse:* published conformably to the decree of the national assembly, of the 22d of April, 1791, and edited by M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. Tr. from the French. Second Edition. London: J. Johnson. 3 v. 8°. A

1799 *La Perousen's entdeckungsreise in den jahren 1785, 1786, 1787 und 1788.* Aus dem französischen mit anmerkungen von C. L. S. Mit dem bildnesse des La Perouse. 5 kupfern und einer charte. Leipsig: Reinicke und Hinrichs. 2 v. 8°. A S

1799 *Lapeyrouse's entdeckungsreisen* herausgegeben von M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. Aus dem französischen mit anmerkungen. Berlin: von Joh. R. Forster. 8°. S

1799 *Resa omkring Jorden.* [French edition of *Voyage de La Pérouse* translated into Swedish and abridged by Samoedham.] Stockholm. 8°.

1799 *Reise omkring Jorden.* [French edition of *Voyage de La Pérouse* translated into Danish.] Copenhagen. 8°.

1799 1800 "La Perousen's entdeckungsreise in den jahren 1785, 1786, 1787 und 1788" herausgegeben von M. L. A. Milet-Mureau. Aus dem französischen übersetzt und mit anmerkungen begleitet von J. R. Forster und C. L. Sprengel. (In *Magazin von merkwürdigen neuen reisebeschreibungen*, v. 16-17. Berlin: Vossischen Buchhandlung.) W A S

1800*ca* *La Peyrouse reise um die welt* für die jugend bearbeitet von M. Chr. Schulz. Neue auflage mit V illuminierten kupfer-tafeln. Berlin: Schüppelschen Buchhandlung, n. d. 8°. A

1800 *Entdeckungsreise in den jahren 1785-88.* Herausgegeben von Mar. L. Ant. Milet-Mureau. Aus dem franz. übers. u. mit anmerkungen begleitet von J. Rhld. Forster u. Mthi. Ch. Sprengel. Berlin. 8°. S

1800 1802 *Voyage de La Pérouse dans l'océan Pacifique septentrional et méridional pendant les années 1785-1788*, translated into Russian by Golenitscheff and Kutusoff. Saint Petersburg. 2 v. 8°. S

1801 *A voyage round the world performed in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788 by M. de la Peyrouse;* abridged from the original French journal . . . . lately published by M. Milet-Mureau. To which are added a voyage from Manilla to California by Don Antonio Maurelle and an abstract of the voyage and discoveries of the late Capt. G. Vancouver. Boston: Joseph Bumstead. 8°. C NY W A S

1805 *Lapérouse. Reize naar de Zuider Zee in 1785-88* naar het fransch de M. J. van der Linden. Groningen. 3 v. 8°. S

1807 *A voyage round the world, performed in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788 by the Boussole and Astrolabe, under the command of J. F. G. de La Pérouse.* Published by order of the national assembly, under the superintendence of L. A. Milet-Mureau. Tr. from the French. The third edition. London: Lackington, Allen, and Co. 3 v. 8°. NY A S

1809 “Voyage de La Pérouse, pendant les années 1785-86-87 et 88.” (In *Collection abrégée des voyages anciens et modernes autour du monde*. Rédigée par M. Bancarel, v. 11-12. Paris: Fr. Dufart.) W A

1815 *Viaggio di La Pérouse intorno al mondo*, tradotto dal cav. Angelo Petracchi. Con note del medesimo con tavole in rame colorate. Milano: Tipografia Sonzogne e Comp. 4 v. 12°. A

1827 *Viaggio di La Pérouse intorno al mondo*, tradotto dal A. Petracchi, con note. Livorno: Tipografia Vignozzi. 5 v. 12°. C

1829 “Viaggi di La Pérouse intorno al mondo.” (In *Raccolta di viaggi*, v. 25-31. Torino: Stamperia Alliana.) W A

1831 *Voyage de Lapérouse rédigé d’après ses manuscrits originaux*, suive d’un appendice renfermant tout ce que l’on a découvert depuis le naufrage jusqu’a nos jours, et enrichi de notes par M. de Lesseps . . . . seul débris vivant de l’expédition dont il était interprète; accompagné d’une carte générale du voyage, orné du portrait et d’un facsimili de Lapérouse. Paris: Arthus Bertrand. 8°. C W A S

1833 *Viaggio di La Pérouse intorno al mondo*, tradotto dal cav. Angelo Petracchi. Con note del medesimo. Napoli: A. Spese del nuovo gabinetto letterario. 5 v. 12°. A

1833
1836 Montémont, Albert. “La Pérouse, voyage autour du monde.” (In *Bibliothèque universelle des voyages effectués par mer ou par terre . . . . découvertes jusqu’a nos jours*, v. 12-13. Paris: Armand Aubrie.) Boston Athenaeum S

1834 *The Story of La Peyrouse*. With engravings. New York: J. P. Peaslee. 12°. Grosvenor Library, Buffalo

Also the following editions:
New York: J. P. Peaslee, 1835. A
Philadelphia: Anners, 1841. A
Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1854. C
Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1861. W

1839 Valentin, Robert François. *Voyages et aventures de Lapérouse*. Tours: Ad. Mame et Cie. 12°. [Other editions: 1842, 1848, 1852, 1856, 1859, 1862, 1864, 1869, 1872, and 1875.] C A S

1845 “Voyage autour du monde 1785-1788 par La Pérouse.” (In *Nouvelle bibliothèque des voyages anciens et modernes*, v. 6. Paris: Comon & Cie.) A

1848 Blanchard, Victor. *Voyages de la Pérouse autour du monde*. Limoges: Ardant. 12°. S

1854 "La Pérouse" (In Charton, Edouard Thomas, *Voyageurs anciens et*
1857 *modernes ou choix de relations de voyages les plus intéressant et les plus instructifs depuis le Ve siècle avant Jésus-Christ, jusqu'au XIXe siècle*, v. 4. Paris: Magazin pittoresque.) S

1884 *Viaggio intorno al mondo di Lapérouse.* Roma: Perino. 12°.

1885*ca* "Voyage de La Pérouse, capitaine de vaisseau, autour du monde (années 1785, 1786, 1787, et 1788)." (In *Bibliothèque d'aventures et des voyages.* Raconté par lui-même. Réduit et annoté par George Montoux. Paris: Dreyfous.) W

1885*ca* "Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde 1785-1788." (In *Bibliothèque des voyages.* Limoges: Marc Barbou & Cie.) A

1926 Bellesort, André. *La Pérouse.* Avec un portrait et une carte. Paris: Librarie Plon, n. d. 12°. [Another edition—"L'édition originale." Paris.] C A

1929 Locatelli, Amilcare. *La spedizione di La Pérouse nel grande oceano.* Torino: G. B. Paravia & C. 12°. NY

1930 *Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde*, publié d'après tous les manuscrits de l'auteur et illustré de dessins et des cartes . . . . Collection voyages et découvertes. Éditions du Carrefour. Paris: Durand, n. d. 8°. NY W A

1930 *Voyage de La Perouse (1785-1788);* préface de Claude Farrère. La renaissance du livre. (La grande légende de la mer, no. 10.) Paris. 12°. NY

1933 *Voyages de jadis et d'aujourd'hui. Voyage de La Pérouse autour du monde 1785-1788.* Préface et notes de P. Deslandres. Huit planches hors texte et plan. Paris: Impr. J. Dumoulin; editions Pierre Roger. 8°. NY A

1937 *Le voyage de Lapérouse sur les côtes de l'Alaska et de la Californie (1786)*, avec une introduction et des notes par Gilbert Chinard. Historical documents, Institut française de Washington, cahier X. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 4°. C NY W A

II. APOCRYPHAL ACCOUNTS

Following the disappearance of Lapérouse, accounts appeared of his having been seen in various places, and several elaborate fictitious accounts of his subsequent travels were published. Some of these in certain respects simulate the story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. The little Fairburn pamphlet listed as "1800 *ca*," the exact date being uncertain, is most quaintly illustrated. Kotzebue, the German writer, found in such accounts material for a drama, editions of which are listed in this bibliography under IV, "Miscellaneous."

1798 *Découvertes dans la mer du Sud. Nouvelles de M. de La Peyrouse, jusqu'en 1794.* Traces de son passage trouvées en diverses isles et terres de l'océan pacifique; grande isle peuplée d'émigrés français. Paris: Everat, n. d. 8°. C NY A S

1799 *Ontdekkingen in de Zuidzee, en berichten aangaande de la Pérouse en zijne tochgenoten,* . . . . alsmede aangaande een Groot Eiland, thans door fransche vluchtelingen bevolkt. Uit het fransch vertaald. Haarlem: François Bohn. 8°. A

1800*ca* *Fairburn's edition of the voyages & adventures of La Perouse,* to which is added the life of Hatem Tai, or the generosity of an Arabian Prince. Embellished with six colored engravings. London: J. Fairburn, n. d. 12°. A

1800*ca* *The life of the celebrated navigator La Pérouse and surprising adventures in his voyage to the South Seas.* A new edition. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, n. d. Front. 12°. A

1816 "Fate of La Peyrouse, the French navigator." (In *The Port folio,* conducted by Oliver Oldschool, fourth series, v. 1.) A

1837 *Letzte schicksale und entdeckungen des franz. schiffscapitains Grafen de La Pérouse und der mannschaft der fregatte la Boussole jenseits des fünf und achtzigsten grades nordlicher breite.* Nach den von Dr. Reidcliff im jahre 1835 . . . . Aus dem englishen. Mit einer entdeckungskarte. Hanau: Frederich König. 8°. A S

1840 *Des muthvollen schiffcapitains Jean François Galoup, Grafen de la Perouse, höchst merkwürdige entdeckung eines sechsten welttheiles jenseits des 85sten grades nördlicher breite, und wunderbare schicksale der kühnen mannschaft seiner fregatte La Boussole in diesem überraschenden himmelsstriche jenseits der bis jetzt für unübersteigbar gehaltenen eisberge und eisfelder.* Aus dem . . . . manuscripten von Dr. Reidcliff. Aus dem englischen übersetzt von F. C. Bindemann. Hamburg. 8°. A

III. SEARCH FOR LAPEROUSE AND CONTEMPORARY VOYAGES

1790ca Du Petit-Thouars, Aristide Aubert. *Prospectus d'un armement particulier pour la recherche de M. de la Pérouse.* Also *Supplément au prospectus.* Paris, n. d. 15 pp. and 8 pp. 8°. A S

1791 *Loi relative à la découverte des deux frégates francoises, la Boussole & l'Astrolabe, commandées par M. de la Pérouse.* Donnée à Paris, le 25 février 1791. Auxerre: Imprimerie de L. Fournier. 4 pp. 8°. A

1791 *Loi relative à M. de la Peyrouse et à l'impression des cartes par lui envoyées.* Donnée à Paris, le 4 mai 1791. N°. 864. Paris: Imprimerie royale. 2 pp. 8°. A S

1791 *Rapport sur la recherche à faire de M. de La Pérouse, fait a l'assemblée nationale* . . . . M. Delattre, député d'Abberville du 9 février 1791. Paris: Imprimerie nationale. 16 pp. 8°. A

1798 Marchand, Étienne. *Voyage autour du monde pendant les années*
1800 *1790, 1791, et 1792* . . . . précedé d'une introduction historique. Paris: Imprimerie de la republic. 4 v. 4°. [Introduction—Lapérouse.] W A

1800 Labillardière, Jacques Julien Houton de. *Relation du voyage à la recherche de La Pérouse,* fait par ordre de l'assemblée constituante, pendant les années 1791, 1792, et pendant la 1ere et la 2eme année de la Republique française. Paris: H. J. Jansen. 2 v. & atlas. 8° & f°. NY A S

This is an account of the official expedition sent out by the French Government under the command of Entrecasteaux to search for Lapérouse.

1800 Labillardière, Jacques Julien Houton de. *Voyage in search of La Pérouse.* Performed by order of the constituant assembly, during the years 1791, 1792, 1793 and 1794, and drawn up by M. Labillardière. Tr. from the French. London: John Stockdale. 2 v. 8°. C NY A S

1801 Marchand, Étienne. *A voyage round the world performed during the years 1790, 1791, and 1792* . . . . preceded by a historical introduction . . . . Tr. from the French of C. P. Claret de Fleurieu. London: Longman. 3 v. 4°. [Introduction—Lapérouse.] W

1801 Labillardière, Jacques Julien Houton de. *Reise nach dem Süd-*
1802 *meer zur aufsuchung des La Perouse* . . . . auf verordnung der französischen regierung ausgeführte in den jahren 1791 bis 1794. Aus dem französischen übersetzt. Hamburg: August Compe. 2 v. 8°. A S

1804 Broughton, William Robert. *A voyage of discovery to the north Pacific Ocean;* in which the coast of Asia, from the lat. of 35° north to the lat. of 52° north, the island of Insu (commonly known under the name of the land of Jesso), the north, south, and east coasts of Japan, the Lieuchieux and the adjacent isles, as well as the coast of Corea, have been examined and surveyed. Performed in His Majesty's sloop Providence and her tender, in the years 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798. London: T. Cadell and W. Davies. 4°. C NY W

1805 Broughton, William Robert. "Entdeckungsreise in das Stille Meer, und vorzüglich nach der nordostküste von Asien, gethan in den jahren 1795, 1796, 1797 und 1798." Aus dem Englischen. Mit einigen Anmerkungen abgekürzt hrsg. von T. F. Ehrmann. (In Sprengel, M. C., *Bibliothek der neuesten und wichtigsten reisebeschreibungen,* v. 19. Weimar: Verlag des Landes-Industrie-Comptoirs.) NY

1807 Rochon, Alexis. *Voyages aux Indes orientales et en Afrique, pour l'observation des longitudes en mer.* Avec une dissertation intérressante sur les iles célèbres de Salomon, et sur les voyages de Marion, de Surville, de la Peyrouse et de d'Antrecasteaux. Paris: l'Huillier. 8°. C A

1807 Broughton, William Robert. *Voyage de découvertes dans la partie septentrionale de l'ocean Pacifique, pendant les années 1795, 1796, 1797 et 1798.* Tr. par J. B. B. E. Paris: Dentu. 2 v. 8°. [Lapérouse discussed in "Préface du traducteur" and "Préface de l'auteur anglais."] C W A

1807
1808 Entrecasteaux, Antoine Raymond Joseph de Bruni. *Voyage de Dentrecasteaux, envoyé à la recherche de La Pérouse.* Publié par ordre de Sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi sous le ministère de S. E. le Vice-Amiral Decrès. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 2 v., 1808, and atlas, 1807. 4° & f°. C NY A S

1807
1816 Péron, Francois, et Freycinet, Louis Claure Desaulces de. *Voyage de découvertes aux terres Australes, exécuté sur les corvettes le Géographe, le Naturaliste, et la geölette le Casuarina, pendant les années 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 et 1804;* sous le commandement du capitaine de vaisseau N. Baudin. Paris: Imprimerie royale. 2 v. & atlas. 4° & f°. C NY W

1814 Flinders, Matthew. *A Voyage to Terra Australis; undertaken for the purpose of completing the discovery of that vast country, and prosecuted in the years 1801, 1802 and 1803.* London: G. & W. Nicol. 2 v. & atlas. 4° & f°. C NY

1823 Freycinet, Louis Claude Desaulces de. *Narrative of a voyage round the world in the Uranie and Physicienne corvettes, commanded by Captain J. Arago.* London: Treuttel and Wurtz. 4°.
American Geographical Society, New York

1824 Freycinet, Louis Claude Desaulces de. *Voyage autour du monde, entrepris par ordre du roi . . . .* Exécuté sur les corvettes de S. M. l'Uranie et la Physicienne, pendant les années 1817, 1818, 1819 et 1820. Paris: Imprimerie royale. 1 v. and atlas. 4° & f°.
C NY

1829 Hapdé, Jean Baptiste Augustin, Chevalier de. *Expédition et naufrage de Lapérouse, recueil historique des faits, événements, découvertes . . . .* avec un état général nominatif des officiers . . . . et l'enumeration authentique de tous les débris du naufrage. Paris: Delaunay. 8°.
A S

1829 Rossel, Amiral Élisabeth Paul Éduard de. *Rapport sur la navigation de l'Astrolabe, commandé par M. Dumont d'Urville,* lu à l'Académie royale des sciences dans la séance du 17 août 1829. Paris: Tastu. 8°.
S

1829 Dillon, Peter. *Narrative and successful result of a voyage in the South Seas performed by order of the government of British India, to ascertain the actual fate of La Pérouse's expedition.* London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 2 v. 8°.
C NY A S

Dillon was the man who solved the mystery of the disappearance of Lapérouse, though d'Urville followed shortly afterward and is entitled to credit for determining many of the details.

1830 Dillon, Peter. *Voyage aux îles de la mer du Sud, en 1827 et 1828 et relation de la découverte du sort de La Pérouse.* Paris: Pillet aîné. 2 v. 8°.
C A S

1830 Dillon, P. *Reis naar de eilanden der Zuidzee, gedurende de jaren 1827 en 1828. Behelzende het verslag der ontdekking van het lot van La Pérouse. Amsterdam.* 2 v. 8°.

1830 Lesson, René Primevère. *Journal d'un voyage pittoresque autour du monde exécuté sur la corvette la Coquille, commandée par M. L. J. Duperrey pendant les années 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825.* Paris: A. Gobin. 8°.
S

1832
1834 Dumont d'Urville. *Voyage de découverte autour du monde et à la recherche de Lapérouse, sur la corvette l'Astrolabe.* Paris. 6 v. & atlas. 8° & f°.
S

1834
1835 Dumont d'Urville. *Voyage pittoresque autour du monde; resumé général des voyages de découvertes . . . .* Paris: L. Tenré. 2 v. 4°.
A S

1835 1837 DUMONT D'URVILLE. *Malerische reise um die welt. Eine geordnete zusammenstellung des wissenwerthesten von den entdeckungsreisen eines Magellan . . . . Laperouse . . . .* Leipzig: Industrie- Comptoir. 2 v. 4°. NY A S

1837 BOUGAINVILLE, HYACINTHE YVES PHILIPPE POTENTIEN, BARON DE. *Journal de la navigation autour du globe, de la frégate la Thétis et de la corvette l'Espérance, pendant les années 1824, 1825 et 1826.* Paris: A. Bertrand. 2 v. & atlas. 4° & f°. C S

1838 FREMINVILLE, CHRISTOPHE PAULIN DE LA POIX, CHEVALIER DE. *Nouvelle relation du voyage à la recherche de Lapérouse,* exécuté en 1791, 92, 93 et 94 par d'Entrecasteaux. Brest. 8°. S

1841 BAUDIN, NICOLAS. "Voyage de découvertes aux terres australes exécuté par le capitaine Baudin en 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804." (In *Nouvelles bibliothèques des voyages,* v. 6. Paris.)

1841 DUMONT D'URVILLE. *Viaje pintoresco al rededor del mondo.* Resumen jeneral de los viejes y decubrimientor de Magallanes, Tasman, Dampier, Anson, Byron, ... Barcelona: Oliveres. 3 v. NY

1885 BAYLY, CAPTAIN GEORGE. *Sea-life sixty years ago,* a record of adventures which led up to the discovery of the relics of the long-missing expedition commanded by the Comte de la Perouse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 8°. NY A S

Also: New York: Harper & Brothers, 1886. 8°. C

1935 DUMONT D'URVILLE. Extract from "Voyage de la corvette l'Astrolabe exécuté par ordre du roi, pendant les années 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829." Translated by William Dixon. (In *Royal Australian Historical Society journal and proceedings,* v. 21, pt. 6, pp. 361-90. Sidney.) C A

IV. MISCELLANEOUS*

1782 "Chart of Hudson's Bay, with an account of the destruction of the company's settlement [by Lapérouse]." (Excerpt from *Political magazine,* November, pp. 686-90. London.)

Provincial Library of British Columbia

1785 "Lapérouse at Hudson's Bay." (In *The Annual register* or a view of the history, politics and literature for the year 1783, pp. 115-19. London: J. Dodsley.) C NY W A

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*The Library of Congress and The Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, possess collections of original Lapérouse letters relating to the Revolutionary War.

1788 "Extract of Count de la Perouse's dispatches brought to the King of France by M. de Lesseps." (In *The Gentleman's magazine*, December, pp. 1111-12. London.) C NY W A

1789 "La Perouse's two ships at Avatcha Bay in 1787." (In *The Gentleman's magazine*, March, p. 264. London.) C NY W A

1789 Phillip, Arthur. *The voyage of Governor Phillip to Botany Bay, with an account of the establishment of the colonies of Port Jackson and Norfolk Island.* London: John Stockdale. 4°. [Lapérouse at Botany Bay.] C NY A S

1789 Tench, Watkin. *A narrative of the expedition to Botany Bay; with an account of New South Wales, ...* London: J. Debrett. 8°. [Lapérouse at Botany Bay, chaps. IX and XII.] NY A S

1789 Tench, Watkin. *Voyage à la baie Botanique; avec une description du nouveau pays de Galles méridional .... et quelques détails relatifs à M. de la Peyrouse.* Paris: Letellier. 8°. C A S

1790 Lesseps, Jean Baptiste Barthélemy, Baron de. *Journal historique du voyage de M. de Lesseps, consul de France, employé dans l'expédition de M. le comte de La Pérouse en qualité d'enterprèt du roi.* Paris: Imprimerie royale. 2 v. 8°. C NY W A S

Lesseps left Lapérouse at Avatcha Bay and carried the journal of the expedition to that point, across Siberia and to Paris.

1790 Lesseps [Jean Baptiste Barthélemy] Baron de. *Travels in Kamtschatka during the years 1787 and 1788.* Tr. from the French. London: J. Johnson. 2 v. 8°. A S

1790 Lesseps [Jean Baptiste Barthélemy] Baron de. *Reise von Kamtschatka nach Frankreich.* Aus dem franz. von Prof. Villaume. Riga und Leipzig. 2 v. 8°. C S

1791 Phillip, Arthur. *Voyage du gouverneur Phillip a Botany-bay. Avec une description de l'établissement des colonies du port Jackson et de l'ile Norfolk ....* Tr. de l'anglais. Paris: Buisson. 8°. [Lapérouse at Botany Bay, chaps. VII and X.] A S

1791 Phillip, Arthur. *Reise nach der Botany-Bay. Nebst auszügen aus den tagebüchern der neuesten brittischen entdecker in der Südsee.* Aus dem englischen übersetzt von M. C. Sprengel. Neuere geschichte der see- und land-reisen, v. 2. Hamburg: Benjamin Gottlob Hoffman. NY

1793 Hunter, John. *An historical journal of the transactions at Port Jackson and Norfolk Island ....* London: John Stockdale. 4°. [Lapérouse referred to on pp. 43, 44, and 76.] C NY A S

1793 Hunter, John. *Historische nachrichtung von den merkwürdigsten*
1794 *ereignissen auf Port Jackson und der Norfolk's Insel seit errichtung der englischen niederlassung bis 1792.* Nürnberg. 2 v.

1797 Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von. *La Peyrouse, ein schauspiel in zwei aufzügen.* Leipzig. 8°.

Kotzebue's drama might well be classified as "Apocryphal" but it seemed better to list it under "Miscellaneous."

1798 Collins, David. *An Account of the English colony in New South*
1802 *Wales* . . . . London: J. Cadell. 2 v. 4°. [Tells of Lapérouse' trouble with natives at Botany Bay.] S

1799 Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von. *La-Peyrouse, a drama in two acts.* Tr. from the German by Anne Plumptre. London: R. Phillips. 8°. NY A

1799 Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von. *La Perouse, a drama, in two acts.* From the German . . . . by Benjamin Thomson. (In Long, F., *Collection of Plays,* v. 256, no. 2. London: Vernon and Hood.) C

1799 Hearne, Samuel. *Voyage . . . . du fort du Prince de Galles dans la baie de Hudson . . . . 1769, 1770, 1771 et 1772.* Paris: Imprimerie de Patris, 2 v. 8°. [Contains an extra introduction, "A La Pérouse."] A

1800 Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von. *La Peyrouse: a comedy, in two acts.* Tr. from the German . . . . by Charles Smith. New York: Charles Smith and S. Stephens. 8°. C A

1801 "La Pérouse, Voyage round the world," a book review. (In *The Annual register,* or a view of the history, politics and literature for the year 1799, pp. 472-89. London: Proprietors of Dodsley's Annual register.) C NY W A

1803 Buache, Jean Nicolas. "Mémoire sur les terres découvertes par La Pérouse à la cote de Tartarie et au nord du Japon." (In *Acad. Sci. moral. memoires,* series 1, v. 5, pp. 1-42. Paris: Institute de France.) Peabody Institute Library, Baltimore

1806 "Voyage round the world during the years 1785, 1786, 1787 and
1808 1788 by La Perouse." (v. 2, pp. 5-68.) "A voyage in search of La Perouse . . . . in the years 1791, 1792 and 1793 . . . . under the command of rear-admiral Bruni d'Entrecasteaux." (v. 2, pp. 69-145.) "Travels in Kamschatka during the years 1787 and 1788 by M. de Lesseps." (v. 2, pp. 146-94.) (All in Pelham, Cavendish, comp., *The World, or the present state of the universe.* London: J. Stratford.) C A S

1807 d'Avrigni, C. J. L. *Le départ de la Pérouse, ou les navigateurs modernes, poëme.* Paris: Léopold Collin. 8°. A S

1810 Hapdé, Jean Baptiste Augustin. *Lapeyrouse; ou, le voyageur autour du monde; tableaux historique* . . . . Paris: F. Breton. 16 pp. 8°. Stanford University Library

1823 Vinaty, J. A. *Éloge de La Pérouse.* Ouvrage qui a obtenu l'eglantine d'or, décernée par l'Academie des jeux floraux de Toulouse au concours de 1823. Paris: Didot père et fils. 46 pp. 8°. A S

1827 *La Peyrouse,* Poème précédé d'une notice biographique de La Peyrouse, de la liste de tous les officiers . . . . Paris: Delaunay, Mme. Huzard et Bachelier. 8°. S

1840 "La Peyrouse ein schauspiel in zwei aufzügen." (In Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von, *Theatre,* v. 7, pp. 3-50. Leipzig: Eduard Kummer; and Wien: Ignaz Klang.) Boston Athenaeum

1845 Capus, Pierre. *Lapérouse, poème.* Albi: L'auteur. 8°. S

1853 Erskine, John Elphinstone. *Journal of a cruise among the islands of the western Pacific . . . . in her majesty's ship Havannah.* London: John Murray. 8°. [Numerous references to Lapérouse.] NY A

1851 1856 Guérin, Léon. *Histoire maritime de France,* comprenant l'histoire des provinces et villes maritimes des combats de mer depuis la fondation de Marseille, 600 ans avant J. C. De la flibuste, des navigations, voyages autour du monde, naufrages célèbres, découvertes, colonisations de la marine en générale, avant, pendant et depuis le régne de Louis XIV jusqu'à l'année 1850. Nouvelle edition. Paris: Dufour, Mulat et Boulanger. 6 v. 4°. [Lapérouse mentioned, v. 5, pp. 78, 100, 101, 104, 116-20, 147, 165-81, 404-14, 511, 519, and 520.] A

Other editions. NY

1859 Dennery, Adolphe Philippe [and] de Jaillais [and] Thiéry. *Le naufrage de Lapérouse, drame en cinq actes et neuf tableaux.* Paris: M. Lévy. 4°. S

1873 Goepp, Édouard. *Les grands hommes de la France.* Paris: P. Ducroq. 8°. [Lapérouse at pp. 85-212.] C NY A S

1873 Markham, Albert Hastings. *The cruise of the "Rosario."* London: Sampson, Low, & Searle. [Lapérouse, D'Entrecasteaux, Dillon, and Dumont d'Urville, pp. 35-41.] Stanford University Library

1875 Ord, Mrs. James L. (Angustias de la Guerra) "Occurrencias en California." MS. [Mentions painting of reception of Lapérouse at Carmel.] Bancroft Library, University of California

1884 Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of California.* San Francisco:
1890 The History company. 7 v. 8°. [Lapérouse, v. 1, pp. 428-38, 475.]

1884 Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of the Northwest Coast.* San Francisco: The History company. 2 v. 8°. [Lapérouse, v. 1, pp. 174-77, 294, 355; v. 2, p. 320.]

1886 Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of Alaska.* San Francisco: The History company. 8°. [Lapérouse, pp. 193, 243-44, 255-59, 282, 312, 692.]

1888 Vieules, P. M. *Centenaire de La Pérouse.* Notice sur la famille et la vie privée du célèbre marin. Avec portraits & fac-similé. Albi: L'auteur. 8°. Hispanic Society S

1888 Marcel, Gabriel Alexandre. *La Pérouse récit de son voyage—expédition envoyée à sa recherché—le capitaine Dillon—Dumont d'Urville reliques de l'expédition.* Paris: Librarie illustré, n. d. 12°. C A S

1888 *Centenaire de la mort de Lapérouse, célèbré le 20 avril 1888 en séance solennelle à la Sorbonne.* Paris: Société de Géographie. 8°. C NY W A

This publication contains the most useful collection of information concerning the family and life of Lapérouse, also the bibliography referred to as "S" in this present work, which bibliography, though lacking many of the items now listed, contains many references to French magazines not included here.

1889*ca* Dussieux, L. *La Pérouse, chef d'escadre.* Paris, n. d. 8°. ["Campagne de la baie d'Hudson, 1782," pp. 323-55.] A

1892 *Historical records of New South Wales*, v. 1, pt. 2, "Phillip, 1783-1792." Sidney: Government. [Laperouse at Botany Bay, pp. 123, 170, 178, 333.] NY W A

1893 *Historical records of New South Wales*, v. 2, "Grose and Paterson, 1793-1795." Sidney: Government. [Lapérouse at Botany Bay, pp. 391, 398, 401, 543-47, 679-80.] NY W A

1907 The Geographical Society of the Pacific. *Transactions and Proceedings*, v. 4, series 2. San Francisco. [Lapérouse at Carmel Mission, pp. 89-90; Spanish chart of San Francisco Bay reproduced by Lapérouse, p. 131.] C A

1909 Higginson, Ella (Rhoads). *Alaska, the great country.* New York: The Macmillan company. 8°. [Lapérouse at Lituya Bay, pp. 225-28.] C NY W A

1911 Emmons, George Thornton. "Native account of the meeting between La Perouse and the Tlingit." (In *American anthropologist*, v. 13 (April-June), pp. 294-98. Lancaster.)

1914*ca* Scott, Ernest. *Lapérouse.* Sidney: Angus & Robertson, n. d. 8°. NY A

1916 Cordier, Henri. *Deux campagnons de La Pérouse.* Extrait du *Bulletin de la section de géographie.* Paris: Imprimerie nationale. NY A

1918 Selkirk, Henry. "La Pérouse and the French monuments at Botany Bay." (In *Royal Australian Historical Society journal and proceedings*, v. 4, pt. 7, pp. 329-61. Sidney.) A

1920 Kerallain, Réné de. "La Pérouse à Botany-bay." (In *La Géographie*, v. 33, no. 1, pp. 41-48. Paris.) NY A

1921 *Voyages & glorieuses découvertes des grands navigateurs & explorateurs français.* Illustré par Edy Legrand. Paris: Tolmer. f°. [Lapérouse and the search for him.] A

1927 Scott, Ernest. "Some notes on Laperouse." (In *Royal Australian Historical Society journal and proceedings*, v. 13, pt. 5, pp. 273-88. Sidney.) C NY W A

1927 "The Alaskan adventures of Jean François Galoup de La Perouse." (In *Alaska Magazine*, v. 1, no. 3, pp. 109-43. Juneau.) C NY W A

1934 Tyrrell, Joseph Burr. *Journals of Samuel Hearne and Philip Turnor.* Toronto: The Champlain Society. 8°. C NY W

1936 Wagner, Henry Raup. "Four early sketches of Monterey scenes." [Illustrated with a reproduction of a painting in the Museo Naval, Madrid, showing the reception of Lapérouse at Carmel Mission in 1786.] (In California Historical Society *Quarterly*, v. 15 (September), pp. 213-15. San Francisco.)

This issue also reprints pp. 444-54 of the English edition of *A Voyage Round the World*, London: 1799.

1937 Wagner, Henry Raup. *The Cartography of the northwest coast of America to the year 1800.* Berkeley: University of California Press. 2 v. 4°. [The voyage of Lapérouse, chap. 30.] C NY W A

The Making of Cosmopolitan California

An Analysis of Immigration, 1848-1870

By Doris Marion Wright

PART II

Immigration from European Countries

OF THE thousands of immigrants who reached California from Europe between 1848 and 1870, by far the largest number came from the British Isles.[1] The exodus from those islands, especially from Ireland, was amazing. In 1851 the attraction of Australian gold was added to that of the California deposits, and between that year and 1854, according to a British writer, some 1,356,000 persons left the British Isles for the two mining regions. "The growth of our population," he commented, "temporarily stood still, in order that California and Australia might be peopled";[2] in a single year, 1852, the emigration amounted to 369,000, which was more than the entire normal addition to the population from the excess of births over deaths.[3]

Apparently, most of the emigrants from the British Isles were from Ireland. The discovery of gold in California came at a time when the Irish people had been driven almost to a state of desperation by adverse economic conditions. The free trade policy of England had greatly harmed Ireland's agriculture, which formed the basis for most of her industries,[4] and many workers had lost employment through the introduction of labor-saving devices in the spinning and weaving trades. Then, in the years 1846 and 1847, had come the potato famine, "the most potent factor which has ever influenced the flow of emigration."[5] Although the government undertook to assist emigration, the percentage it could help was small.[6] For this reason most of those who reached California were not of the poorest classes but were persons who could get together enough money to pay for their passage.[7] Very often immigrants established in the United States sent money back home to enable their relatives and friends to join them.[8]

In the other portions of the British Isles the economic exigencies were less severe, but much the same conditions obtained. Opportunities were almost certain to be better in the United States and Canada, where good workmen could always find employment and where land was cheap.[9] Then, too, emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland were going to a land in which the inhabitants spoke the English language and had for the most part the same cultural heritage. When to all of these advantages were added the attraction of gold and the possibility of making a fortune easily and quickly, the exodus of the British and Irish is readily understood.

President Polk's message to Congress in December 1848 did not go unnoticed in England. On January 13, 1849, the Liverpool *Mail* commented upon it somewhat caustically: "He will relieve New York of a few thousand reckless adventurers, whom his Mexican War has made penniless and desperate . . . . and he will procure settlers and inhabitants sufficient for his purpose."[10] On the same date, however, and from the same city, a more enthusiastic observer wrote:

> The gold excitement here and in London exceeds anything ever before known or heard of . . . . Nothing is heard or talked about but the new El Dorado. Companies are organizing in London, in great numbers, for the promised land; and we hear it stated that not less than fourteen vessels have already been chartered, and nearly or quite filled with passengers and freight.[11]

From this time forward, British emigration to California continued apace. Government agents were assigned to various ports to give information to persons intending to emigrate,[12] but evidently they were not able to protect the travelers fully. The following extract from a letter written in Liverpool gives some idea of the state of affairs:

> God help the thoughtless and inexperienced if they come to ship here! I think it would be extremely difficult for a man to get into Liverpool without being set upon by a lodging-house keeper, or a runner connected either with them, or with hotels and public-houses; then the coach and car-drivers, omnibus drivers, together with guards and porters at the railways, all—all are on the look-out. Now every one of these will take you to the very best ship, captain, agent, stores or lodgings. It is a matter of business with them, and of course they make the most of an Emigrant . . . . Runners get a per-centage for shipping and provision, so that I think it next to impossible an Emigrant should escape.[13]

After the gold rush was over, it was apparent to interested persons in Great Britain and in California that most people were profoundly ignorant of the resources and possibilities of the state. Caspar Thomas Hopkins, in his *Common Sense Applied to the Immigrant Question* . . . ., quotes a letter from an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge University, who visited Australia and California to see which was the better place in which to settle his large family. Writing from San Francisco in 1867, this gentleman said that "*the advantages of this State are now not only insufficiently known, but . . . . they are literally not known at all in Great Britain . . . . in fact, it is believed to be a place as much to be shunned and avoided as the deserts of Africa*, and about as soon to be thought of with any view to settlement and a future home."[14]

There were serious attempts to remedy this situation. Emigration societies and private companies distributed information in Great Britain, and in California similar organizations did what they could to point out the attractions of the state to those who might come. For example, Starr and Company of London, agents for the Panama Railroad Company, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the North Pacific Transportation Company, and the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company, wrote to Governor Haight of California about the problem:

> .... Such is the anxiety amongst the poorer and working classes to get away from this Kingdom that the emigration movement has become a *mania* and all kinds of plans and schemes looking to mutual aid, assistance and cooperation have been and are being devised in furtherance of this object. Amongst the many thousands of letters we are receiving from all parts of Great Britain for information about America—a very general preferance appears to be given to California ....

The writer also suggested that some measure might be "advantageously adopted by the State in conjunction with our own efforts to attract a portion of the surplus population of this country to California."[15]

News of the California gold discoveries reached Norway as early as the fall of 1848,[16] and by 1849 newspapers both in that country and in Sweden were filled with accounts of the mines.[17] Scandinavian interest was motivated by conditions which differed somewhat from those existing in the rest of Europe. In the first place there was no distressing poverty in these northern countries in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was often difficult to earn a living, but it was quite possible for the average man, if he worked hard enough, to keep himself and his family in reasonably comfortable circumstances. Emigration was not, therefore, the result of economic necessity. Neither could it be traced to overpopulation, although this was an important factor in some other lands. Rather, Scandinavians migrated because they hoped to improve their social position.[18] The political upheavals on the European continent during this period naturally had some effect upon Scandinavia, especially in so far as they led to a desire for greater individual freedom and opportunity. New horizons, particularly those to the west, were viewed with increasing interest. "In no year," commented a Norwegian observer in 1849, "have we seen the newspapers so full of reports about emigrants."[19]

Men engaged in the shipping business anticipated a stimulation of commerce. The Norwegian iron interests looked for new markets as a result of American railway building. And merchants of Norway hoped that increased trade with the Pacific Coast, possibly facilitated by a canal across Panama, would divert the competition of Canada and Labrador from the European markets.[20]

Interest in California was greatly stimulated by letters from the gold region and by reports of those who returned to Scandinavia from the Pacific Coast. In the spring of 1849 there was published in Christiania a book of information about California, the first of a number of such works.[21] Late in the summer of that same year a Norwegian returned from the mines, bringing with him, so rumor had it, a chest of gold. Other miners stayed on in California, but some of their letters, published in Scandinavian newspapers, proved almost as effective as verbal reports. On November 15, 1849, the *Christiania-Posten* printed a letter from an emigrant who reported his savings to have been $223 in May and $295 in June, while in July he had earned as much as $35 in a single day. On September 15 of the next year *Den*

Frimodige published another gold-miner's statement that in California his daily receipts averaged $15, whereas at home, in his native Bergen, he had earned only ten cents a day.[22]

By fall of 1849 vessels were already leaving for the Pacific Coast.[23] One newspaper, alarmed at the trend of affairs, tried to recall people to their senses, reminding them that "nothing in Norway's condition—economic, civil, political, or religious—made emigration necessary. In a period of general European distress Norway had not known famine, and its lumber, fisheries, minerals, shipping, and available lands for cultivation placed the country in a favorable position."[24]

The United States census figures for 1850, 1860, and 1870 indicate that in those years there were, respectively, 378, 3,448, and 4,781 Scandinavians residing in California. Thus the number coming to remain in the state was small, but the migration was nevertheless not without its influence, especially in the contributing countries. Of Norway Dr. Theodore Blegen has said: "Measured .... by its repercussions and collateral effects in Norway, and by its influence on the development of popular knowledge about America, its lands, institutions, and ideas, the discovery of California gold opened up an important chapter in the history of Norwegian relations with the world to the west."[25]

Russia contributed but little, at least numerically, to the population of California between 1848 and 1870, for throughout those years emigration from that country was practically forbidden.[26] During the period before 1868 the annual immigration of persons from Russia into the whole of the United States "never exceeded 300 and was frequently less than 10,"[27] so that in any case California could not have received many. Very few Russian-born residents were recorded by the available censuses; in 1850, 48 were reported for California, and twenty years later only 540.[28]

There was during this period some emigration from Belgium and the Netherlands to California, but those who came were few in number, and information about them is difficult to obtain.[29]

Germany, however, was one of the major contributors to the peopling of California between 1848 and 1870.[30] After the Revolution of 1848 the chaotic conditions of society tended to make individuals unusually restless and discontented, and even the home-loving Germans were eager to leave their own country. To those who were politically unwelcome in Germany, and to others who wished to escape the military duty to which all male citizens were liable,[31] California seemed a haven of refuge.

It is possible, though, that economic factors were even more influential than political conditions in encouraging emigration. In 1846 and 1847 the potato crop, the agricultural staple of southwestern Germany, was seriously harmed by disease. There were other crop failures in the early 1850's which forced up the prices of cereals and potatoes[32] and worked great hardship in the wine industry. The resulting economic depression led to extensive emigration.[33]

Reports of the discovery of gold reached Germany in the fall of 1848, and, according to one of the early emigrants, "the newspapers called it a dangerous undertaking to visit this wild, unknown and impenetrable country, from whence they declared no man would return alive."[34] But mere words could not stop a people who found conditions in the homeland intolerable, and thousands of persons set out for California, most of them with the idea of remaining there permanently. Many had no thought of mining gold but went rather with the hope of establishing farms or businesses in the new land.

Once in California, the Germans were readily assimilated into the population. Unlike the French immigrants, they learned English quickly and took an interest in what was happening around them. A California newspaper commented, "The German population is very orderly and industrious. There is probably no class among the people which has fewer representatives, in proportion, as offenders before the courts than the Germans, and they have very few or no gamblers among their number."[35] They were a disciplined, hard-working, intelligent people, and California welcomed them. Those interested in forwarding immigration into the state thought that they should be given particular attention. "If any inducement could be held out to the Germans, I am convinced that we could secure a good share of them, as they are mostly all tillers of the soil, and invariably bring money with them to purchase lands. The advantage of such a class of settlers, who would make California their future home, can easily be appreciated."[36] Many of the Germans did help to develop agriculture in California; their contributions to the grape industry, in particular, were of great importance.[37] Others joined the ranks of mechanics and laborers[38] and musicians, and some established monopolies in the grocery business. There were approximately 3,000 German-born persons living in California in 1850, and by 1870 the federal census recorded about ten times as many for the state.[39]

Not all of the Germans, however, entertained the highest regard for their adopted land. One of them remarked in his diary, "Had I remained at home, associated as I was with men of intelligence and in a pursuit where mental effort was required I would now unquestionably be a smarter if not equally as rich a man."[40]

Swiss emigration to California was not large during the period under consideration.[41] As late as 1870 fewer than 3,000 persons born in Switzerland were recorded by the United States census as living in the state. Those who came in the early years were motivated by the wish to obtain agricultural lands as well as by the hope of making a speedy fortune in the gold fields. Land was expensive in Switzerland, but on the Pacific Coast, according to the general belief, it could be had for a nominal sum.

One Swiss gentleman decided to form an emigration society large enough so that a ship could be chartered for the ocean voyage to Chagres; in this way the travelers would be able to make the journey more comfortably and at less expense than would otherwise be possible. The organizer of the party chose the Isthmus route, which he said would take from twelve to fourteen weeks, instead of the longer way around Cape Horn "because time is more valuable in California than anywhere."[42] And he further told his compatriots,

> Of the two large gold countries, Australia and California, we Swiss, at least, should undoubtedly choose the last. The climate of California is agreeable to us and it has a government similar to ours. In addition to gold as a source of income, we will find there the most complete personal freedom and the strongest protection of life and property. Besides, California is much nearer to us than Australia.[43]

In 1850 the federal census reported only 177 native-born Swiss in California. During the next decade approximately 1,500 more settled in the state, and by 1870 the number of those in residence had reached 2,927.[44]

Nowhere was the news of California gold received with greater interest and enthusiasm than in France.[45] For some six years after the 1848 Revolution that country suffered from a severe economic depression.[46] Many men were out of work; others were politically dissatisfied; and throughout France the desire for greater freedom and opportunity made people discontented with their lot. The discovery of gold in California must have seemed to many a direct act of Providence. California was an immense, unexploited land, where one man's standing would be as good as another's, where politics and government were negligible, and where the opportunities for improving one's economic status seemed exceptionally favorable. It was not only the people of France who were pleased. Their government, too, saw many advantages in the situation. It was hoped that California would provide markets for the products with which France was overstocked. It was also expected that this distant land would offer asylum to many of the French social outcasts; the government would have only to contribute some financial aid, as these people were more than willing to go. Most of the emigrants, however, regarded the journey to the Pacific Coast as a temporary visit; they were going to California to make a fortune quickly, and once this was accomplished they expected to return to their homeland.[47]

In France people were eager for information about California, and the newspapers printed all sorts of pertinent materials. Governor Mason's report on the mines was published many times,[48] and the French consul in Monterey sent back to his native land much detailed information about conditions on the Pacific Coast.[49] Possible benefits to be derived from the situation in California were pointed out, as is shown by the following excerpt from *Le Californie*, a periodical published twice a month in France:

> There is no French province which does not have products accumulated to the point of being irksome and which could be sold today with immense profit not only in California but in Valparaiso, Lima, and all Western America. Our agriculture, our com-

> merce, our industry, and our capital of all kinds can draw greatest advantages from the movement initiated by the discovery of great treasure in California. Let us then not lose this chance to increase our riches and to efface from our memory the suffering of the past year. We cannot urge the French too strongly to profit in these marvelous discoveries so that they shall not pass into the hands of other peoples.[50]

Emigration companies of many different types were formed in France. In some cases the members owned stock in California gold mines; in others, they bought shares in a joint stock company, paying from ten to 100 francs for each; and sometimes emigrants banded together for the purpose of establishing agricultural colonies in the distant land.[51]

The French Government was also active in helping people to reach California; in 1850 it sponsored "La Compagnie des gardes mobiles," composed of officers and men who had served in a military organization of the same name. This group of 131 men reached San Francisco in November of 1850, having made the long journey around Cape Horn on board the French warship *La Serieuse*.[52] As another means of encouraging emigration, the French Government held a giant lottery, known as "L'ingot d'or." The grand prize was a gold nugget, valued at $20,000,[53] and the net proceeds of the lottery were to be used to pay for the passage of some 5,000 persons from France to California. The United States consul at Marseilles, alarmed by possible consequences, wrote to Thomas Butler King, collector of the port of San Francisco, that this might be a scheme set in motion by the French Government to ship convicts or other undesirables to the gold region. The Vigilance Committee, however, took the matter in hand, and after due investigation reported that the lottery was apparently aboveboard.[54] As a result of the drawing more than 3,000 French emigrants were settled in California between February 1852 and March 1853.[55] Most of them arrived penniless and had to be cared for by the French consul.[56]

Other Frenchmen came to California on their own initiative. It was a simple matter to obtain transportation, for the merchants of Paris and Bordeaux, hoping to find markets in the gold region for wines, bottled fruits, and other products, frequently sent vessels to the Pacific Coast.[57]

From 1850 forward French emigration was greatly advanced through recruiting agents. Many of the agencies, however, abused their privileges, and in 1855 the government appointed special commissioners for the protection of emigrants.[58]

The first group of immigrants to come directly from France reached San Francisco in September of 1849 on board the *Meuse* from Havre. Between November of that year and April of 1851, 4,116 persons came by sea from France to California.[59] By the end of 1853 estimates of the French population of the state ranged from 25,000 [60] to 30,000[61] Most of these must have departed before the federal census of 1860 was taken, for it reported only 8,462 French residents in California. In 1870 the number was substantially the same, showing simply a decrease of about 400 for the decade.[62]

The majority of those who arrived in California from France did not belong to the lower classes. As one writer has suggested, the French peasant is not naturally nomadic but is quite firmly attached to the land which he farms.[63] The emigrants were largely from the middle class; many of them were skilled mechanics, while others were drawn from the professions. Some came hoping to establish commercial houses, but most of them, especially during the extensive emigration of the early years, expected to dig gold. However, there were not many who were well suited to mining life. They had not the physical equipment or the disposition which would make for success in that field. Still they came, confident that the new life would be better than the old.

The French were not readily assimilated into the population of California. An observer wrote of them in 1854:

> The French . . . . adhere much to their own habits and society, and seem stoutly determined against acquiring the English tongue; the chief portion of them seem to have a religious horror to all laborious avocations. The bulk of them in consequence, choose towns for their dwelling places, where an existence may be picked up, by ministering to the luxuriant [sic] or dissipated habits of others.[64]

During 1848 and 1849 a number of emigrants from Italy reached California.[65] Italian trading vessels from Camogli and Genoa brought coal from England and Americans from the Atlantic seaboard, and some of the Italian deserters from these vessels settled in California and sent for their families. It is estimated that 200 persons arrived from Liguria between 1848 and 1854; these were the pioneers of the Italian colonies on the Pacific Coast.

With the coming of large numbers of gold seekers, there was a great demand for agricultural products. Beef and mutton were abundant in California, but the prices of fruits, vegetables, and dairy products rose to fantastic heights. Many persons who were unsuccessful in the mines turned to agriculture as a more profitable source of income, and among these the Italians were preeminent. They were attracted especially to the southern part of the state, where the mild climate and fertile soil were similar to those of their native land.

Emigration from Italy was stimulated by letters from California, by the favorable comments of those who returned from the Pacific Coast, and by published reports of the excellent climate and soil and of the opportunities for financial gain. By 1860 there were 2,805 Italians living in California, and ten years later 4,660 were recorded.[66]

Between 1848 and 1870, the number of Spanish-born persons in California was negligible. None of the three federal censuses for these years records as many as five hundred; and although these figures are probably too low, it is not possible to correct them with such statistics as have been found.[67]

The Portuguese first began to come to California in any considerable number in 1848. Their interest was, according to the little available information, in commerce rather than in the mining of gold, so that trade, rather than emigration, received most of the attention. A pamphlet entitled *Information and Suggestions Extracted from Official Documents Concerning California and Her Gold Mines,* written in Portuguese and printed in Oporto in 1849, contains information as to routes to California and other items of interest, including the fact that "a doctor can charge an ounce of gold a visit and sell the commonest drugs for three or four times their weight in gold."[68] It further describes California and its commercial possibilities as follows:

> A country teeming with gold and precious metals necessarily attracts a great multitude of people, as indeed we see. Moreover this country has an excellent climate, a soil of incomparable fertility, and occupies a geographical position well suited for it to become the Universal Emporium of the Trade of Asia and Europe. These innumerable throngs of people which are flocking into California from every quarter of the globe are entirely employed in the exploration of gold, they lack even the most indispensable comforts of life although they have plenty of gold to buy them. So long as those mines continue to produce gold in such abundance and so easy to extract (and they are said to be inexhaustible) the people will not apply itself to any other labor, and for this reason the country will be for many years the best market for European products.[69]

In 1850, only 109 Portuguese residents of California were reported by the census. During the next decade that number was increased by some 1,300, and in 1870 there were more than 2,500 Portuguese in the state.[70] However, the influence of the Portuguese in California cannot be measured by census figures, and until more information is found it is impossible to arrive at any conclusions as to the contributions of these people.

CONCLUSION

Between 1848 and 1870 the increase in the population of California was well over half a million. This addition may be attributed almost entirely to immigration into the region, for although records of births and deaths in California are fragmentary and unreliable for these years,[71] it seems certain that owing to the small number of women in the region the death rate was higher than the birth rate.[72]

It is of some interest to note that during this time most of the inhabitants were young, and that most of them were men. In 1850, for example, 73% of the residents of the state were between the ages of 20 and 40, and 92% of them were males;[73] and although time did something to straighten out these inequalities, it was many years until their influence ceased to be felt in California. When the census was taken in 1860 the number of females was still less than 30% of the total population of the state, and ten years later it had increased to only 37%.[74]

These two characteristics of California's population, however, have been of less interest to historians than has its cosmopolitan character. Actually, this cosmopolitanism was more apparent than real, and despite the fact that immigration into the region was of unprecedented diversity, the importance of the foreigners has probably received undue emphasis. During all the years from 1848 to 1870 the native-born residents (those born in the United States, including California) were decidedly in the majority. In 1850 persons whose birthplace was in foreign lands comprised only 24% of the population, while in 1860 and 1870 they numbered roughly 39% and 37%, respectively. California itself contributed only 7% of the population in 1850, but in 1860, 20% of the residents were natives of the state, and in 1870, 30%.[75]

Evidently during this period there was little doubt as to what sort of community California was destined to be. It was fairly obvious that Anglo-American civilization would predominate, and that, although there might be any number of Chinese or Mexicans or French in the region, the social and political and economic institutions were as clay in the hands of Americans from the United States. Foreigners who were not readily absorbed by the dominant society formed their own groups, but these did not seriously threaten the Anglo-American ascendancy. The northern Europeans were most readily assimilated, and in those instances in which a diversity of cultural heritages led to conflict, the newcomers usually accepted the customs of their adopted land.

In California, as in any growing community, the institutions of society had to be adjusted to meet the needs of the ever-increasing population. Because of the unique character and circumstances of the peopling of this western land, conditions differed somewhat, especially in the early years of the period under consideration, from those which obtained elsewhere. By 1870, however, it seems safe to say that California, for all its irregular antecedents, was much like the other states of the Union. It was no longer an alien community, under the sway of foreign institutions. It was, to all intents and purposes, as "American" as the rest.

NOTES

1. Robert Hogarth Patterson, *The New Golden Age and Influence of the Precious Metals on the World* (Edinburgh and London, 1882), I, 76. See also Appendix B to this article, in this QUARTERLY, XIX (December 1940), 340.

Available materials for the study of emigration to California from the British Isles for the period under consideration are very unsatisfactory. The federal and state censuses are the most helpful sources of population statistics; the San Francisco Custom House records are of little value. A general review of emigration from the British Isles to the United States is given in National Bureau of Economic Research, *International Migrations* (New York, 1929, 1931), 2 vols. Materials in London are listed in Charles O. Paullin and Frederic L. Paxson, *Guide to the Materials in London Archives for the History of the United States since 1783* (Washington, D. C., 1914); these have not been examined by the author, except for a photostat of *F. O. Records, America, II series*, no. 487. Mr. H. Idris Bell, keeper of the manuscripts, British Museum, states that it is unlikely that the Museum has received any materials relevant to this investigation since the above-mentioned book was published. (H. Idris Bell to the author, March 19, 1940.)

2. Patterson, *op. cit.*, I, 77.

3. *Ibid.*

4. National Bureau of Economic Research, *op. cit.*, I, 99.

5. C. E. Snow, "Emigration from Great Britain," National Bur. of Econ. Research, *International Migrations*, II, 250-51.

6. National Bur. of Econ. Research, *op. cit.*, I, 100.

7. J. D. Borthwick, *Three Years in California* (Edinburgh, 1857), p. 60.

8. Snow, *op. cit.*, II, 250.

9. Stanley C. Johnson, *A History of Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America, 1763-1912* (London, 1913), p. 67.

10. Quoted in Museum of the City of New York, *New York's Part in the Gold Rush* (New York, 1938), p. 7.

11. Quoted in Daniel Walton, *The Book Needed for the Times, Containing the Latest Well-Authenticated Facts from the Gold Regions . . . .* (Boston, 1849), p. 24.

12. *California; Its Past History; Its Present Position; Its Future Prospects . . . .* (London, 1850), p. 14.

13. *Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

14. George Goodchild to Dr. R. Townsend Huddart, in C. T. Hopkins, *Common Sense Applied to the Immigrant Question: Showing Why the "California Immigrant Union" Was Founded and What It Expects to Do* (San Francisco, 1869), p. 39.

15. Starr and Company to Governor Haight, Dec. 9, 1869 (MS, archives of California Secretary of State, Sacramento).

16. Theodore Blegen, *Norwegian Migration to America, 1825-1860* (Northfield, Minnesota: Norwegian-American Historical Association, 1931), p. 268.

17. *Ibid.* See also Ruby Anna Lindberg, "Swedish Immigration with Special Reference to California" (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of California, 1938), p. 56.

18. Adolph Jensen, "Migration Statistics of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden," National Bur. of Econ. Research, *International Migrations*, II, 292.

19. *Christiania-Posten*, June 9, 1849, quoted in Blegen, *op. cit.*, p. 267.

20. Blegen, *op. cit.*, p. 268.

21. *Ibid.*

22. See *ibid.*, pp. 270-71.

23. Materials for the study of emigration from the Scandinavian countries to California, 1848-1870, fall logically into two categories: those available in the contributing countries and those to be found within the United States.

a. *Scandinavian source materials.*—According to Adolph Jensen, head of the Danish Department of Statistics, almost all laws restricting emigration from Scandinavia were repealed during the first half of the nineteenth century, due to the influence of economic liberalism. Since that time, emigration legislation has aimed not at the guidance of the outward-bound travelers but at their protection. It has thus taken on the character of police regulation. In all of the Scandinavian countries the records are incomplete. Jensen, *op. cit.*, II, 292.

(1) *Denmark:* For the years prior to 1869, the Danish emigration statistics are based upon United States immigration figures. From 1869 to the present they are based upon transportation contracts which the emigrants are required to make with authorized emigration officials. Duplicates of the contracts are sent to the Danish Department of Statistics. Jensen, *op. cit.*, II, 284. It is probable, however, that these contracts do not state the exact destination of the emigrants. The archivist of the Emigrant Archives in Aalborg, Denmark, states that he has "quite a lot of material but just now it is next to impossible to get next to it, as the whole building with exception of our private flat is occupied by German troops . . . ." (Sv. Waendelin, archivist, Dan-America Archives, Aalborg, Denmark, to the author, April 30, 1940.)

(2) *Norway:* For the years 1821 to 1866, information as to the amount of emigration "came from more or less incidental sources, such as reports by the Norwegian consulates in American ports." Jensen, *op. cit.*, II, 284. After these years, a transportation contract was required of each emigrant, and the recorded contracts are now used as the basis for compiling the emigration statistics. The number of deserting seamen, which is especially important in the compilation of data regarding emigration to California, has never been adequately recorded. Jensen, *op. cit.*, II, 284, 286. The Central Bureau of Statistics of the Norwegian Government, in Oslo, states that:

". . . . in the norwegian official statistics on oversea emigration records are given only for all the United States and not for the different states. As far as I know there exist no special reports concerning the norwegian emigration to California. The norwegian emigration to the united states from 1821-1915, you will find in the publication: 'Utvandrings-statistikk' N. O. S. VII 25, and the yearly reports on Vital Statistics: 'Folkemengdens Bevegelse'." (Direktoren, Det Statistiske Sentralbyra, to the author, April 20, 1940.)

(3) *Sweden:* Emigration statistics for the years 1851-1860 have been compiled from passport records. Since passport restrictions were removed in the latter year, the statistics compiled for the period 1860 to 1882 were based on the ecclesiastical registers—records kept by the minister of each congregation. Jensen, *op. cit.*, II, 284-85. The United States Consulate General in Stockholm has suggested that "while no such statistics appear to be available here it has been learned from a source believed to be reliable that there is a book entitled 'California och dess Svenska befolkning' (*California and Its Swedish Population*) written by Ernst Skarstedt and published by the Washington Printing Company, Seattle, Washington, in 1910, giving the data you desire." (U. S. Consulate General, Stockholm, to author, Jan. 25, 1940.)

b. *United States source materials.*—The nativity of foreign-born residents of California is given in the federal censuses of 1850, 1860, and 1870 and in the California state census of 1852. The most helpful books found are National Bureau of Economic Research, *International Migrations* (New York, 1929, 1931), 2 vols., and Theodore Blegen, *Norwegian Migration to America, 1825-1860* (Northfield, Minnesota, 1931).

24. Cited in Blegen, *op. cit.*, p. 270.

25. *Ibid.*, p. 286.

26. V. V. Obolensky-Ossinsky, at one time president of the Central Statistical Board of the U. S. S. R., has commented thus upon the emigration statistics:

". . . . Russia has no real emigration statistics. This is due to the fact that the rule of law under which no citizen could leave one country and become a citizen of another without permission of the country left, a rule which had been in force in many countries of Europe at an earlier date, survived in Russia almost to the present day. If a Russian violated that rule he was banished and his property in Russia sequestrated. Under these conditions true emigration statistics were lacking." V. V. Obolensky-Ossinsky, "Emigration from and Immigration into Russia," National Bur. of Econ. Research, *International Migrations*, II, 521.

27. National Bur. of Econ. Research, *op. cit.*, I, 129.

28. See Appendix B, *loc. cit.*

29. The Consulate General of Belgium in San Francisco was unable to estimate the number of people who came to California from Belgium between 1848 and 1870 and stated that such data are not available from Belgian sources. (U. S. Consulate General of Belgium, San Francisco, to the author, Dec. 21, 1939.)

A possible source of information relative to emigration from the Netherlands, "according to the Director-Secretary of the Netherlands Migration Institute in The Hague," is "Dr. J. van Hinte, author of a book entitled 'Nederlanders in Amerika,' published by P. Noordhof, Groningen." (U. S. Legation in The Hague to the author, Feb. 5, 1940.)

30. For the period 1848 to 1870, emigration statistics of the ports of Hamburg and Bremen show the destination of emigrants.

"The number embarking for the United States, although many non-Germans were included, was hardly more than one-half of the number of German immigrants arriving in the United States. Many German emigrants to overseas points must have embarked at non-German ports. Some went via England and others went via Dutch, Belgian, French or Italian ports. Yet no data about German emigration are obtainable from the ports in question." F. Burgdorfer, "Migration Across the Frontiers of Germany," National Bur. of Econ. Research, *International Migrations*, II, 331.

Domestic sources of information are not much better. The most reliable statistics available are those of the federal censuses of this period. General accounts of the German population are given in some of the contemporary newspapers. The port statistics of San Francisco are too incomplete to be of value in this regard.

31. Hopkins, *op. cit.*, p. 23.

32. Burgdorfer, *op. cit.*, II, 342.

33. National Bur. of Econ. Research, *op. cit.*, I, 118.

34. Fritz Boehmer, "Early Days in California: an Autobiography," Society of California Pioneers *Quarterly*, IV (1927), 88.

35. San Francisco *Alta California*, May 16, 1853.

36. California Legislature, *Appendix to Senate Journal*, 12th sess., Doc. [8].

37. C. W. Haskins, *The Argonauts of California: Being the Reminiscences of Scenes and Incidents That Occurred in California in Early Mining Days* (New York, 1890), p. 179. Albert Bernhardt Faust, *The German Element in the United States with Special Reference to Its Political, Moral, Social and Educational Influence* (Boston and New York, 1909), I, 509.

38. *Alta California*, May 16, 1853.

39. See Appendix B, *loc. cit.*

40. William C. Lobenstine, *Extracts from the Diary of William C. Lobenstine, December 31, 1851-58* (New York: privately printed, 1920), p. 74.

41. Statistical records of the number of persons who came to California from Switzerland between 1848 and 1870 are difficult to obtain. No Californian source has been found. The Eidgenossisches Auswanderungsamt (Federal Emigration Office) in Berne, Switzerland, reports that:

". . . . no statistical and other material is at hand enabling us to furnish you with the desired information. The first federal law on emigration from Switzerland was passed in 1880, and it is only from then onwards that statistics embracing the whole emigration from this country to destinations out of Europe were published. Prior to that year, the matter was in the hands of the several Cantons, a good many of which did not appear to be specially interested in working out statistical data." (Eidgenossisches Auswanderungsamt, Berne, to the author, Feb. 15, 1940.)

42. Carl Meyer, *Prospectus to Form a Society for Emigration to California*, translated from the German edition of 1852 by Ruth Frey Axe (Claremont, California: Saunders Studio Press, 1938), p. 25.

43. *Ibid.*, p. 3.

44. See Appendix B, *loc. cit.*

45. Daniel Lévy, *Les Français en Californie* (San Francisco, 1884), is the best source of general information about the French in California. The French Consulate General in San Francisco reports that "there are no records at the Consulate General concerning French immigration to California. All these records have been destroyed in the fire of 1906," but states that Daniel Lévy made use of them in his book. (Consulate General of France, San Francisco, to the author, Dec. 12, 1939.)

Ernest de Massey, *A Frenchman in the Gold Rush: the Journal of Ernest de Massey, Argonaut of 1849*, translated by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1927), and Jacques Antoine Moerenhout, *The Inside Story of the Gold Rush*, translated and edited by Abraham Phineas Nasatir in collaboration with George Ezra Dane . . . . (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1935), are good contemporary sources, as are the newspapers of the time. Customhouse records showing ports of origin are not of much value, as it is quite probable that many of the French emigrants shipped from ports outside France. The United States census reports give the French population of California for 1850, 1860, and 1870, and estimates of the number of French residents in various years are given in the newspapers of this period. The following statement indicates possible French sources of information:

"Before 1853 no French emigration statistics were published; the only information regarding French emigration before that date . . . . is derived from historical studies. For emigration during the period 1853 to the present day, however, there are official documents as follows: *Annales de demographie internationale*, 1877; *Statistique de la France*, 2nd Series, Vols. X, XI, XVIII; *Mouvement de l'emigration en France, 1865-1874 . . .* ; *Journal de la Société de Statistique de Paris*, 1891; and *Annuaire statistique de la France*, reproducing information furnished by the Minister of the Department of the Interior." Henri Bunle, "Migratory Movements Between France and Foreign Lands," National Bur. of Econ. Research, *International Migrations*, II, 201.

These French works have not been consulted by the author.

46. Abraham Phineas Nasatir, *The French in the California Gold Rush* (New York: American Society of the French Legion of Honor, 1934), p. 3. This pamphlet contains much interesting information, but as it is undocumented its sources cannot readily be ascertained.

47. Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, and James Nisbet, *The Annals of San Francisco . . . .* (New York, 1855), p. 461.

48. Nasatir, *op. cit.*, p. 4.

49. Moerenhout, *op. cit.*

50. Quoted in Nasatir, *op. cit.*, p. 13.

51. *Ibid.*

52. Lévy, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

53. San Francisco *Picayune*, Sept. 20, 1851.

54. *Alta California*, Feb. 10, 1852.

55. Lévy, *op. cit.*, p. 74.

56. Nasatir, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

57. John S. Hittell, *A History of the City of San Francisco and Incidentally of the State of California* (San Francisco, 1878), p. 185.

58. National Bur. of Econ. Research, *op. cit.*, I, 108.

59. Lévy, *op. cit.*, p. 75.

60. *Alta California*, Dec. 3, 1853.

61. *Ibid.*, Nov. 30, 1853. Lévy gives 28,000 as the total: Lévy, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

62. See Appendix B, *loc. cit.*

63. De Massey, *op. cit.*, translator's preface.

64. Pringle Shaw, *Ramblings in California; Containing a Description of the Country, Life at the Mines, State of Society, &c . . . .* (Toronto, 1857?), p. 16.

65. There are apparently no satisfactory sources of information relative to Italian immigration into California between 1848 and 1870. The United States censuses of this period contain the most readily accessible statistics. The San Francisco Customhouse records are of little value. Italian sources are quite imperfect; according to one authority,

"In the middle of the nineteenth century no official body in any of the states into which Italy was then divided was concerned with making a regular statistical return of emigration. There are only a few fragmentary data scattered here and there in memoirs and publications of private scholars. Anna Maria Ratti, "Italian Migration Movements, 1876 to 1926," National Bur. of Econ. Research, *International Migrations*, II, 440.

Port statistics of Genoa, supplemented for the years after 1856 by particulars for Italian emigrants traveling via French ports (National Bur. of Econ. Research, *op. cit.*, I, 812-13), may perhaps include helpful data, although this seems unlikely. The brief discussion given here is based almost entirely upon F. C. Branchi, "Il contributo degl'Italiani all scoperta e all' incivilimento della California," San Francisco *Rassegna Commerciale*, Jan. 1939. No other helpful works on this subject have been found.

66. See Appendix B, *loc. cit.*

67. As for pertinent Spanish records, the Consulate of Spain in San Francisco has stated that

". . . . there are no records in Spain of the people that left that country for immigration purposes before 1904, as up to that time the immigration was free . . . . Consequently, you will be unable to find any information in the files of those bureaus." (Consulate of Spain, San Francisco, to the author, Jan. 4, 1940.)

68. Quoted in Celestino Soares, *California and the Portuguese: How the Portuguese Helped to Build up California* (Lisbon, 1939), p. 59.

69. Quoted in *ibid.*

70. See Appendix B, *loc. cit.*

71. See Owen Cochran Coy, *A Guide to the County Archives of California* (Sacramento: California State Printing Office, 1919), pp. 66-67.

72. John Haskell Kemble, *The Panamá Route to the Pacific Coast, 1848-1869*, reprinted from the *Pacific Coast Historical Review*, March 1938, p. 12, note.

73. See J. D. B. DeBow, *Statistical View of the United States . . . .* (Washington, D. C., 1854), p. 102, and *idem.*, *The Seventh Census of the United States, 1850 . . . .*, I, 972.

74. See Joseph C. G. Kennedy, *Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census, 1860* (Washington, D. C., 1862), p. 134, and Francis A. Walker, *A Compendium of the Ninth Census (June 1, 1870) . . . .* (Washington, 1872), p. 546.

75. United States Treasury Department, Bureau of Statistics. *Immigration into the United States, Showing Number, Nationality, Sex, Age, Occupation, Destination, etc., from 1820 to 1903.* [From the Summary of Commerce and Finance for June 1903] (n. p., n. d.), p. 4375. See also Appendix A to this article, in this QUARTERLY, XIX (December 1940), 339.

Recent Californiana

A Check List of Publications Relating to California

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

Berger, John A.

The Franciscan Missions of California. Illustrated with Photographs by Karl Obert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941. xiv + 392 pp. $3.50.

Colnett, James

The Journal of Captain James Colnett aboard the *Argonaut* from April 26, 1789 to Nov. 3, 1791, Edited with Introduction and Notes by His Honour Judge F. W. Howay, LL.D. Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1940. xxxi + 328 pp., illus. $5.00. This journal, kept by a British naval officer during a trading venture to the northwest coast of America and China, was lost for many years and has only recently come to light in the Public Record Office in London. It is now printed for the first time, in an edition of 550 copies, for the members of The Champlain Society and subscribing libraries. Had some commercial publisher put out the book he no doubt would have given it a title more in consonance with its contents, such as, *Ten Thousand Miles of Trouble, or The Sailor's Lament.* For, although the miles covered by Lieutenant Colnett may not have been actually ten thousand, he certainly suffered much agony throughout his long journey. He had trouble with his partners before he started, had more trouble when his vessels were seized by Estéban José Martinez in Nootka Sound, plenty more on his way to Mexico, to which place he and his officers and men were sent as prisoners, and still more while in that country. He even had trouble when he returned to China. Much of the book consists of material gathered together by Colnett for the purpose of making a claim for damages which he expected his country to collect for him from Spain because of his losses of one kind and another, and especially for the affront to his dignity.

The portion of the book of most interest to readers concerned with the history of California is the chapter entitled "Remarks Making the Coast of New Albion to Sailing from Port Sir Francis Drake," together with the maps and sketches showing that port (Bodega Bay) and the implements and ornaments of the Indians in the vicinity. The book is well printed and has been exceedingly well edited, the introduction and notes being, perhaps, the most important part of the book.

Cox, Isaac

The Annals of Trinity County. Preface by Caroline Wenzel. Introduction by Owen C. Coy. The First California County History by George D. Lyman, M.D. Annotator's Foreword by James W. Bartlett. Eugene, Oregon: Printed for Harold C. Holmes by John Henry Nash of the University of Oregon, 1940. xxix + 265 pp. $12.50.

This is the first reprinting of one of the rarest of all California county histories. Cox's careful record of the important events of Trinity County's early history, its mineral and agricultural products, and roster of prominent early day residents, together with the hitherto unpublished annotations by James R. Bartlett, make this edition of primary importance as source material for the study of this county. The book is beautifully printed, and as its frontispiece the cover and title page of the original edition are reproduced. The edition is limited to 350 copies, of which only 315 are for sale.

CULLEY, JOHN H.

Cattle, Horses & Men of the Western Range. Illustrated by Katherine Field. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1940. xvi + 337 pp. $3.00.

EDWARDS, E. I.

The Valley Whose Name is Death. Pasadena, California: San Pasqual Press, 1940. [2] + 122 pp., illus. $2.50.

GARDINER, DOROTHY

West of the River. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1941. [viii] + 347 pp., illus. $3.50.

The country west of the Mississippi from the first explorers to the overland railroad.

GARDNER, FRANCES TOMLINSON

King Cole of California. New York: Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., 1940. [Reprinted from *Annals of Medical History*, 3d Ser., Vol. II, No. 3.]

GRUENINGEN, JOHN PAUL VON

The Swiss in the United States. A Compilation Prepared for the Swiss-American Historical Society as the Second Volume of its Publications. Madison, Wisconsin: Swiss-American Historical Society, 1940. 153 pp. $2.00.

HEIZER, ROBERT F.

Aboriginal Use of Bitumen by the California Indians. Sacramento: California State Printing Office, 1940. [Leaflet.] [Pre-print of Part I, *Bulletin* No. 118, California Division of Mines.]

——Animal Ceremonialism in Central California in the Light of Archaeology. [Reprinted from *American Anthropologist,* Vol. XLIII, No. 4, October-December 1940.]

——Archeological Horizons in Central California. [Reprinted from *American Anthropologist,* Vol. XLI, No. 3, July-September 1939.]

——An Inquiry Into the Status of the Santa Barbara Spear-Thrower. [Reprinted from *American Antiquity*, Vol. IV, No. 2, October 1938.]

JOHNSTON, SAMUEL P. (ed.)

Alaska Commercial Company, 1868-1940. San Francisco: Privately printed, 1940. 65 pp., illus.

KAMM, SAMUEL RICHEY

The Civil War Career of Thomas A. Scott, a Dissertation in History. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, 1940. 208 pp.

Mentions such names as John C. Fremont, U. S. Grant, and Henry W. Halleck.

KERR, WILLIS HOLMES

The Treatment of Drake's Circumnavigation in Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1589. [Reprinted from Bibliographical Society of America *Papers,* Vol. XXXIV, 4th Quarter, 1940.]

LANG, WALTER B. (ed.)

The First Overland Mail. Butterfield Trail, St. Louis to San Francisco, 1858-1861. Washington, 1940. 163 pp. $2.50.

POWELL, LAWRENCE CLARK

"The Western American"—An Early California Newspaper. [Separate from Bibliographical Society of American *Papers,* Vol. XXXIV, 4th Quarter, 1940.]

Purcell, Mae Fisher

History of Contra Costa County. Berkeley: The Gillick Press, 1940. 742 pp., illus. $10.00.

Contains a wealth of material on the social, historical, and industrial progress of Contra Costa County, from the discovery of California to the present time. The edition is limited to 500 copies.

Rowland, Leon

The Story of Old Soquel. Soquel, California: Soquel Print Shop, 1940, 32 pp.

Searls, Robert M. et als. (comps.)

Diary of a Pioneer and Other Papers. Being the Diary Kept by Niles Searls on His Journey from Independence, Missouri, to California, between May 9th and October 1st, 1849. Copied and Compiled from Original Documents by Their Grandchildren, May Searls Heuer, Fred Searls, Jr., Carroll Searls, and Robert M. Searls. San Francisco: Privately Printed, 1940. 90 pp.

Spurling, Fannie (ed.)

Postmarked Vermont and California, 1862-1864. Rutland, Vermont: Tuttle Publishing Company, 1940. 200 pp., illus., maps. $2.00.

Stevens, William Oliver

Pistols at Ten Paces; the Story of the Code of Honor in America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1940. v + 1 + 2 + 292 + 1 pp., illus. $3.00.

Includes a detailed account of the Terry-Broderick duel.

Thomas, Alfred Barnaby (ed. and tr.)

Teodoro de Croix and the Northern Frontier of New Spain, 1776-1783. From the Original Document in the Archives of the Indies, Seville. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941. xii + 273 pp., illus. $3.00.

U. S. Works Projects Administration

Criticism of California Literature, Fiction, Poetry, Drama, A Digest and Bibliography. Edgar J. Hinkel, M.A., Editor; William E. McCann, M.A., Assistant Editor. Report of Official Project No. 665-08-3-85. Oakland, California: The Alameda County Library, 1940. Vol. I: xii + 373 + 3 pp. Vol. II: iii + 374 + 1 pp. Vol. III: iii + 1070 pp. [Mimeographed.]

——Inventory of the County Archives of California. No. 27. Mono County [Bridgeport]. San Francisco: The Historical Records Survey, 1940. 139 pp. [Mimeographed.]

——Inventory of the County Archives of California. No. 36. San Benito County [Hollister]. San Francisco: The Historical Records Survey, 1940. 585 pp. [Mimeographed.]

——San Francisco Theatre Research, edited by Lawrence Estavan, Vol. XII, 1940. Little Theatres, by Alan Harrison. [5] + 405 + [2] pp., illus. [Mimeographed.]

Walker, Franklin

Ambrose Bierce, the Wickedest Man in San Francisco. San Francisco: The Colt Press, 1941. iv + 46 pp. $3.00. [Printed in double columns. Limited to 550 copies.]

Wood, Ellen Lamont

George Yount the Kindly Host of Caymus Rancho. San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1941. [xii] + 126 pp., illus. and folding genealogical chart. $10.00.

News of the Society

Meetings of the Society

At the Annual Meeting of the Society, held at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake, on Friday, January 24, 1941, Mr. Ralph H. Cross, Sr., spoke on "Early Inns of California." He referred to the inn as an American institution, for such establishments were unknown in Spanish and Mexican days. He touched briefly on early hotels of San Francisco, Monterey, and those on lines of travel in the mountains. This led to the disclosure of the multitude of references that the speaker had accumulated to individual resorts. Many resorts were ephemeral, few lasted very long, and only a very few survived for many years. He spoke more at length concerning a few, such as the Warm Springs Hotel, Tony Oakes' various enterprises, Strawberry on the Placerville Road to Washoe, and Sim's on the road to Oregon.

There were eighty-two members and guests present.

The Society held a luncheon meeting on Tuesday, February 18, 1941, at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake. The speaker was Mr. David Davies, a member of the staff of the Bancroft Library, at the University of California. He spoke on "The History of the Sutro Tunnel to Its Completion," drawing his material largely from correspondence that has come into the possession of the Bancroft Library. It contains both letters from Sutro to various people and letters from employees and others to him during the promotion and building of the tunnel. The speaker sketched the preliminary efforts to finance the prospect, the efforts in Congress to obtain a subsidy, and some of the difficulties incident to the construction. From the correspondence he produced confirmation of the assertions of both sides in the controversy.

There were forty-eight members and guests present.

Anson S. Blake

Annual Meeting

The Annual Business Meeting of the California Historical Society was held on Friday, January 24, 1941, at a luncheon meeting at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake. Mr. Walter A. Starr, Third Vice-President of the Society, presided.

The Secretary presented the minutes of the Annual Business Meeting of January 26, 1940, and on motion duly made, seconded and carried, the reading of the minutes was dispensed with.

The Vice-President then announced that the Secretary and Treasurer had his report ready, which was presented, as follows:

Report of the Secretary and Treasurer

For the Year Ending December 31, 1940

MEMBERSHIP

The year 1940 resulted in a net gain of 11 members. At the end of the year 1939 we had 580 members (of which 13 were patron and 20 were sustaining). During the year 1940 we elected 58 (including 2 sustaining members); 24 resignations were accepted (including that of 1 patron member); 13 members were dropped for non-payment of dues; 10 died (including 1 patron and 2 sustaining members); and notice was received of 1 death which had occurred during the previous year but which had not been included in the last annual report. Five sustaining members and 4 active members were transferred to patron membership; 5 active members were transferred to sustaining membership; and 1 patron member was transferred to active membership during the year. At the end of the year 1940 we had 590 members, of which 19 were patron and 21 were sustaining.

MEETINGS

Six Directors' meetings, one annual business meeting, and nine luncheon meetings were held during the year. The subjects and speakers at the luncheon meetings were as follows:

Jan. 16—"California History and Our Own Society, Past and Future." Dr. Henry R. Wagner.

Mar. 19—"Personalities behind San Francisco's Street Names." Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Potter.

April 16—"Some Engineering Works on the Comstock." Mr. John D. Galloway.

May 21—"The Contribution of Dr. Herbert E. Bolton to the Study of the History of the West." Mr. William G. Paden.

June 16—"Finding Facts about the Stanfords in the California State Library." Miss Caroline Wenzel.

Aug. 20—"The Story of the Wreck of the *Rio de Janeiro*." Mrs. Arthur A. O'Neill.

Sept. 17—"The Gold Rushes and Their Significance in the History of the Trans-Mississippi West." Mr. Gregory Crampton.

Oct. 15—"Pioneer Horticulture in California." Mr. H. M. Butterfield.

Nov. 12—"Adventures by Land and Sea in the Discovery of Humboldt Bay." Mr. Charles P. Cutten.

The June meeting of the Society was held in Sacramento, where Miss Wenzel gave the above paper at the old Stanford home which is now the property of the Sisters of Social Service, whose wards served the luncheon. We are indebted to them for their hospitality, to the members of the staff of the State Library for making the arrangements, to Miss Eleanor McClatchy for the table decorations, and to the Sacramento *Bee* for souvenir guide books.

GIFTS AND LOANS

For gifts and loans of books, pamphlets, pictures, maps, manuscripts, and other historical items, the Society is indebted to the following:

Lt. Harry W. Abrahams, Mr. Walter C. Allen, Mrs. Rudolph Altrocchi, Automobile Club of Southern California, Mr. Albert M. Bender, Binfords & Mort, Mr. Anson S. Blake, Mr. Fred J. Bowlen, Mr. Laurence E. Bulmore, Mr. E. A. Burbank, California State Automobile Association, California State Board of Education, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Mr. Edward D. Cerruti, The Champlain Society, Mr. Allen L. Chickering, Prof. Gilbert Chinard, Miss Frances J. Chipman, Mr. E. S. Ciprico, Jr., Mrs. Edmond D. Coblentz, Dr. Fritz L. Cohn, The Colt Press, Mr. Clarence Coonan, Mr. Robert E. Cowan, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. R. H. Cross, Miss Eleanor M. Davenport, Miss Marian Delany, Mr. Robert M. Denhardt, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. Aubrey Drury, Mr. Robert E. Easton, Miss Alice Eastwood, Edward Eberstadt & Sons, Mrs. Milton H. Esberg, Prof. E. O. Essig, Mrs. Luke Fay, Major Robert S. Ferguson, Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, Mrs. Walter K. Fisher, Mr. Henry F. Fortmann, Mr. Leslie J. Freeman, Mr. Edwin H. Fricke, Mr. William Parmer Fuller, Jr., Mrs. Frances T. Gardner, Gelber-Lilienthal, Inc., Mr. Mark L. Gerstle, Mrs. Wyman Graham, Mr. Frank X. Gruszczynski, Prof. Erwin G. Gudde, Mrs. Jerome A. Hart, Hebrew Union College Library, Mr. Harry Hewlett, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Prof. Joel H. Hildebrand, Mrs. William S. Hilles, Mr. Harold C. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Howard, Mr. John Howell, Mr. John Thomas Howell, Mr. Harry D. Hubbard, Mr. Samuel Hubbard, Miss Stella Huntington, International Philatelic Society, Mr. T. Catesby Jones, Mr. Thomas Kearny, Miss Florence R. Keene, Mr. Edmund Kinyon, Mrs. Henry N. Kuechler, A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D., Hon. William G. McAdoo, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. A. S. Macdonald, Mrs. Douglas A. McGriff, Mrs. Alice B. Maloney, Mrs. Albert Martin, Miss Margaret E. Martin, Miss Frances M. Molera, *The Morning Union*, Grass Valley, Calif., National Society of Colonial Dames of America, Mr. John Norman, Norwegian-American Historical Association, Mr. Francis Anthony O'Connell, Mr. Edward F. O'Day, Capt. R. E. O'Neill, Mr. Harry G. Owen, Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies, Mr. Paul C. Phillips, Polish Roman Catholic Union of America, Commander John E. Pond, U.S.N., Mr. F. H. Poss, Mr. Lawrence Clark Powell, Hon. Thomas F. Prendergast, Prentice-Hall, Inc., Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden, Mr. H. W. Rhodes, Mr. Fred A. Rosenstock, San Diego Historical Society, The Saunders Press, Mr. William F. Schulte, Mr. O. J. Schuster, Mr. Robert M. Searls, Society of California Pioneers, Stanford University Press, Mr. Ashfield Stow and Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow, Mr. Thomas F. Streeter, Miss Doria Taft, Tippecanoe County Historical Association, U. S. Work Projects Administration, University of California Press, Mr. H. R. Wagner, Mr. Rob Wagner, Mr. Harry S. Wanzer, Mrs. Lulu Rued Webster, Mrs. Rose Henry Wetsel, Mr. Carl I. Wheat, Miss Margo Whelan, Mr. Samuel C. Wiel, Mrs. Francis Williams, Mr. Hermann W. Williams, Jr., Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee, The Windsor Press, Miss Lottie G. Woods.

FINANCIAL

In order to assist the Society in carrying on its activities and in purchasing books and a storage cabinet, contributions of money were received from Mr. Charles R. Blyth, Mr. Allen L. Chickering, Mrs. E. D. Coblentz, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. J. K. Moffitt, Mr. Silas H. Palmer, Mr. Rudolph Schilling, and Mrs. Francis Williams.

As has been customary for several years past, the books of the Society have been audited by Messrs. Farquhar & Heimbucher, whose complete report is on file covering the year. The following is a summary of the receipts and disbursements of the General Fund and of the Publication Fund for the year:

GENERAL FUND RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

For the Year Ended December 31, 1940

RECEIPTS		
Dues:		
Active Members	$5,417.50	
Patron Members	2,000.00	
Sustaining Members	525.00	$7,942.50
Contributions:		
General Purposes	$ 525.00	
Special Purposes	54.14	579.14
Sales—Quarterlies		252.00
Total Receipts		$8,773.64
EXPENDITURES		
Operating Expenses:		
Salaries	$3,380.00	
Rent	1,800.00	
Telephone	69.97	
Postage and Express	100.32	
Office Expenses	121.31	
Printing	87.04	
Insurance	172.44	
Miscellaneous	249.33	$5,980.41
Luncheon Expense		207.89
Quarterly Publication Costs		2,652.56
Total Regular Expenses		$8,840.86
Special Expenses:		
Equipment	$ 135.09	
Purchases from Donated Funds	54.14	189.23
Total Expenditures		$9,030.09
EXCESS OF EXPENDITURES OVER RECEIPTS		256.45
FUND BALANCE AT BEGINNING OF YEAR		755.92
FUND BALANCE AT END OF YEAR		$ 499.47

PUBLICATION FUND RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

For the Year Ended December 31, 1940

Sales of Publications		$ 647.12
Cost of Sales:		
Inventory at Beginning of Year	$2,565.90	
Additions to Inventory, at Cost or 60% of Retail Prices	457.50	
Total	$3,023.40	
Inventory at End of Year	2,568.90	454.50
Gross Profit from Sales		$ 192.62
Net Gain on Inventory Valuation		96.50
Total		$ 289.12
Selling Expenses (Circulars, etc.)		42.04
Net Gain from Sales and Inventory Valuation		$ 247.08
Interest on Savings Account		16.52
Net Gain to Fund		$ 263.60
Fund Balance at Beginning of Year		3,472.98
Fund Balance at End of Year		$3,736.58

BALANCE SHEET

As at December 31, 1940

Assets		
Cash—Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company:		
Commercial Accounts	$ 352.48	
Savings Account	1,276.50	
Office Cash Fund	10.00	$1,638.98
Accounts Receivable:		
Publication Fund		32.81
Inventory of Publications		2,568.90
Total Assets*		$4,240.69
Liabilities		
State Sales Tax Payable		$ 4.64
Funds		
General Fund	$ 499.47	
Publication Fund	3,736.58	
Total Funds		4,236.05
Total Liabilities and Funds		$4,240.69

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*Library and Collections, and Furniture and Equipment are not valued on the books.

On motion duly made, seconded and carried, the report of the Secretary and Treasurer was accepted and ordered placed on the record.

A report of the Publication Committee was presented and read by the Secretary. On motion duly made, seconded and carried, the report was also accepted and ordered placed on the record.

The Chairman appointed Mr. Aubrey Drury and Mr. Edgar M. Kahn tellers to count the ballots for Directors, that had been received by mail. Of the 196 ballots which had been cast, the tellers announced that the following had received a majority of the votes:

Anson S. Blake
Allen L. Chickering
Robert E. Cowan
Templeton Crocker
Charles S. Cushing
Sidney M. Ehrman
Mrs. John O. Gantner
George L. Harding
A. T. Leonard, Jr.
F. W. McNear
C. O. G. Miller
James K. Moffitt
Walter A. Starr
Mrs. Daniel Volkmann
Ernest A. Wiltsee

A scattering vote had also been cast for the following: George E. Dane, Aubrey Drury, John D. Galloway, Morton R. Gibbons, Edgar B. Jessup, Henry D. Nichols, H. R. Wagner, Douglas S. Watson, and Leon O. Whitsell. The Vice-President then announced that the first fifteen named above had been elected Directors to serve during the ensuing year and until their successors are elected and qualify.

The Vice-President then called for any other business which any member might present. There being none, on motion duly made, seconded and carried, the meeting then adjourned.

Anson S. Blake
Secretary

Gifts Received by the Society

November 16, 1940, through February 15, 1941

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From ALAMEDA COUNTY LIBRARY and U.S.W.P.A.—*Criticism of California Literature, Fiction, Poetry, Drama,* published by the Alameda County Library as a report of official project No. 665-08-3-85, Oakland, 1940, 3 vols.

From DR. JOHN W. CAUGHEY—Caughey, John W., "A Criticism of the Critique of Webb's 'The Great Plains'," extract from *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review.*

From CHAMPLAIN SOCIETY—Howay, Hon. Frederic W., ed., *The Journal of Captain James Colnett Aboard the Argonaut from April 26, 1789 to November 3, 1791,* Toronto, 1940.

From MR. ALLEN L. CHICKERING—Duncan, John Allison, *The Strangest Cases on Record,* Chicago: Reilly & Lee, 1940.

From MR. WILLIS HOLMES KERR—Kerr, Willis Holmes, *The Treatment of Drake's Circumnavigation in Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1589*, repr. from the Bibliographical Society of America, *Papers*, Vol. XXXIV, 4th quarter, 1940.

From DR. FRITZ L. COHN—Cohn, Henry, *Jugenderinnerungen, aus Anlass der Goldenen Hochzeit Meinen Nachkommen zum Gedachtnis*, Stettin, 1914. (With typewritten epilogue by Fritz and Frances Cohn inserted.)

From THE COLT PRESS—Black, Eleanora, and Sidney Robertson, *The Gold Rush Song Book . . . . with Music*, San Francisco: The Colt Press, 1940.

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PICTURES

From MR. FREDERICK J. BOWLEN—Photograph (copy) of William S. O'Brien.

From MR. E. A. BURBANK—Broadside: Reproduction of a drawing of an express coach, by E. A. Burbank, illustrating poem, "Overland Express."

From MR. EDWARD EBERSTADT—Colored postcard advertising A. M. Smith's California wines.

From MR. HARRY HEWLETT—Illustrated folder of San Francisco earthquake and fire, 1906.

From MR. LAWTON KENNEDY—239 photographs of the Golden Gate International Exposition, 1939-40.

From A. T. LEONARD, JR., M.D.—"Ship U.S.S. Lancaster," photographic reproduction of water-color drawing by W. A. K. Martin, 1859.

From MR. EDWARD F. O'DAY—Large unframed photograph of John Gallway; large unframed photograph of Frederick W. Hall.

From MRS. LOUIS T. WARD—Large crayon portrait of John H. Titcomb (framed).

From MRS. LOTTIE G. WOODS—Photograph: Panorama of San Francisco taken on first day of the fire, 1906.

MISCELLANEOUS

From MR. HARRY E. DAVIS—Dete, John Baptiste Joseph, Memoirs, typewritten.

From MR. J. W. MAILLIARD, JR.—Letter written by Victor Ortega, ca. 1868.

From MR. M. A. PEEL—3 letters written by S. H. Parker, postmaster of San Francisco, 1863.

From U.S.W.P.A. OF NEBRASKA—Miniature broadside: Petrified Forest of Sonoma County, 1875.

From MRS. LOUIS T. WARD—Certificate of membership of John H. Titcomb in Vigilance Committee of 1856 (large framed lithograph).

From MRS. LULU RUED WEBSTER—China tea cup formerly the property of a member of Captain J. A. Sutter's family.

From MR. LEON WHITSELL—Humorous, typewritten article on Judge S. M. Spurrier, entitled, "Sparta, Sparta, Wis."

In Memoriam

ALBERT M. BENDER

1866-1941

By the death, on March 4, 1941, of Albert M. Bender, San Francisco lost one of its best loved and most useful citizens.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, on June 18, 1866, he was a son of Dr. Philip Bender and Augusta (Bremer) Bender. He came to San Francisco in 1883, when he was sixteen, and went to work as a messenger boy in an insurance office. Seven years later he founded the general insurance agency of which he remained the active head until his death more than half a century later.

A long and succssful business career did not prevent Albert Bender from devoting a major share of his time, enthusiasm and income to a variety of other activities, cultural, civic and philanthropic. The breadth of his interests and the extent of his generosity were such that no complete listing of his benefactions is possible here. A few, however, should be mentioned. His long-standing interest in art is evidenced by many important gifts to the Mills College and University of California art galleries (both of which he helped establish), to the San Francisco Museum of Art, the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum and the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and by the annual art scholarships and prizes which he founded in memory of his cousin, Anne Bremer, the celebrated landscape painter.

His activities in the field of books were hardly less varied. Important collections of fine printing and bindings, manuscripts, first and rare editions, association items and related material were assembled by him at Mills College, the San Francisco Public Library, Stanford University, the University of California, Occidental College, the Library of Congress, Trinity College, Dublin, and elsewhere. His support of musical activities is indicated by his membership on the governing boards of the Opera Association, the Opera Guild and the Symphony Orchestra, all of San Francisco, and the number of charitable, cultural and civic organizations on which he served is equally large. At the time of his death he was president of the Board of Commissioners of the San Francisco Public Library, a member of the Art Commission and of several committees of the Community Chest. He was one of the founders of the Book Club of California and for nearly thirty years was chairman of its publication committee. He was a director of the Home for the Aged Disabled, and an honorary member of the San Francisco Institute of Art. During recent months he devoted much of his time and effort to war relief work. It would, in fact, be hard to name any San Francisco organization devoted to artistic or scholarly or humanitarian ends that did not have his enthusiastic and generous support. The California Historical Society, of which he was a member from the date of its reorganization in 1922 and on whose board of directors he served for a time, is grateful to him for innumerable gifts. He was particularly generous in adding to the Society's collections the works of California writers and artists.

Albert Bender never married. He is survived by a brother and two sisters, all of London, England.

OSCAR LEWIS

SAM BEHRENDT

1879-1940

Sam Behrendt was born in Los Angeles on July 18, 1879. His mother was Hulda Behrendt and his father Caspar Behrendt, both of whom came to California in the early days.

His business life was devoted to the insurance field, and among his associates he was noted for his adherence to the high standards and true ethics of the profession. He was the founder of the Behrendt-Lévy Insurance Agency and its president for thirty-two years.

His absorbing hobby was the collection of historical data consisting of photographs, books, documents and manuscripts of the early history of California and especially that of his native city. It was through him that the Southwest Museum is in possession of the first census taken of Los Angeles, and at his death his entire collection was given to the Los Angeles Museum.

Sam Behrendt had a myriad of friends. He was beloved by all who knew him for his many kind acts of charity, human generosity and kindness which he gave freely and happily. His greatest joy was to do someone "a good turn" without thought of any return to himself. He embodied the true spirit of old California in that he had faith in our great State and intense love of its traditions and history, and he was never so happy as when sitting with a group of "old-timers" and talking over the old days that had passed except from memory. None of them will ever forget the loyal, open hearted, happy native son, Sam Behrendt.

He leaves behind him his widow, Sadie M. Behrendt, and his son, an only child, George M. Behrendt. Mrs. John Kahn, a sister, also a native of California, survives him.

I. O. LÉVY

FRANCIS RANDALL HAGNER

1873-1940

Dr. Francis R. Hagner died suddenly, of a heart attack, in Washington, D. C., on July 7, 1940. He was born in the Capital on February 19, 1873, the son of Dr. Charles E. and Isabella (Davis) Hagner. In 1894 he received the degree of M.D. from George Washington University, and in 1895-96 served as assistant resident in surgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Returning to Washington, he began practice and was the first in the city to adopt genito-urinary surgery as a specialty. As a professor of that science he served at George Washington University from 1905 to 1939.

Dr. Hagner was a fellow of the American College of Surgeons and president of several medical and surgical societies, including the American Association of Genito-Urinary Surgeons and the Medical Society of the District of Columbia. A charter member of Sigma Xi, he was also a member of the Aztec Society, the Order of Indian Wars, and the Metropolitan and Army and Navy clubs.

On June 8, 1899, he was married to Elizabeth Allemong, who survives him.

His interests were broad. In his later years he became especially devoted to the history of the early Far West. From 1927 he was a member of the California Historical Society. The immense collection of books and pamphlets which he built up was recently sold at auction in New York City.

His personality was engaging, and he had many close friends. He loved company; when free from his work he was rarely alone, and his table was a meeting-place for persons of a wide diversity of views. By all who knew him in person, as well as the many who knew him only by repute, his death is deeply mourned.

W. J. GHENT

New Members

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Bryant, Mrs. H. C.	San Pedro Valley	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Butler, C. G., D.D.S.	San Francisco	Capt. R. E. O'Neill
Cummins, A. B.	Millington, N. J.	Mr. Warren R. Howell
Gantner, John O., Jr.	San Francisco	Mrs. John O. Gantner, Sr.
Gerbode, Mrs. Frank	San Francisco	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Gilchrist, Mrs. Adeline H.	Piedmont	Mr. F. P. Howard
*Graff, Everett D.	Winnetka, Ill.	Mr. Henry R. Wagner
Hadlick, Elwin E.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Hoots, Walter E.	San Anselmo	John O. Haman, M.D.
Jones, Mrs. William A.	Fresno, Calif.	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Kingsbury, Mrs. Kenneth R.	San Francisco	Mrs. Daniel Volkmann
Lane, Floyd M.	Oakland, Calif.	Mrs. Daniel Volkmann
Lawler, Mrs. William H.	Salinas, Calif.	Mr. Henry R. Wagner
McCaskey, William S., II	Ojai, Calif.	Mr. Robert P. Hastings
Raisch, Mrs. A. J.	San Francisco	Mrs. John O. Gantner
*Robie, Wendell T.	Auburn	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Rawlings, Mrs. Stuart L.	Piedmont, Calif.	Mr. A. L. Chickering
Southern, Miss May	Redding, Calif.	Mrs. M. H. B. Boggs
Teachers Professional Library	San Francisco	Mrs. J. J. Van Nostrand

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*Reinstated after resignation.

Marginalia

With this issue our QUARTERLY enters its twentieth year of publication—no mean achievement in itself.

Edward Weber Allen a member of the Society, is a member of the law firm of Allen, Froude & Hilen, Seattle, Washington. He is chairman of the International Fisheries Commission and a member of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission. He is the author of several books and articles on fishery, Japanese, and Alaskan subjects.

John Walton Caughey is associate professor of history in the University of California at Los Angeles and associate editor of the *Pacific Historical Review*. He is the author of a recently published one-volume history of California.

William Hawley Davis is professor of English in Stanford University and editor of the Stanford University Press.

Rev. Clifford Merrill Drury, of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, San Anselmo, has contributed to previous issues.

The Publication Committee is grateful for the support given its program during the past year, as sales of publications have been very satisfactory. The year's end inventory of publications on hand disclosed that several items are now out of print and that stocks of others are running low.

Mrs. Lawton R. Kennedy, the wife of the printer of the QUARTERLY, has been rendering valuable part time assistance in our library as a volunteer worker. Mrs. Kennedy is preparing a check list of the newspapers in the Society's collection.

Many of our older members learned with great sorrow of the death, on February 28, 1941, of Dr. John W. Robertson, of San Francisco. Dr. Robertson, a former patron member of the Society, was a native of Alabama, came to California at the age of ten, and graduated from the University of California Medical School in 1877. He became internationally known as a psychiatrist, and founded the Livermore Sanitarium in 1894. Retiring from active practice in 1911, he devoted his energies largely to historical research and writing. Dr. Robertson is survived by a son, Dr. J. W. Robertson, Jr., and two daughters, Mrs. Edwin Grabhorn and Miss Ruth Robertson.

Harry C. Peterson, widely known among our members as curator, since 1926, of Sutter's Fort Historical Monument in Sacramento, died on January 23, 1941. A special memorial service, at which Hon. Joseph R. Knowland delivered the eulogy, was held at the old Fort on February 9.

The Wells Fargo Bank Historical Collection, which was on display at the Golden Gate International Exposition, has been installed in new quarters especially prepared for it in the Bank's building in San Francisco. These quarters were opened to the public on the Bank's eighty-ninth birthday, March 17, 1941.

Among our new members are noted the following:

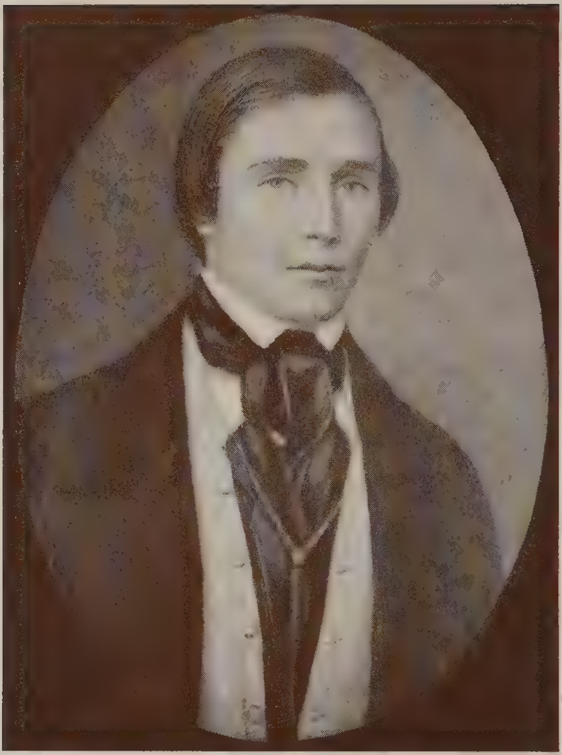
Mrs. H. C. Bryant (Dolores Waldorf Bryant) is a California writer who contributed the article, "Charles P. Kimball, San Francisco's 'Noisy Carrier'," to the December 1939 issue of the QUARTERLY.

Dr. Chester Gregson Butler, a San Francisco dentist, is the grandson of James and Eliza Gregson, pioneers of 1845, whose "Memoirs" were published in the QUARTERLY in the issue for June 1940.

Mr. John O. Gantner, Jr., is the son of a member of our Board of Directors, Mrs. John O. Gantner, Sr., and a great grandson of Don Salvador Vallejo, brother of General M. G. Vallejo.

Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury is the widow of the former president of the Standard Oil Company of California, and the granddaughter of Hon. William M. Gwin, one of California's first United States Senators, whose "Memoirs" were published in Volume XIX of the QUARTERLY.

Miss May Southern, of Redding, was one of the prime movers in the organization of the Shasta Historical Society, in January 1930, and served as its president until January 1940, when, resigning because of ill health, she was made honorary life president. Her father, Simeon Southern, conducted Southern's Stage Station, in Shasta County, until the railroad was built through the Sacramento River canyon. Miss Southern is now working on a book about Shasta County.



JAMES McHALL JONES

From a miniature painted in Paris in 1845, now in the possession of his niece, Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham

James McHall Jones

The Judge That Never Presided

By George Cosgrave

THE steamship *Falcon*, sailing from New Orleans on March 20, 1849, for Chagres on the Isthmus of Panama, carried as probably its most prominent California bound passenger, Dr. William M. Gwin, destined to be one of the first two United States senators from the new state.[1] Far more interesting among the passengers but perhaps less prominent was James McHall Jones,[2] talented lawyer, linguist, scholar, who before he reached the age of twenty-seven was to be appointed the first United States district judge for the Southern District of California. He was destined never to preside at a session of the court, but to die at the very threshold of a career that augured much of distinction and achievement. To preserve, after a lapse of ninety years, the memory of a life which promised so much of eminence and usefulness is the purpose of this article.

Born in Georgetown, Scott County, Kentucky, on December 31, 1823, he was the only child of John M. and Arabella Brown Jones. The father, country merchant, poet and philosopher, died when his son was eight years old, leaving him in the care of his mother. Between the two an unusual affection even for that relationship always existed. The widowed mother later became the wife of Dr. Joseph L. Hornsby, and the family resided at Plaquemine in the parish of Iberville in Louisiana. Here two other children were born, Arabella L. and Joseph D. Hornsby.[3] The latter died while still a boy, but the sister, Arabella, lived to become the mother of a numerous family, and died at the age of ninety-two.[4]

Possessed of an extraordinarily active and inquisitive mind, Jones studied law under a Mr. Edwards, of Plaquemine. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Louisiana on December 14, 1843, some two weeks before he reached the age of twenty, and practiced successfully in Plaquemine. the county seat, for something more than a year. Rather grave symptoms of pulmonary weakness developed at that time, and he hoped that by travel and change of climate he might cure a rather persistent cough. Accordingly, in May 1845, he left for Europe, and arrived in Paris about July. In Paris he applied himself to the study of the modern languages, French, Italian, and Spanish, becoming quite proficient in French; also to drawing and fencing, all under private tutors and with a consuming industry, moderated only by the positive orders of his physician. Letters to his mother every two weeks describe his progress. He preferred fencing to boxing, for the latter did not belong to the accomplishments of a gentleman.[5]

Exhilaration alternated with despondency. Writing from Versailles in October, he says:

> I am sick, and hurt, a sort of pendulum betwixt a sick headache and bad cough. I vibrate toward the first in the evening and the last in the morning. And then it's horrible to have a grim looking old M. D. thumping at your breast as unfeelingly as if he were knocking at your door; and declaring, "There is nothing the matter with you, only a slight cough in your throat but nevertheless you must not study, you must not think, you must not talk, nor use pepper." My cough still sticks on, though it lessens gradually and my headache has emigrated to the back of my head, where it has taken winter lodgings and is always to be found "at home." There's a life for you.[6]

In August of 1845 he had a miniature painted "by one of the first artists of Paris" and transmitted it to the home folks, complaining of the necessity imposed upon him by the artist of shaving his whiskers off, "which were very fashionable and very red."[7]

He also sends some flower seeds to a young lady friend, "Miss Sarah":

> . . . . and "thereby hangs a tale" and very curious, I got them from a witch, uglier than the witch of Endor. I was walking last night in the Champs Elysees, with a friend, looking at the jugglery, games, and amusements when we found ourselves in a crowd around her witchship, who was busy telling the fortunes of the bystanders. Presently she fixed her eyes on me and came at me open-armed. I thought the old hag was going to kiss me, and would have retreated but for my friend who was highly amused. "I know you," said she. Thinks I to myself "you got the advantage of me, old lady." "You are American," continued the old she devil, "sick and crossed the great seas to be cured." I had just shaved my whiskers off to have my portrait taken and was consequently even paler than usual and my accent and face spoke the American to everybody who knew anything, so that was nothing wonderful. "You are unmarried and would send some flowers to the fair dames of your home. But the flowers are all dead. The bright flowers, that I planted in youth and loved so much, are withered as I am. But I will give you a flower, the flower of life, that will be worth to you more than the fairest bouquet of the king's garden. Take these seeds and send them to a fair lady of your country. Plant them in October in [a] pot, put glass over them in winter, and put them in place in May. If they live, you will live, if not, you will not." All this spoken in miserable French and with an air of inconceivable wildness, but its effect upon the crowd and even my friend, stopped his laugh; but as for me, I had a notion to throw the paper in the old hag's face, but on consideration gave her a franc and left. It was nothing more than a rotten ingenious device to obtain money from an evident American whom all Frenchmen take to be liberal.[8]

In Paris he moved in the best circles. His extraordinary talent for languages gave him prominence, "I even count a prince [name undecipherable] among my acquaintances besides the small fry of counts, barons, etc."[9]

His health was improving at this time and he thought of practicing at the French bar. He acted as his own attorney in a suit against a bookseller of Paris for breach of confidence in purchasing a copy of Livy, a fine work. After consulting a lawyer who advised him that he had no case, he commenced the action on his own behalf, filing a petition seven pages long with the Procureur du Roi. He finished his case triumphantly with one hundred and fifty francs in his pocket: "There's fun and glory for you. I do not smoke, drink, gamble nor court, so I amuse myself lawing."[10]

Attempting to reach Rome by boat in very bad weather, he told the captain he was sick; but that dignitary refused to furnish him meals in the cabin. However, he discovered a Russian count, Orloff, dining very comfortably below. The captain in justification explained that Orloff was a Russian count. "We had a terrible quarrel and I told him if Orloff was a count I was a Kentuckian."[11] The Italian captain, supposing that to be some title of nobility, thereafter treated him with more consideration.

On New Year's Day of 1846 he writes from Rome:

> I am now twenty-two years old; and more than four of those, the most precious, I have passed in continual pain and sickness. They say that time past looks short, but Oh, how long and black and miserable those four years seem to me. I have patience and resignation, for I have been taught them by many a hard lessoń; . . . . And thus it has been ever since I have pursued my studies and practised my profession with the shadow of death hanging over me, until now I am twenty-two years old.[12]

The letters covering the remainder of his time abroad are not available. He acquired a greater proficiency in Spanish than in any other of the languages but acquired a considerable legal library in both Spanish and French. On his return to Plaquemine in the fall of 1846 he went into partnership immediately with the Mr. Edwards in whose office he had studied, and devoted himself to his practice, even denying himself his favorite sport of duck hunting.

He became a member of the Masonic Lodge at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, from which he received a demit on the eve of his departure for California. There is no record showing any affiliation with any lodge in California. The demit is now in the possession of his niece, Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham, of Santa Barbara.

He practiced in Plaquemine with notable success for the next two years. Unable to stay the insidious advance of disease, he hoped for improvement in the more favorable climate of California. Accordingly he took passage from New Orleans on March 20, 1849.

Serious delays were encountered by the immigrants of 1849 after they reached the Isthmus, due to the lack of vessels, and the passengers of the *Falcon* were no exception. The route was crowded with impatient travelers of all classes, occupations and stations, all eager for the opportunities that might await them in the new land. A well-known correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta*, himself one of the number, writing from Tobago at that time, observed that of the two thousand passengers then between Chagres and Panama there were about six hundred lawyers and of those four hundred expected to be congressmen or members of the legislature: seventeen were then electioneering for governor and twenty-one for senator in the new state.[13]

Nothing is known of the details of the trip between Chagres and San Francisco beyond indirect references in a few highly interesting letters which Jones later wrote from California to his mother in Plaquemine. Few ships were available on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. Dr. Gwin arrived in San Francisco on the fourth of June, but Jones did not arrive until July.[14] Undoubtedly, however, if acquaintance had not already existed between the two in Louisiana, Gwin, himself seeking preferment in the new land, recognized in the young Jones qualities of distinction—pleasing address, cultured mind, and wide knowledge—that would inevitably bring him into prominence. At this juncture the political future of California was all uncertainty; the election of delegates to a convention to form a constitution was the important pending event. Those among the rapidly increasing population who had had political experience in the states from which they came, together with those politically minded in the larger sense, by a process of natural adaptation assumed prominence and took the leading part.

Scarcely had Jones landed in San Francisco in July of 1849 than his course was determined. He would seek election as a delegate to the convention. Delayed in his arrival in San Francisco, he found plans for the selection of delegates from that district already perfected. He learned later that, due to his acquaintance with the men prominent in the direction of affairs, he might easily have been chosen from that place had his arrival been timely.[15] He turned to the rapidly filling district of the San Joaquin where the bulk of the population was assembled in the region now referred to as the "Mother Lode."

Governor Riley's proclamation, issued on June 3, 1849, called for an election on August 1 following, and apportioned but four delegates to the District of San Joaquin. The District of San Joaquin, according to the proclamation, comprised all that extensive part of California lying between the Coast Range and the Sierra south of the Cosumnes River. Having in mind the mighty tide of immigration from all parts of the civilized world that was surging into the interior of California in that fateful year, spending itself against the lower slopes of the Sierra and filling every gold-bearing gulch and ravine, the governor had sagely provided that any district deeming itself entitled to a greater number of delegates than allowed in his proclamation might elect supernumeraries who might or might not be seated as the convention might decide.[16]

Governor Riley had designated as polling places in the District of San Joaquin by his order of June 26, 1849, "the Placer above Hicks' Rancho, Stockton, Jamestown, Sullivan's Camp, Carson's Creek, and near the crossings of the Tuolumne and Merced Rivers."[17] Commencing operations in the then scarcely begun city of Stockton, where he was greatly encouraged, Jones procured for himself what he describes as a sober-going mule, and with blankets, provision bag, a brandy bottle, a pair of enormous Mexican spurs, and such letters of introduction as he could secure, he began his canvass of the diggings at Wood's Creek. Single-handed he called a public meeting, addressing the assembled miners on such subjects as he deemed of interest. An eloquent, fluent and effective speaker, he met immediate favor and, provided with letters of introduction, he traveled through the neighboring camps: Sonorian Camp, now Sonora; Sullivan's Camp, and those on the Tuolumne River. His mule exhibiting a lack of ambition, Jones secured himself other means of conveyance, crossed Table Mountain, later if not even then the residence of Truthful James, and began his next operations on the Mokelumne.[18] All this was in a region visited by civilized men for the first time within a year. Nevertheless, as stated by him at the Constitutional Convention later:

> There were people there he knew nothing about—thousands pouring in from all quarters that he had never heard of. He received sixty-nine votes in one precinct, and had not been able to find out where the poll was . . . . There were villages, and towns, and cities in almost every gulch and ravine.[19]

Despite the order of the governor establishing the voting places, but acting nevertheless within the limits of the spirit of his proclamation, polling places were opened and an election held at almost any point dignified with a name, even though assumed for the occasion, if any considerable number of miners had assembled there. Available records indicate that Jones found favor on the Merced River, for at "River Mercedes" he and his fellow delegate, Oliver M. Wozencraft, each received ninety-two votes—the total number of votes cast—while Lippincott received only twelve, no others being voted for. The twenty-three miners whose interest in civic affairs induced them to leave off their gold digging at "Tewalomnes" River for this occasion, cast their entire twenty-three votes for Jones and Wozencraft, ignoring all others. In the "Moquelomus" District precinct (on the Mokelumne River) he received seventeen votes for the position of delegate, but seventy-nine men voted for him as one of the supernumeraries mentioned in the proclamation. "Angels Creek" (Angels Camp) ignored Jones entirely, as did "Sonorian Camp" (Sonora). At "Woods Diggins" (Jamestown), where on his first visit prospects appeared so bright, he received but sixteen votes from a total of seventy-five. He learned that a group of gamblers there, recognizing him as one who had interfered with their activities during the delays attending the crossing of the Isthmus, had conducted an effective campaign against him during his absence in the other diggings.[20] Many, even of the few returns now available, are from locations that were then thriving camps but have long since been forgotten.[21]

With polls opened and election held in so many then remote localities—the names of the polling places never having been heard of outside the immediate vicinity, nor possibly before that day—and the transmission of the returns to Monterey depending on such chance means, by special messengers or otherwise, as might be available, it is not unnatural that confusion existed. Jones, after what he believed to be and which undoubtedly was a successful campaign, and when all precincts were heard from and counted, believing himself elected, returned to San Francisco, which place he gave as his permanent address, and remained there until the opening of the convention. Here it is easy to see he had abundant opportunities of associating with other delegates to the convention and all others prominent in the political affairs of the community. Doubtless, many plans were formulated for the structure of the coming state. Jones himself during his time foresaw the necessity of translating and publishing all of the Spanish laws existing at the time and also the advantage that his familiarity with that language would be to him. Plans to this end were formulated among those who hoped to have a hand in the direction of affairs.

He sailed from San Francisco for Monterey with Gwin, Edward Gilbert, and others on the brig *Colonel Fremont.*[22] Four days later the vessel finally anchored in the bay of Monterey after sailing uncertainly through a dense fog. The captain himself, it seems, had allowed his mental compass to become deranged under the influence of the cheering liquors on board. Many of the delegates were slow in arriving, due to the difficulty of travel. Bayard Taylor, the world traveler, writer, and lecturer of that day, visiting California and intending to be present at the opening of the convention, did not reach Monterey until September 19.[23] Whether Jones and his fellows, like Taylor, were driven by the fleas of Monterey to seek sleeping quarters in the woods adjacent is not recorded, although highly probable. Although scheduled to meet on September 1, Saturday, no quorum was present until the following Monday, the third, when organization began.

Due to delay in the arrival of election returns and confusion in identification of localities, Jones found to his surprise that he was not recognized as a delegate in the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. But he was not so easily disposed of. He, together with his fellow delegates, O. M. Wozencraft and Benjamin F. Moore, who likewise had been excluded, were permitted to enter the meeting late on the evening of September 3 and to urge their claims to seats. Although Jones was the youngest of the three, and indeed the youngest of the forty-eight that finally made up the convention, he was the first to address the meeting. Courteously, but quite emphatically, he claimed a seat in the convention, not at the discretion of any committee nor as a matter of sympathy but as of right; as a representative of a numerous and respectable body of voters in the District of San Joaquin. Confident that full election returns would show him entitled to a seat, he declared that, at least until the receipt of the delayed returns, the word of a gentleman entitled to the credit evidenced by the vote he had received entitled him to a seat.[24] Conforming as nearly as might be to the wishes expressed by the considerable and widely scattered communities of miners, Jones and his fellows were finally seated as duly accredited delegates; and the convention, "as earnest and honest a set of men as ever assembled together to lay the foundation of a great State," got under way.[25]

The forty-eight members of the convention included fourteen lawyers, eleven farmers, six merchants, and men of various other occupations.[26] It was a fair cross section of the population of California at that day. Able, serious-minded men, well informed, they were possessed of the sincere and unselfish purpose of securing the admission of California as a state with a simple constitution along broad lines, as befitted the forthright, rough and ready population of the time. Providence mercifully withheld from this sturdy body of pioneer lawmakers a preview of the grotesque proportions to which their simple instrument has grown at the present day. In the debates of the convention Jones took an important but not a prominent part. He complains at times of his "exhausted state of health"[27] and his "present state of health." He spoke infrequently, discussing only questions with which he was familiar: notably, the property rights of married women; the judiciary system; banks, and finally, the boundary question.

A study of the proceedings of the convention shows nothing to justify the statement of Bancroft that Jones represented "the extreme Southern sentiments";[28] nor that of E. O. Crosby, a fellow member, who describes Jones as "an extreme Southerner and the only one who was persistent for the incorporation of a slave clause in the Constitution."[29] Even the historian Hittell attributes the attempt to prevent the admission of free Negroes into the state to the Southern feeling.[30] This statement is clearly without support. The admission of free Negroes was not a sectional question. Jones, it is true, opposed their admission; but Robert Baylor Semple, the president of the convention, and Morton M. McCarver, recently from Oregon, both men of Northern sentiments, held similar views and were far more violent in their expressions than was Jones. Semple himself said:

> For myself, I would prefer being kept out of the Union to all eternity, rather than acknowledge such a power [to prevent the state from excluding classes deemed undesirable] on the part of Congress, or admit these herds of free Negroes.[31]

The argument of Jones rather indicates opposition to slavery itself:

> The labor of the white man brought into competition with the labor of the Negro is always degraded. There is now a respectable and intelligent class of population in the mines; men of talent and education; men digging there in the pit with the spade and pick, who would be amply competent to sit in these halls. Do you think they would dig with the African? No, sir, they would leave this country first.[32]

Having traveled and studied extensively in Europe and practiced his profession in Louisiana, Jones was thoroughly familiar with the civil law; in addition he had an instant and accurate command of the political history of the United States. He spoke and translated Spanish readily and French as well. With skill in parliamentary practice, a mind alert and penetrating, a pure diction, he was easily one of the most prominent and attractive figures of the convention.

Pleading for the separate property rights of married women that were secured to them by the civil law as against their common law status, he said:

> I shall say but few words on the subject, and, if it were not for hints thrown out from time to time, I should certainly, in my present exhausted state of health, say nothing. . . . . These nice distinctions of the common law, what are they? What is the principle so much glorified, but that the husband shall be a despot, and the wife shall have no right but such as he chooses to award to her. It had its origin in a barbarous age, when the wife was considered in the light of a menial, and had no rights. But in this age of civilization, it has been found that the wife has certain rights. State after state has adopted this principle. The barbarous principles of the early ages have been done away with . . . .[33]

The judicial structure of the state even as it exists today is, to a very large extent, the work of Jones. The Select Committee on the Constitution had reported, in its article on the judicial department, a plan that could be most charitably described as ambiguous, complicated and highly impractical—for instance, that the Supreme Court judges should also act as trial judges in circuits to be established.[34] Its weaknesses were apparent and a considerable debate ensued. Jones said:

> Your Legislative and your Executive departments might be faulty in design, the principles of liberty might be discarded and denied by the despot upon the throne, and the evils would be less felt than those under a bad judiciary system from the despot of the law, at the firesides of the people. . . . . The system which, above all others, I would support would be a system of three courts alone— . . . . A Supreme Court with appellate jurisdiction only, a District Court with universal jurisdiction beyond a certain sum, and a Justices' Court with universal jurisdiction to a settled sum. Let us have a system which all the people can understand . . . .[35]

Finally, late in the night a committee of three was appointed, of which Jones was a member, to revise the report in favor of a more workable system and to present the result at twelve o'clock on the following day. This special committee, working far into the early hours of the morning, presented their report at ten o'clock. It was largely the work of Jones himself and was adopted with but little further debate. It provided for a supreme court with definite jurisdiction and functions, district courts that existed until superseded by superior courts thirty years after. County courts, opposed by Jones, were provided for, which proved unsatisfactory, and were abolished when the new Constitution was adopted in 1879.

The convention had been in session a little more than a week when an incident occurred which for a while threatened to cloud its proceedings considerably. The Select Committee, so-called, consisting of two members from each of the ten districts, had the duty of preparing and reporting to the convention from time to time, their recommendations of a draft of the Constitution, article by article. A proposal was made to remove from the Select Committee the duty of reporting the part of the schedule to be appended to the Constitution which related to the districting of the state, fixing the number of members for both branches of the legislature and their apportionment, and to delegate this duty to a smaller committee.[36] The appointment of a special committee for this purpose was urged on the ground that, if left to the Select Committee, the members of that committee, numbering twenty, would feel themselves bound to support its report upon the floor of the convention and thereby the prestige of the Select Committee would weigh in favor of any plan reported by it as against the influence of district representatives as such.[37]

Jones concurred in this view, saying that he had heard members of the Select Committee call upon other members on the floor to support every measure reported by that committee, and said, "I have heard them denounced because they did not think proper to do so,"[38] amplifying a statement that another delegate, McCarver, had just made. Henry A. Tefft, a member of the Select Committee, a delegate from San Luis Obispo, himself a lawyer only a year older than Jones, took offense at the "fling," as he termed it, made by Jones at the Select Committee, stating, "I would call his attention to the following quotation from Junius: 'There are men who never aspire to hatred—who never rise above contempt.' " Jones instantly demanded that the statement be taken down in writing, claiming the protection of the House from gross and insulting remarks. The offensive remarks were ordered entered upon the minutes. Tefft truculently declared he did not intend to apologize. The chair declared that the difficulty must be disposed of before the house could proceed. Jones, having submitted his version of the statement for the record, made a slight error in the quotation. Tefft then said: "If the gentleman was better acquainted with the works of Junius, he would not make that as a quotation." Jones replied, "I am better acquainted with the duties of a gentleman than with the language of Junius. Let the gentleman state the words himself." The offensive words were taken down.[39]

The atmosphere was charged with danger, for it was certain that Jones would require an apology. The Spanish delegates, sensing something ominous arising from the strange ways of these Americans who had taken over their peaceful California, asked to be and were excused from voting on the pretext that they did not understand the meaning of the words. It was apparent that a critical situation had arisen. Moore, a delegate from the San Joaquin District, whose occupation as given by himself was "elegant leisure," said that if insulted, he would not trouble the House by asking any apology there: "Let it be settled out of doors." Gwin insisted that it was for that very reason he wanted it settled here: "It is the duty of the House to make these members settle their difficulty here. There should be no after settlement out of doors—no bloodshed from what has transpired." Here enter a shining white mark to the credit of Senator Gwin. After quite reluctant admissions of satisfaction adroitly led by Gwin from the two principals on quite suppositious conditions, he moved that the "reconciliation" be accepted by the House. The motion was adopted and the difficulty thus more or less amicably adjusted.[40] The inventory of Jones's estate reveals possession of "one set of *deweling* pistols and case." He and Tefft were later, however, to become firm friends.

Probably the most valuable contribution of Jones to the work of the convention was rendered in the settlement of the highly controversial boundary question. It had been the subject of somewhat heated debate from an early period in the session.[41] Why the question should have aroused the disagreement that it did is difficult to understand. Generally there were two views: one for the inclusion in the new state of the entire territory obtained from Mexico and theretofore called California; and the other, to limit the boundary to the natural physical limits of the coast region—namely, the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado River. The first view was generally supported by the Spanish delegates for entirely sentimental reasons. It was supported by Gwin, a native of the South and supposedly of Southern leanings; but in this, he was joined by many Northern men of equally positive opposite views. The other view was supported by men of similarly varying sectional views. Necessarily the northern boundary was the 42nd parallel, already established as the southern boundary of Oregon, and the southern boundary, the Mexican border as established by the treaty with Mexico, was then being definitely fixed.

The convention had already determined without a dissenting voice that slavery should not exist in the new state. Slavery was important only to the degree to which that question might speed or retard or even prevent the admission of the state into the Union; for the admission of California would disturb the balance then existing—fifteen free states and fifteen slave states—in the Union. After numerous ballots—the question was finally settled on the fourteenth, only a few delegates consistently supporting either of the two general positions—the Committee of the Whole voted to adopt the large boundary. Then occurred the disorderly scene so often described and which marred the proceedings of an otherwise orderly convention and for a time threatened its disruption.[42] An analysis of the ballots makes it difficult to assign any reason for the rancor and the contradictory nature of the voting unless they were due to the frayed nerves that developed during the extended session.

On the following day, October 10, immediately after the approval of the previous day's journal, Jones obtained the floor and for the first time spoke upon the boundary question.[43] In an entirely conciliatory and appealing address, he moved the reconsideration of the previous night's action, analyzing and weighing the situation logically and temperately and with entire precision. He proposed the precise present boundary, which the convention had rejected only on the preceding day; but, with the proviso that if Congress should refuse to admit the State of California with that boundary, then the boundary should be "the entire territory," subject to the approval of the legislature of the State of California. The tempest of the preceding night had not entirely subsided, however, for the debate broke out anew and Jones's proposition, on being put to a vote, was lost.[44] After several more votes and reconsiderations, Jones, realizing that the auspicious moment had arrived, renewed the first part of his proposal, that the boundary of the state be the present boundary, thus eliminating the alternative given to Congress to include the entire area. The weary convention immediately took its fourteenth vote on the question, and by a vote of 32 to 7, the boundary of the state was established.[45]

The adjournment of the convention found Jones recognized as one of its most talented members. Tactful, ready, and effective in debate, with his extensive command of the Spanish language and the civil law, he took immediate rank as one of the state's leading lawyers. A pleasing personality and sound political sense, with the prestige attained in the convention, gave him favorable prominence among the political figures of the state. He never returned to the gold fields.

The convention having determined on San Jose as the site of the capital, he immediately took up his residence in that city. Since coming into the state, he had formed a close personal friendship with John B. Weller, who had recently been a candidate for governor of Ohio, and following that a member of the commission to establish the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and was later to become a United States senator and governor of California. Immediately on the adjournment of the convention on October 13, 1849, the two formed a partnership for the practice of the law under the name of Jones and Weller—Jones maintaining the office in San Jose and Weller the one in San Francisco.

The Constitution having been adopted by the vote of the people on November 13, 1849, a governor, members of the legislature and other officers were elected at the same time. The first Legislature met in San Jose on December 15 of that year. Although Jones was talked of for election to the United States Senate, his youth precluded his serving in that body.

Jones did not lack in employment. Speaking of the problems confronting the courts and lawyers of the state at that period, Nathaniel Bennett, one of the first Supreme Court judges, says:

> All the other states of our confederacy had, previously to their admission into the union, an established government, on which their state organizations were based. The people of California, however, were driven by extreme necessity, growing out of the political and legal chaos in which they found themselves, to the formation of a state government. A large amount of labor, consequent upon the unorganized state of society, was necessarily imposed upon the tribunal of last resort—the labor of searching for authorities in an unfamiliar language, and an unfamiliar system of jurisprudence; of ascertaining the law, as laid down in the codes of Spain; in the royal and vice-royal ordi-

> nances and decrees; in the laws of the imperial congress of Mexico; in the acts of the republican congress; in presidential regulations; in decrees of dictators, and acts of proconsular governors. Many ordinances and decrees, claimed to have the force of law, had not been printed even in Mexico; and they, as well as all other books upon Spanish and Mexican laws, could be procured only with great difficulty and at great expense, and, indeed, at first, they could not be procured at all. In addition to these causes of embarrassment, great doubts were entertained as to the force, as a rule of decision, which the laws of Spain and of Mexico, never but partially enforced in the remote province of California, should have, after the acquisition of the country by the Americans, in the construction of contracts made between American citizens, who had settled in California in such numbers as greatly to exceed the native population.[46]

To such problems were the ready abilities of Jones applied. His health improved and he devoted himself with an all consuming industry to his profession. He first acquired the library of General Vallejo, which was then the largest in the country, consisting of between two and three hundred volumes. We find among the old Santa Clara County records that "Don Santiago M. Jones"[47] was made the attorney-in-fact of Zacarías Bernal, José Ygnacio Berreyesa, and other members of that family on November 7, 1849, with a view to protecting their title to the Rancho de San Vicente against the machinations of one Shillaber. Indirectly connected was the litigation over the New Almaden quicksilver mine. He represented the Forbes interests then in the possession of the mine[48] and within a few days after the adjournment of the convention began the litigation, not settled until many years after his death, by which the Forbes people sought to protect their interests in the famous quicksilver mine. An important figure in the civic life of San Jose, reputed one of the best Spanish scholars in California, his professional services were in demand.[49]

In 1849 and 1850, as well as for years following, litigation centered around land titles. When titles were questioned, lawyers' fees could be paid only by interests in the land involved; for the owners usually had but little cash. The inventory of Jones's estate lists some sixteen separate descriptions of land acquired during the period of his practice of but a year and a half. Many valuable tracts were held under titles which had been regarded as good under the Mexican regime but when subjected to the scrutiny of the Land Commission of 1851 were adjudged invalid, giving rise to protracted litigation. The one-fourth interest of Jones in "Huecos Rancho" was sold by his executors twenty years after his death—the litigation even then being not finally settled—for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars.

The first of the few appearances of Jones in the State Supreme Court Reports is in the case of Suñol *vs.* Hepburn, reported in the first volume of California Reports.[50] Governor Micheltorena had in 1844 granted to Roberto, an Indian "emancipated" by the Santa Clara Mission, a tract of some two thousand acres of land bordering the well known *alameda* between the Pueblo of San José and the Santa Clara Mission. Roberto, in debt to Antonio

Suñol in the sum of $500.00, had conveyed the tract, in 1847, to him in settlement. James Hepburn, ignoring the title of Suñol, "squatted" on a portion of the land, and the action was begun by Suñol and his associates (Pedro Sainsevain and Henry M. Naglee) in the Court of First Instance in San Jose in the fall of 1849. The case was tried before that court and went to judgment before the adoption of the common law by the first legislature in 1850. Jones was for the plaintiff. Involved in the litigation were the rights of a mission Indian, who had been "emancipated" from the disabilities attending that status under the Spanish and Mexican laws; the interpretation of several Mexican constitutions and decrees; possession under the civil law; and *justo titulo*, or the degree of title sufficient to support a transfer of property under the civil law and the laws of Mexico. Jones, deeply versed in the civil law, speaking Spanish fluently and understanding French as well and with the ability to translate each readily, and being himself a man of unflagging industry and natural persuasive ability, was making great headway against his less well equipped opponents. At this juncture the famous but highly erratic Rufus A. Lockwood came into the case on the side of the defendants. Well versed in the Mexican law and understanding Spanish as well, but far abler than the scholarly Jones to summon to his client's aid before the jury of Westerners the American flag, the Mexican War, the triumphant assault on the heights of Chapultepec, and other equally relevant matters, Lockwood hung the jury. Jones, weak but indomitable, exclaimed to one of the opposing counsel, "This man Lockwood is killing me."[51] On the disagreement of the jury, a stipulated verdict was entered for the defendants and the case was appealed in order that the Supreme Court, then beginning to function, might pass upon the novel questions involved. The judgment of the lower court to the effect that an "emancipated" Indian could not convey title, among other things, was sustained by a divided court against a rather convincing dissent by S. Clinton Hastings, the first chief justice.

Jones was an ardent Whig. At the meeting held to organize the Whig party in California, which took place in the Senate Chamber of the State House in San Jose on February 9, 1850, he offered a resolution to the effect that, since the organization of the Democratic party of the state had commenced and was about to be completed and the broad prospective doctrine had been publicly declared and adopted that "No Whig shall hereafter receive a Democratic vote for any office in the gift of the people," a Whig organization should be formed "not only to indicate our principles as a party but our rights as freemen"; and the Whigs of California were invited to unite "in repelling the assertion that a Whig is unworthy to possess the rights and incompetent to perform the duties of the freeman."[52] A further resolution in the unmistakable phraseology of Jones condemned the action of President Polk in his veto of the Rivers and Harbors Bill:

> California, destined hereafter by the wealth and enterprise of her cities, by the vast extent of her sea coast, and by her spacious ports and great inland seas, to command the commerce of the entire Pacific, peculiarly requires the fostering hand of the government in the erection of lighthouses and the improvement of her harbors . . . .[53]

In the early part of 1850 Jones thought himself afflicted with asthma only and that he was on the road to recovery. He devoted himself to his practice with excessive zeal and took a prominent part in civic affairs. San Jose, the capital of the state, celebrating the Fourth of July of 1850 in a befitting manner, called upon Jones to deliver the oration in Spanish for the benefit of the Mexican population. His health gradually failed, however, and he made a trip that year to the Sandwich Islands in the hope of bettering his physical condition. Here his active, inquiring mind prompted the acquisition of a Hawaiian grammar and a history of the Sandwich Islands. By December 1850, however, he had become convinced of the gravity of his condition and that he must seek a more congenial climate in an attempt to recover his health. The condition of his mother, afflicted with the same disease, tuberculosis, weighed on his mind greatly. She died in Louisiana on March 2, 1851.

The Constitution of California was adopted at the election held on November 13, 1849. The first legislature met on December 15, following, and two United States senators were elected almost immediately. They, with the two congressmen elected in November, presented themselves at the National Capital with the petition for the admission of California as a state as soon as they arrived in Washington, which was in February of 1850. They stood around the doors of Congress for almost nine months, for it was not until September of 1850 that the state was admitted and her representatives seated in the national body.

The federal judiciary act was extended to California by an act passed on September 28 of that year.[54] It divided California into two districts: all territory south of the 37th degree of north latitude was to be the Southern District (this included Monterey); and all north of that line, the Northern District. A United States district judge was provided for each district. The annual salary of the judge of the Northern District was fixed at $3,500.00 and that of the Southern District, at $2,800.00. The position of the United States attorney in the Southern District was not a lucrative one. He was to receive double the fees received in the Southern District of New York and in addition a salary of $500.00 a year to cover all additional services. Semi-annual sessions of the Court were provided for the Southern District, one at Monterey in June and the other at Los Angeles in December. Senator Gwin agreed to the terms of the bill in order to get it passed but gave notice that he would introduce a bill at the next session to increase the salaries. He was positive that it would be impossible to get competent men for the offices at the salary named.[55] He introduced the bill on December 10 following, stating that it was enough to say that the President had appointed judges for

California but because of the small salary none had accepted the positions.[56] It was pointed out, however, by some economically minded senator that the judge of the Southern District of New York got only $3,500.00 a year, and in New Hampshire the United States judge was paid only $1,000.00 a year.[57]

Gwin's statement finds justification in the fact that, prior to November 28, 1850, Judah P. Benjamin, later United States senator from Louisiana, member of the cabinet of Jefferson Davis, author of "Benjamin on Sales,"[58] had been appointed judge for the Northern District of California but had declined. John P. Healey of Massachusetts was likewise appointed as judge for the Southern District, and at the same time Jones was appointed United States District attorney.[59] Although current newspaper accounts state that the appointments were confirmed, none of those appointed accepted office.

Ogden Hoffman was nominated judge of the Northern District at about the same time. There was some difficulty in securing his confirmation. William H. Seward objected on the ground that he was nothing but a boy, being only twenty-nine years old, and not qualified for so great and important an office. His confirmation was finally obtained largely through the influence of Daniel Webster, a friend of the senior Hoffman.[60]

The course of California appointments at that day does not seem to be entirely clear. During Fillmore's administration all the federal offices were held by Whigs. During the second session of the 31st Congress—that is, in December of 1850—Gwin was the only senator present from California; and a Democratic Senate could easily oppose confirmations and no doubt did so many times. Jones declined to accept the proffered United States attorneyship for the Southern District. Though driven from activity by the fatal advance of the disease of which he was soon to die a victim, he found existence impossible on only five hundred dollars a year with twice the fees received in the New York jurisdiction added. However, President Fillmore and Gwin acted in harmony in making appointments. Speaking of Jones, Gwin said, "Jones, for the Southern district was well known to Mr. Gwin, and his nomination was soon confirmed."[61] Without doubt Gwin was influential in the appointment of Jones, in whose behalf he had rendered such signal service during the Tefft episode in the convention. Recognized as one of the leading lawyers of the day, a prominent, if not the leading, Whig in California, an esteemed friend of Senator Gwin, he seemed the logical appointee to the newly created judgeship. Hopeful that cessation from laborious practice of law might avert his threatened end, it is easy to see that he may have sought the position. The mild climate of Los Angeles, where he intended to reside, was known. He regarded the judicial position as a sinecure, which indeed it was in the Southern District at that day, and in the pathetic hope that the mild climate and relief from strenuous effort might postpone if not avert the fatal summons, he accepted the appointment.

Elevation to the federal judiciary was regarded in 1850, as it is today, as the honorable ambition of the lawyer. Not quite twenty-seven years of age, he was on December 26, 1850, commissioned judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of California by President Millard Fillmore. News of the appointment did not reach California until the arrival of the semi-monthly steamer at San Francisco on February 14, 1851.[62] He probably took the oath of office soon thereafter, for on March 25, 1851, he advised Secretary of State Daniel Webster that his address would thereafter be Los Angeles.[63]

The first session of court after his qualification came on the first Monday in June 1851, at Monterey. On May 29 he signed an order to the United States marshal to adjourn the session to the first Monday in June 1852. This order was duly executed by Elam Covington, deputy for Pablo N. de la Guerra, marshal, by proclamation in front of the courthouse in Monterey, on June 2, and the clerk, Samuel Flower, recorded the fact in his minutes with the additional information that the adjournment was on account of the illness of the judge. No further session in the Northern District was held until June 9, 1853, when the session was opened by Judge Ogden Hoffman of the Northern District at Monterey. On June 5, 1854, the next session of court was opened at Monterey with the Honorable Isaac S. K. Ogier, judge, presiding. On the date set for the Los Angeles session, December 1, 1851, the court was adjourned by the clerk "on written order of the Judge" to December 22, 1851; on the 22nd it was adjourned to the 23rd, then to the 24th, and on the latter date the clerk recorded the "adjournment of court in absence of Judge . . . . Sine Die." Los Angeles did not know that the earthly activities of James McHall Jones had terminated a full week before.

The first official act of Judge Jones, of which record has been found, was the approval of the bond of Pablo de la Guerra as United States marshal for the Southern District, recorded on June 14, 1851. Despite his weakened condition he returned to Plaquemine, Louisiana, during the summer of 1851, for his last will shows its execution there on September 4, 1851.

Other activities incidental to the establishment of the court in California occupied his time, but he was fated never to preside at one of its sessions. Thriftily, he had on the first of October drawn a draft for his salary for the last quarter of 1851 and discounted it in San Francisco, the practice of payment by the marshal not having yet begun to operate in the newly created district. The draft was paid on January 1, 1852, before the news of his death on December 14 had reached Washington, resulting in an overpayment of $129.35. This amount was duly returned to the United States Treasury by Dr. Hornsby, his executor in Louisiana, immediately on its discovery.

The fatal disease advanced upon him and he died on December 14, 1851. We are not without details of his last days; for the former governor, Peter H. Burnett, a personal friend, in a letter published in the *Alta California* of January 14, 1852, and repeated in his *Recollections*,[64] describes their pathetic circumstances. His death was noted in the *Alta* of December 16, 1851. His character and ability are not without mention by a fellow member of the San Jose bar, Frederick Hall, in his valuable *History of San Jose.*[65] A few days before his death he became a convert to the Catholic faith and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at San Jose from which, by his own request, his remains have never been removed.[66]

He died possessed of a considerable estate, all acquired during his practice extending a little more than a year—sixteen separate parcels of land and several mortgages appraised at $29,179.25. This according to existing family tradition ultimately produced $50,000 to the sole heir, his half-sister, the half-brother having died at an early age.

By the provisions of a will executed a year previously, he had devised all his Spanish and French books to his friend, Henry A. Lyons, then one of the three judges of the state Supreme Court, and all his English books to I. W. Redmon. This bequest was not renewed in his last will. The estate inventory shows possession of, among other things, a flute, a double-barreled shotgun, a Spanish saddle, a diamond and pearl pin, a Colt's revolver, an extensive and expensive wardrobe, also the pair of duelling pistols heretofore mentioned, and many other accessories properly belonging to the prosperous citizen of refined tastes of that day. Further, there are listed twenty-two volumes of encyclopedia; Blackstone and Kent; numerous legal text books; French, Spanish, and Italian dictionaries and grammars; a Hawaiian grammar; the works of Bacon and of Shakespeare; a life of Henry Clay, *The Federalist;* the writings of Schiller; a life of Johnson; a history of the Sandwich Islands; and numerous other volumes evidencing literary tastes of a high order.

Long since forgotten in the legal annals of California, Jones was one of the most interesting and attractive characters that the '49 immigration developed. A reference to the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention shows him to have been a man of culture, comprehensive mind, extensive knowledge, and with a gift of apt and engaging expression. His addresses were always pertinent, informative, free from personal element, and showed not only his diligent research during the sessions of the convention, but that his mind was equipped by an extensive study of all literature available at that time. He was one of the most remarkable men in that remarkable body. He possessed an unflagging industry that probably helped shorten his brief and sad career, a surpassing determination, as witness his single-handed campaign through the diggings for the election to the convention. Serious, sober-minded, cultured, beloved, equipped with profound knowledge of the law, and of indefatigable industry, who can say what heights in state and nation might not have been his place?

NOTES

1. The "Memoirs of Hon. William M. Gwin," edited by William Henry Ellison, were published in this QUARTERLY, Vol. XIV (all four issues, 1940).

2. C. W. Haskins, *The Argonauts of California, Being the Reminiscences of Scenes and Incidents That Occurred in California in the Early Mining Days* (New York, 1890), p. 479.

3. The genealogical information is from the probate records of Plaquemine, Louisiana, and from Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham, of Santa Barbara, California, the daughter of J. M. Jones's half-sister.

4. Arabella L. Hornsby, the half-sister of Judge Jones, became the wife of Richard F. Armstrong, second lieutenant on the Confederate steamer *Alabama* when she was sunk off Cherbourg by the *Kearsarge*. Lieutenant Armstrong leaped over the side of the sinking *Alabama* into the sea but was rescued. Two buttons from the lieutenant's cap are preserved by his daughter, Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham. Lieutenant Armstrong, opposing reconstruction, after the war went to live in Halifax and became a citizen of Canada.

5. Letters from Jones to his mother, now in the possession of Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham; copies in the possession of the author. The one which refers to fencing and boxing is from Paris, September 19, 1845.

6. Jones to his mother, Versailles, October 10, 1845.

7. Jones to his mother, Paris, August 29, 1845. The letter and exquisite miniature are now in the possession of Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham.

8. Jones to his mother, Paris, August 29, 1845.

9. Jones to his mother, Versailles, September 28, 1845.

10. Jones to his mother, Paris, October 12, 1845.

11. Jones to his mother, Rome, November 5, 1845.

12. Jones to his mother, Rome, January 1, 1846.

13. San Francisco *Alta California*, December 24, 1849.

14. Letters of James McHall Jones in the possession of Mr. Thomas W. Norris, of Livermore. Several of these letters are lengthy and all are highly interesting.

15. *Ibid.*

16. Proclamation of Governor Bennet Riley, Monterey, June 3, 1849, printed in John Ross Browne, *Report of the Debates in the Convention of California* (Washington, 1850), pp. 3-5.

17. *Alta California*, July 2, 1849.

18. Letters of J. M. Jones, in the possession of Mr. Norris.

19. Browne, *op. cit.*, pp. 410-11.

20. Letters of J. M. Jones, in the possession of Mr. Norris.

21. The California State Archives, Office of Secretary of State, Sacramento, contain the following MSS:

Document signed by A. M. White, acting alcalde, George A. Thayer, clerk, and L. E. White and George W. Elliot, inspectors, Alcalde's Office, "River Mercedes," August 1, 1849, certifying that the number of votes cast in that precinct for delegates to the convention was ninety-two, of which James M. Jones and O. M. Wozencraft each received ninety-two and B. S. Lippincott twelve votes.

Document signed by Reuben C. Andrews, alcalde of first instance, and H. W. K. Dickey, first prefect of police, "Tewalomnes River," August 1, 1849, listing the twenty-three voters and stating that all had voted for James M. Jones and Dr. O. M. Wozencraft for [delegates to the] convention.

A copy of the poll books at "Woods Diggins" (Jamestown), August 1, 1849, showing that J. McHenry Hollingsworth received 77 votes for delegate to the convention; Samuel

Howison, 64; Thomas L. Vermule, 72; H. W. Theall, 23; Nelson Taylor, 63; B. F. Moore, 58; and George A. Pendleton, 12.

Document signed by C. W. Cooke, alcalde, J. S. Snook and William E. Lewis, judges, and D. A. Davis and J. S. H. Deering, clerks, District of San Joaquin, on the "Tuolomie River," August 1, 1849, certifying that J. M. Hollingsworth had received 19 votes for delegate; J. M. Jones, 25; O. M. Wozencraft, 24; and B. F. Moore, 19.

Document signed by William Curtis and L. F. Loveland, judges of election, and Francis L. Ripley, alcalde, Curtisville, August 1, 1849, certifying that James M. Jones, George A. Pendleton, B. F. Moore, and J. McH. Hollingsworth each received 66 votes for delegate to the convention.

22. *Alta California*, September 13, 1849; also letters of J. M. Jones.

23. Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado, or, Adventures in the Path of Empire* (New York, 1850, 2 vols.), I, 148.

24. Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

25. John Ross Browne, "Address to the Territorial Pioneers of California, on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Admission of the State into the Union," September 9, 1875, Postscript Number Two to the San Francisco *News Letter*, September 11, 1875.

26. *Idem, Debates*, p. 478.

27. *Ibid.*, p. 263.

28. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), VI, 287.

29. Elisha O. Crosby, "Statement of Events in California," 1878, MS, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

30. Theodore Henry Hittell, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1895-98), II, 759.

31. Browne, *Debates*, p. 332.

32. *Ibid.*, p. 333

33. *Ibid.*, pp. 263-64. His strictures of the common law are highly interesting. "Where is this common law that we must all revert to? Has the gentleman from Monterey got it? Can he produce it? Did he ever see it? Where are the ten men in the United States that perfectly understand, appreciate, and know this common law? I should like to find them." It is to be remembered that the first written code of common law pleading and practice in the United States was the Field Code adopted in New York in 1848, only a year before the Convention met.

34. *Ibid.*, p. 212.

35. *Ibid.*, pp. 218, 219-20.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 54.

37. *Ibid.*, p. 55.

38. *Ibid.*, p. 56.

39. *Ibid.*, pp. 57-58.

40. *Ibid.*, pp. 60-61; see also Gwin, "Memoirs," this QUARTERLY, XIX, 8-9.

41. Browne, *Debates*, pp. 167-200, 417-58.

42. *Ibid.*, p. 441.

43. *Ibid.*

44. *Ibid.*, p. 456.

45. *Ibid.*, p. 458.

46. Preface, 1 Cal. Rep., p. v.

47. "Santiago" is permissible Spanish for "James." Jones's middle name appears in his signature only after the address "To the People of California" urging the adoption of the constitution. See Browne, *Debates*, p. 475.

48. Letters of J. M. Jones, in the possession of Mr. Norris.

49. Frederic Hall, *The History of San Jose and Surroundings* (San Francisco, 1871), 376-78.

50. Suñol *et al.* v. Hepburn *et al.* (a), 1 Cal., 254-94.

51. John E. Richards, in Oscar T. Shuck, ed., *History of the Bench and Bar of California* (Los Angeles, 1901), p. 1122.

52. *Alta California*, February 13, 1850.

53. *Ibid.*, February 18, 1850.

54. 9 U. S. Statutes at Large, 521. The state remained divided into two districts until July 27, 1866. At that time the bulk of the litigation over the land grants was over, and, there being little business before the court for the Southern District, it was abolished (14 Statutes, 300) and the state was one district until August 5, 1886, when the Southern District was reestablished with slightly different boundaries. (24 Statutes, 308.)

55. *Congressional Globe*, 31st Cong., 1st sess., September 28, 1850, p. 2068.

56. *Ibid.*, 31st Cong., 2d sess., p. 25.

57. *Ibid.*, 31st Cong., 2d sess., p. 479.

58. Judah P. Benjamin, *A Treatise on the Law of Sale of Personal Property with References to the American Decisions and to the French Code and the Civil Law* (New York, 1875). (The first English edition was published in 1868.)

59. *Alta California*, November 22, 1850. (From various sources.)

60. Gwin, "Memoirs," this QUARTERLY, XIX, 266.

61. *Ibid.*, p. 265.

62. *Alta California*, February 15, 1851.

63. Jones to Daniel Webster, San Jose, March 25, 1851, letter in National Archives, Washington, D. C.

64. Peter Burnett, *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer* (New York, 1880), pp. 378-81.

65. Hall, *op. cit.*, pp. 376-78.

66. Available church records in both San Jose and Santa Clara have been searched, but they fail to record any confirmation of his acceptance of the Catholic faith as related by Governor Burnett. My authority other than the Governor's statement is the entry made by his half-sister, Arabella Hornsby Armstrong, in a memorandum of the family tree made by her and now in the possession of Mrs. Ethel A. Worsham, of Santa Barbara.

Two Fourgeaud Letters

By John Francis McDermott

VICTOR J. FOURGEAUD, citizen and physician of some note in St. Louis and in San Francisco, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on February 1, 1815.[1] Of French ancestry, he was sent at the age of ten to France to be educated, and after taking his B.A. degree at Agen in 1836 he returned to study medicine in Charleston. From 1838 to 1841 he was at medical school in Paris, and for a short time after his return to America he practiced in his native city. In 1842 he went to St. Louis and was soon established there as a practitioner and as a writer on medical subjects.[2] One of his biographers has said that in the first volumes of the newly established *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* "There is scarcely an issue . . . . that does not contain something from his pen. Some of these communications are translations from the French or German, but they are all upon subjects comparatively new to the medical profession of America."[3] With Volume III he became one of the editors of the *Journal* and continued to act in such capacity until his departure from St. Louis in 1847.

In the fall of 1843 the illness of his father and his own financial affairs made necessary a trip to the South. After a ten weeks' absence he returned (from Cairo, Illinois) on the *Shepherdess*, arriving at St. Louis on January 3, 1844. It was an exciting return. The boat ran aground and sank, and apparently only his desire to rejoin his family saved his life and a considerable sum of money.

> On that eventful night, about half an hour before the accident occurred, I was informed that we should probably reach St. Louis about twelve o'clock. My anxiety to be at home was so great, that I immediately resolved upon landing, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. But as I thought it would be impossible for me to take my baggage with me at that time of night, I took from my trunk my papers and money, about $4000, a large portion of which was in gold and silver. After engaging the Steward to take charge of my things until morning, and promising to compensate him for doing so, I ascended the hurricane deck to look for the lights of the city. While there, the boat experienced a violent shock from the nature of which I judged she would soon sink. I immediately descended; and with the assistance of the Steward bore my things to the hurricane deck, from which I saw nothing of them until the next day. The cabin and deck immediately separated from the hull, the latter of which sank. I was one of those who clung to the wreck. Expecting every moment to be under the necessity of swimming for my life, I took off my coat and threw it on the banister of the pilot-house. Something soon after attracted me for a few moments from the spot. On my return my coat was missing. . . . . My own garment I found a few minutes after on the floor of the pilot-house. The pockets had been thrown on the inside and the weight of the money had drawn the coat down.[4]

Except in medical journals Fourgeaud figured little in public print. On

Saturday night, September 5, 1846, the doctor's house, three miles out in the country "near Gen. Milburn's," was destroyed by fire; the St. Louis *American* for the 8th said that the house was then unoccupied. He next appeared in the public notice because he had departed for California, by way of St. Joseph and the "Lone Elm," a six months' journey. The appreciative attitude that some St. Louisans took toward him is indicated by the "farewell" editorial written by his colleague M. L. Linton.

> The connection of our esteemed friend and co-editor in the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* has ceased. We doubt not that our readers will regret this. Why Dr. Fourgeaud should leave St. Louis for the shores of the far-off Pacific we acknowledge that we can see no good reason; that is, we can see no good reason why a physician in a good lucrative practice—surrounded by numerous friends—in the enjoyment of all that wealth can afford in a large rapidly advancing and flourishing city, blessed with all the faculties and endowments physical, moral and intellectual for acting a glorious part on such a theatre should voluntarily turn aside from all those things, to take up his abode in California. To the burning spirit of adventure which is no where so powerfully in operation as in this country—that spirit which beckons with wizzard charms to unexplored valleys, undescribed climes, and untrodden coasts, to the mysterious yet potent operations of this spirit only, can we attribute the apparent heroism of such conduct. If our influence could have counteracted such an influence, the profession of St. Louis would not have lost one of its most brilliant ornaments; as it is, all we can do is to utter a heartfelt wish that our noble-hearted and enthusiastic friend, as he follows westward the bright star of empire, may realize all the enchanting visions of his imaginings—find an eutopia equal to his fondest hopes.[5]

It is evident that Fourgeaud did find a place nearly equal to his hopes, for, with the exception of several trips back to "the States" and to Europe, he lived out his life on the Pacific Coast.

St. Louis next heard of Dr. Fourgeaud when the editor of the *Missouri Republican* acknowledged on August 8, 1848, the receipt from him of a California paper:

> We are indebted to an old friend. Dr. V. J. FOURGEAUD, for a copy of the California Star, of the 1st of April. Our citizens will recollect Dr. FOURGEAUD as a gentleman in good practice in this city, who left, with his family, a year ago, for California, and who has settled in San Francisco. The Doctor, with whose literary turn our citizens are acquainted, is, we observe, a contributor to the columns of the Star, and an article on the "Prospects of California," is full of interest. Some of the facts and suggestions which it contains may be hereafter transferred to our columns.[6]

A year later the editor printed in the *Republican*, on the 22nd of June and the 13th of August respectively, the two following letters in which Fourgeaud described conditions as he found them in northern California in the spring of 1849. Although he seems to have written others to the St. Louis paper, a careful search of the files discloses only those here reprinted.

THE LETTERS

San Francisco, April 6th, 1849.

I received to-day your letter of Oct. 26th, 1848. and do myself pleasure in answering it immediately. I would have written you at an earlier period but for a temporary fit of delirium brought on by a new epidemic—the yellow or gold fever. Gold, gold, gold was the cry all around me. I was suddenly attacked with violent, extraordinary and extravagant symptoms.[7] My friends, the Doctors, pronounced me desperate, advised a change of climate, and a few days afterwards, I found myself on the banks of the Juba [Yuba], a doubtful mountain stream, bearing from its golden source the pure and glittering dust which was to effect my cure.[8] But, jesting apart, this wonderful country seems but a realization of the wild and extravagant fictions of the East. An inexhaustible bank has been opened to the poor as well as to the rich. Indeed, the poor workman, as one accustomed to manual labor, has a better chance for wealth than one who has hitherto been ashamed to dig. The carpet knights and silken striplings, who are, perhaps, leaving their mothers' sides for the first time, are scarcely capable of sustaining the hardships, privations and exposure—the digging, delving and washing, by which the precious metal is obtained. It requires a greater sacrifice not only of the comforts but also of the necessaries of life, than is generally imagined. During the summer months, the heat of the mining region is intense; unsurpassed by anything I had ever conceived of the heat of tropical climates. During the winter months, miners must remain in a state of suspended animation, for the cold of the mountains is too intense to permit them to operate with success at that season. From July until October, the people of the placer are exposed to violent bilious remitent fevers—intermittents are also common, but less dangerous.

The mining season has just opened. Every vessel for the Sacramento and the San Joaquin is crowded with passengers. Vessels drawing seven feet can go up to Sutter's old fort, (Sacramento City). The Sacramento is the finest river for steam navigation I have ever seen. No snags.

At present, persons working at the mines, make from 12 to 70 dollars per day, but occasionally a man finds a rich spot, which yields from 500 to 600 dollars per day for a short time. A place that does not give more than 16 dollars per day the workers abandon, and go "*prospecting*" or seeking a richer spot. It is impossible to predict how long this will last. The *prospects*, however, are excellent. The golden area is daily enlarging. It now embraces four hundred miles, from the head waters of the Sacramento, in the North, to the head waters of the San Joaquin in the South. The Stanislaus, a tributary of the last named river, is now the favorite digging. The largest pieces have been found there. An acquaintance of mine, has a lump weighing six and a half pounds. The revenue from these mines increases in the same ratio as the population, which is rushing in from all quarters of the Globe. San Francisco, the point of rendezvous, presents a strange aspect. The streets are crowded with people of all nations. Every house, every shanty, every tent is full.

Auctioneers and merchants are busy. However, the price of goods, of every description, is falling rapidly, and it is feared that the market will soon be glutted. It is believed that heavy losses will be sustained by those who are sending or bringing cargoes from abroad. The market is exceedingly fluctuating. Hams, which sold for more than one dollar per pound, at auction, three months ago, were bought last week at twenty-seven cents; brandy, which brought eight dollars per gallon, was sold lately at two dollars; blankets, for which we gave fifty dollars per pair, in the month of December, were sold a few days since for five; and I purchased salt beef at six dollars per barrel this morning. Clothing is, also, very low. There are many things, however, which still command an exorbitant price, and among them I will cite lumber, which sells now at six hûndred dollars per one thousand feet! With our increasing population, and the towns rising like exhalations in every part of the country, the demand for building materials must continue. Bricks, lumber, and houses ready to be put together, will, for a long time, to come, command ready sales and good prices. Among the towns which have lately risen, Sacramento City, (formerly New Helvetia,) Benecia, the Pueblo of San Jose, and Stockton, have the best chances for success.

In a conversation which I had with Capt. Sutter, not long since, I discovered that he possesses very much of the true Daniel Boone spirit. "Sacramento City, my old fort, is becoming too populous for me," said he, "I must retire to my Hock farm, on Feather river, and I suppose that I shall soon be surrounded there. But Ross is left to me; I can fly there and live on in a good old times."

It would afford me much pleasure to give you an accurate estimate of the population of the mines, but at present this is impossible. The number is daily increasing. It is wonderful to witness the large masses of people that are daily congregating about the diggins. Our new *military ruler*, Gov. Smith,[9] has issued a proclamation in which he says, that as soon as he shall received sufficient force, he will prevent foreigners from working at the placer. However just and right this may be, we fear that it will lead to many scenes of bloodshed, even before the forces arrive. It must inevitably create discord among the workers. Indeed, there was a rumor, to-day, that a fight had taken place among the foreigners and Americans. Several among the former are said to have been killed. Should the expected forces arrive, it is not at all improbable that they will desert. Most of the vessels in port have been entirely abandoned by their crews. As soon as the California arrived, every man, except the captain and one or two others deserted. When the steamer Oregon came in sight of San Francisco, the men on board refused to do duty.

Several swam ashore, others were put in confinement.[10] The U. S. ship Ohio has lost several of her sailors; there has, also, been a mutiny on board that vessel.

During the mining season, all the usual industrial pursuits are abandoned for the placer. Even New Almaden, the richest quicksilver mine in the world, is at present without workmen.[11] Nothing is talked of, thought of, dreamed of, but gold. The precious metal was sold here last week by *the quart*. This, however, is not our usual way of doing business. Quere. How many *quarts* would it take to satisfy your devil? Even *devils* here are prospering.

Yours, respectfully,
V. J. F.

P.S. I expect to leave the country in five or six months, and anticipate the pleasure of visiting my friends in St. Louis. Gold dust is selling here, at present, for fifteen and fifteen and a half dollars per ounce, troy. Before I leave California, I will endeavor to procure a correspondent for you. At present this is impossible. No one will write except to a friend. The pen is abandoned for the pickaxe and spade.

Col. Fremont has not yet arrived.

San Francisco, June 20, 1849.

Dear Sir:

In my last I promised to send you from time to time such information respecting California as might be interesting to your readers. The steamer Panama, which is advertised to leave to-morrow, offers an occasion of which I avail myself. You will receive by the same opportunity, the *Alta California*[12] up to this date, and I would particularly call your attention to the last number, June 14th. But permit me at the same time to state that all this fuss and confusion—all this "revolution"—will end amicably. A government will be established here without bloodshed. This is the opinion of all reasonable and well judging men in the community. The people here have too much good sense, too much love and reverence for our mother country, to be led astray. I understand that Gen. Riley, who is now in San Francisco, and the committee appointed by our last public meeting, have already come to an understanding in relation to the time and place of the proposed convention. In regard to the position of Gen. Riley towards the town Legislative Assembly, I believe it to be right.[13] Until we have a legally constituted government, we should submit implicitly to the old laws of the country. The different districts have certainly no right to constitute governments for themselves, without the sanction of a general convention. The office of Alcalde in San Francisco is unfortunately held at present by a man utterly unworthy of it—accused by all of base and unprincipled conduct. He won his way to office during the last season, when our town was almost depopulated of its citizens, by flatteries and promises of service to the volunteers, then recently discharged. A new Alcalde will probably be elected and the Legislative Assembly dissolved.[14]

In my former letter to you, I expressed the conviction that those who were not accustomed to *hard labor* would be disappointed in their expectations of realizing a fortune by digging for gold dust. We now have a proof of the correctness of my statement on this point. Every boat from the Sacramento and San Joaquin brings back to us many who have found digging and washing in the hot sun, exposure by day and by night, poor food, etc., more than they could or were willing to endure, even for from one to six ounces of gold per day. Some of these turning their attention to commerce or other occupations, will remain with us. Others will return to their homes as poor, perhaps poorer than when they left. Disappointed in their wild expectations many will curse California. Emigrants from Missouri have been successful. Reared on the frontier, accustomed to labor and hardship, living in habits of industry and economy, they were well qualified to reap the benefits offered to them in this country. It is to be hoped that many will devote themselves to agriculture and gather a golden harvest from the tillage of the soil. Such will be ranked among the true benefactors of the country.

Last winter more snow fell on the Sierra Nevada than usual, and consequently, the rivers have been flooded later in the season than is common. This has limited the operations of the miners to the high banks of the streams, and less gold has been obtained in proportion to the number engaged in working. In a short time the waters will subside and large amounts will be collected daily. The streams emptying themselves into the San Joaquin near its source have not been yet properly examined on account of the hostility of the Indians in that region. They will be visited by exploring parties this summer and doubtless large quantities of gold will be found. By reference to your map you will find that this conclusion is natural, for this portion of the country lies along the same chain of mountains as the gold region already known. The placers above are, as you know, extremely rich, and the gold mine below, near the Pueblo de los Angeles, has been long known. In all probability, therefore, gold will be found in greater or less abundance in the entire length of this ridge.

I notice that writers give very contradictory opinions relating to the climate of this country. The reason of this diversity of statements may be easily explained. The coast generally is exposed to high and cold north-west winds during the summer months. These are more severely felt in San Francisco than elsewhere. Indeed, we experience here a reverse of the seasons, summer being colder than winter. We are seldom comfortable without a fire and warm clothing from June until October. Our winters are generally mild, bright, and calm, like April in a southern climate. At Benicia, forty miles up the bay, the climate differs but little from that of San Francisco. Throughout the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, the climate is exceedingly hot during the summer. The winters are mild and pleasant. At the Pueblo San Jose, sixty miles from San Francisco, we have the Italy of California. The temperature is uniform and agreeable, unsurpassed, I believe, by any in the world. It will be the place for residences *par excellence.* In point of natural beauty and fertility, it is a perfect Eden.

Our town continues to progress with a rapidity never known before. The population increases almost hourly. Multitudes are pouring in from all quarters. More than one half of the inhabitants are living in tents. You can have no conception of the great demand for lodgings. Houses in which you would hardly stable your horses at home, rent here for three and four hundred dollars per month. On the 3d of May last, the houses and shanties belonging to the estate of Capt. Leidesdo[r]ff (the last American consul in this country) were rented at auction. They could have been purchased a year ago, with the land on which they are situated, for less than forty thousand dollars; they were rented for *sixty thousand dollars* per annum. Unimproved real estate in the business part of San Francisco, is very high in price. A first-rate lot is worth from ten to twelve thousand dollars. We have but one large hotel in this place—the "Parker House." I am told that it rents for ninety thousand dollars per annum.[15] Our town is infested with gamblers. Thousands that are won by hard labor, are lightly lost at the monte table. I knew a man here—a poor sailor from the province of Britanny, in France—he had been living in contented poverty in this country, for many years before I met him. He was going to work at the mines. "Well, Jack," said I, "how much gold do you wish to retire on." "Oh! sir," he replied, "if I can only get *six hundred dollars*, I shall be satisfied. With that I will be a *prince* in Britanny!" In a few weeks, Jack was the happy possessor of a thousand dollars, and he started from the mines for his native home. He had already proceeded *forty miles*—had arrived in safety at Sacramento City. He drank and drank, and forgot himself. The next morning he woke. Poor Jack! he had lost his money—his principality. Adieu to Britanny!—the gamblers had pocketed his fortune.

Yours, respectfully,
V. J. F.[16]

P.S.—Col. Fremont arrived here last week, after incredible sufferings on the mountains. He leaves to-morow, with his family, for Monterey.

NOTES

1. The principal sources for the life of Fourgeaud are: "The Earlier Editors of the St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal, IV, Victor John Fourgeaud," *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal,* LXIV (1893), 246-49; George D. Lyman, "Victor J. Fourgeaud, M.D.," this QUARTERLY, XI (June 1932), 138-49. For an opportunity to examine the *Journal* I am indebted to the Medical Society of St. Louis. Dr. Lyman gives the birth date as February 1, 1816 (p. 138).

2. Fourgeaud, "our esteemed correspondent and efficient collaborator," was announced

as co-editor of the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* in August 1845. His contributions to Vols. III and IV of the *Journal* follow:

"Mortality in St. Louis, Especially Among Children, During 1844," III (June 1845), 4-16. (Fourgeaud here proposed a Children's Hospital.)

"Eclecticism in Medicine," a series of articles that began in August 1845 and continued through April 1846: III, 97-111, 159-65, 197-208, 243-52, 303-10, 352-61, 388-93, 434-40, 484-95. A further installment appeared in IV (June 1846), 7-12. The series was reissued as *Eclecticism in Medicine, Supported by a General View of the Various Systems of the Science, Which Have Existed from the Earliest Ages to the Present Day* (St. Louis: Press of the Missouri Reporter, 1846). Copy in Library of the Medical Society of St. Louis.

"Iodine in Cholera Infantum," III (December 1845), 311.

"Mortality in St. Louis During 1845," IV (September 1846), 162-66.

"Appendix to the Supplement to the July Number of the St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal, Being Dr. Fourgeaud's Reply to Dr. Reyburn's Suppositions." St. Louis, September 6, 1846, 3 pp., bound with Vol. IV of the *Journal*.

"Medical Responsibility—The Public and the Physician," IV (December 1846), 289-93.

Dr. Fourgeaud's Second Defence Against the Charges of Dr. Reyburn (St. Louis, Office of the "Union," n. d.), 12 pp. This pamphlet is bound with Vol. IV (1846-47) of the St. Louis Medical Society's copy of the *Journal*, following the issue for May 1847.

"An Introductory Lecture on the History of Medicine, Delivered on the 23d of December, 1845, before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of St. Louis, Mo.," IV (April 1847), 481-96.

Besides these articles he contributed to Vol. III a number of editorial notes and reviews signed "F": 113-14, 116, 116-22, 213, 214, 216-17, 222, 223, 312-13, 323, 324, 327, 328, 396-97, 398, 399, 406, 442, 443, 444-47, 518-19. In California he continued to write, for he published in Sacramento, in 1858, a 44-page study of *Diphtheritis: A Concise Historical and Critical Essay on the Late Epidemic Pseudo-Membranous Sore Throat of California (1856-7);* and from 1862 to 1864 he was co-editor of *The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, of San Francisco. For these consult Surgeon-General's *Catalogue*, V, 129.

3. *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal*, LXIV (1893), 247.

4. *Dr. Fourgeaud's Second Defence Against the Charges of Dr. Reyburn.* For the wreck of the *Shepherdess* consult the *Missouri Republican*, January 5 and 6, 1844.

5. *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal*, IV (April 1847), 516-17. The article is signed "L." The co-editor then was Dr. M. L. Linton, a native of Kentucky who had come to St. Louis in 1843, founded the *Journal* in the same year, and held a chair of medicine at St. Louis University.

6. This was the famous "Extra." See Douglas S. Watson, "The Great Express Extra of the California Star of April 1, 1848," in this QUARTERLY, XI (June 1932), 129-37, and facsimile accompanying the article.

7. In the middle of July 1849, John S. Robb, formerly of the *Reveille* of St. Louis, had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Fourgeaud in San Francisco. "The doctor and his courageous wife successfully performed the arduous trip across the plains of the west and the Rocky mountains, and I am glad to learn that an ample reward awaited such daring and enterprise, on the Pacific slope . . . . Dr. Fourgeaud informed me that he, in company with another gentleman, took a washing machine to the mines. They dug for three days, when his partner fell sick and died, and he afterwards suffered from an attack of the same fever, which, for a time, threatened to terminate his life." (St. Louis *Weekly Reveille*, October 8, 1849.

8. Fourgeaud took his wife and small son with him on this gold hunting expedition. The man with him was Louis Keseberg, survivor of the Donner party. Lyman, *op. cit.*, p. 145.

9. Brevet Major-General Persifor F. Smith (1798-1858) arrived at San Francisco on February 28, 1849, and issued this proclamation on April 1. 31st Cong., 1st sess., H. R. Ex. Doc. 17, pp. 719-20. For Smith, consult *Dictionary of American Biography*, XVII, 331-32.

10. Cf. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90, 7 vols.), VI, 133-38.

11. The New Almaden quicksilver mine, in Santa Clara County, ranked third to the famous Almaden quicksilver mine in Spain for which it was named. Milton H. Shutes, "Abraham Lincoln and the New Almaden Mine," this QUARTERLY, XV (March 1936), 3-20.

12. The *Alta California* had begun publication on January 4, 1849. Henry R. Wagner, *California Imprints* (Berkeley, 1922), p. 14.

13. Brevet Brigadier-General Bennet Riley succeeded General Smith as civil governor of California. Possibly Fourgeaud had in mind the proclamation issued by Riley "To the people of the District of San Francisco" on June 4, 1849 (31st Cong., 1st sess., H. R. Ex. Doc. 17, pp. 773-74).

14. Apparently this was Thaddeus M. Leavenworth. Because of complaints, Governor Riley suspended him from office on May 6, 1849, but restored him to his position on June 1. Leavenworth resigned four days later; his resignation was to be accepted when his successor was legally elected, apparently on the 1st of August. One charge against him was allowing to escape a man named Passenger who was charged with rape. Consult 31st Cong., 1st sess., H. R. Ex. Doc. 17, pp. 756, 758, 759, 771, 774, 794.

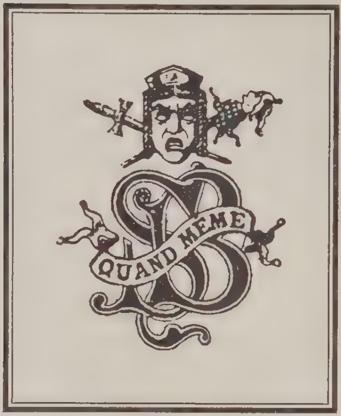
15. Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado, or, Adventures in the Path of Empire* (New York, 1855), pp. 55-56, said the Parker House in 1849 rented for $110,000 yearly, "at least $60,000 of which was paid by gamblers, who held nearly all the second story."

16. For further information concerning Dr. Fourgeaud's career, see pp. 173-75 of George D. Lyman, "The Scalpel Under Three Flags," in this QUARTERLY, IV (June 1925).

"Quand Même"

A Few California Footnotes to the Biography of Sarah Bernhardt

By Lois Foster Rodecape



> The woman about whom more paragraphs have appeared than there are seed pearls in the stomacher of her "Dona Sol" dress, the ecstatic clothes-prop of the French stage, the mother of several children and the wife of no man, the lank "sphinx," the actress whose talent and temper are alike undenied . . . . she of whose nationality no one is certain, the thin, theatrical and thirty-three Sara Bernhardt has arrived in New York.[1]

THUS THE Divine Sarah was heralded on her arrival in America in the year 1880. In a churning sea of newspaper comment, gossiping columnists repeated scandalous publicity which had excited Victorian scorn, discounted the rhapsodies of favorable European criticism, and made much of her son (there was only one), "the theory of his existence being that in the crowd of her admirers it was easier to find a son than a husband."[2]

In time the loud cries of "overrated" and "sensational" paled before a gathering crescendo of praise for a new type of acting, an undeniable power of emotional projection and restraint. Even the woman columnist Jennie June justified the "unqualified homage of the great public" in a daring statement that "no woman could work with such ardor, and retain such marvellous purity of voice, if she was a very bad or immoral woman."[3] Sarah Bernhardt received little sympathy from America's churches or virtuous women, but its men and theatres finally opened their susceptible hearts to her.

San Francisco, perched on the edge of the continent three thousand miles to the west, read avidly of the conquering progress of Bernhardt and her French players. San Francisco boasted a considerable French population, and a deep-ingrained love of the theatre. San Francisco was disappointed to learn that Sarah would not include California in her first tour of America; she took what comfort she could from a lecture on the phenomenal actress' artistry and what satisfaction she might from a letter penned by Bernhardt in March 1881:

> Je suis desolée, nous n'allons pas à San Francisco.
>
> Voila tous mes rèves évanouis.
>
> Et moi qui me faisais une fête de visiter ce pays enchanteur, en récompense de toutes mes fatigues.
>
> Je reste avec mes regrets.
>
> Cependant comme je me suis mis dans la tête de voir San Francisco et que j'ai pour devise quand même j'irai voir San Francisco si non cette année, l'année prochaine.
>
> Notre *manager* Abbey ne comprend rien à la poesie. Il croit qu'il ne ferait pas assez d'argent là bas. Pourquoi? Je n'en sais rien. Mais c'est l'idée fixe de cet entêté.
>
> Vrai, ami, j'en ai du chagrin.[4]

Mr. Abbey, Bernhardt's American manager, may not have had poetry in his soul, but he put money in her pocket—a great deal of money, enough to make Sarah independent of the French theatre's disciplines, and to bring her to America many times during her long career. Thus it was that, in 1887, the Divine Sarah came to America to dip into fat and willing pocketbooks once more. And this time, "quand même," Sarah visited "enchanting" San Francisco.

During the interval between Bernhardt's first two American tours her reputation had been gilded by rumors of frequent love affairs—by stories of a strangely unsuitable and brief marriage to a young Greek actor—by a scandalous biography flung in Sarah's furious face by a spiteful Parisienne formerly of her own troupe. The actress had also adventured in theatre management, at the Ambigu in Paris and then at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre—where she had reestablished herself with magnificent performances of *Théodora* after several indifferent and costly mediocrities.

In May 1886, Bernhardt and her troupe sailed directly from Paris to Rio de Janeiro. Protracted visits to most of the South American countries were followed by performances in Cuba . . . Mexico . . . and in the eastern United States. San Francisco excitedly followed news items of her slowly approaching eminence.

Then, in May 1887, season tickets for Sarah's local appearances were placed on sale in San Francisco. Some of the purchasers gallantly stood in line all night—the first morning's sales amounted to $7100.[5] French ladies fluttered about the Palace Hotel suite of eight rooms engaged by the Bernhardt party at a charge of $75 per day, while their husbands made up a committee to board her train at Port Costa on the east coast of San Francisco Bay.[6]

An *Examiner* reporter was assigned to meet the train in Nevada and hurried notes of his interviews and impressions to the San Francisco press. He described the too-slender, auburn-crowned woman, now over forty, who received him in a "silver-gray wrapper" aboard her special pullman, the "Sarah Bernhardt"; found her not so thin nor so ugly—and much more gracious—than he had anticipated. He heard her gleeful shout, "Tiens! voyez l'Apaches!" at sight of an Indian on a railroad platform, and reported that Sarah remarked:

> How I like this country. . . . It is a cold country, but there is electricity in the air. . . . As for the people, they are young, but they possess sensibility for art. Sympathy is what the artist craves. . . . Don't you think I am in need of sympathy? . . . I know I am violent, independent, capricious perhaps, but I cannot make myself over. . . .[7]

Accompanying the great actress was a tiger-cat which had been presented to her by an admiring Ecuadorean—a snarling beast still young enough to be moderately tractable but already possessed of a fierce temper less than admirable to curious reporters.[8] Sarah's son, Maurice, had remained in New York; but she was accompanied by Mme Giraud as duenna and by her niece as companion.[9]

It was on Sunday morning, May 15, 1887, that the palpitating delegation of San Francisco Frenchmen boarded Mme Bernhardt's train, bearing bouquets of roses. In the "most approved and admirably eloquent style," M. Juignet, secretary of the French Dramatic Society, delivered himself of a speech. Compliments were passed and Sarah exerted herself to be charming.

"Time has dealt kindly with her," said the *Call* reporter; "She looked all and more than her most enthusiastic friends have painted her. . . . One looks in vain for the frightful scarecrow thinness that has been so dilated upon."[10] The *Chronicle* newsman described her as "a slender, graceful woman," with "light-brown hair [or was it red?] . . . artistically disarranged over and about a low, broad forehead [or was it high?] . . . a pair of large, long, blue-gray eyes [or were they violet—or green?] . . . a prominent, acquiline nose . . . a mouth thin-lipped, but gracefully curved . . . very white and even teeth . . . a face of a rather long oval . . . distinctly intellectual Semitic."[11] Her gown was identified as an Indian tussore wrapper with a large necktie of white lawn and a massive oxidized silver belt; a flowered skirt revealed two pointed bronze slippers.

Arrived at the depot in Oakland, Sarah found a crowd waiting to catch a glimpse of her; she entered a carriage, which was in turn conveyed to San Francisco by ferry. The city was chilly; she complained of symptoms of a cold. She confessed to her "usual" stagefright—"I have also been informed of all American audiences that of San Francisco is the most critical and exacting."[12] The afternoon was devoted to unpacking, there was a gay dinner with several guests. Then Mme Bernhardt summoned the amazing vitality which apparently belied her fragile appearance, and took carriage for the city's show spot—Chinatown.

San Francisco's Chinatown in 1887 was a mecca for tourists, a visit to which was considered "compulsory on the visitor to San Francisco."[13] The two Chinese theatres were frequent and willing hosts to the curious. The typically plain and usually dirty auditorium, with its hard wooden benches; the platform stage adorned only by Chinese hangings and makeshift furniture; the cacophony of the diligent Chinese orchestra, wrenching from strange instruments unfamiliar and often shocking musical strains, were relieved and overshadowed then, as now, by the gorgeousness of rich costumes and the colorful simplicity of traditional broad gesture and movement. The great Edwin Booth, during a visit to San Francisco that same year, found the Chinese theatres "boring";[14] but Sarah was fascinated by the "cleverness and technique" of the artists—in particular by the knowing graces of the men who impersonated women. The bill of the evening at the Jackson Street playhouse featured a historical play, based on a famous Chinese scenario. (As Sarah was informed, the Chinese used no play script, but improvised words and action according to their ability and imagination on the lean framework of a traditional plot.)

Like other Occidental visitors, Bernhardt remained in the theatre only as long as she found it amusing. She sat in a box with a special police escort, then picked her way backstage to be introduced to the manager and the Chinese actors. As a particular compliment to her profession and interest, the manager led her to the "Joss Box" over the musician's alcove, a point of vantage from which the manager and the theatre joss or god were accustomed to oversee the audience and the players. In a burst of graciousness, the manager threw open the windows of the box, revealing Sarah to the astonished auditors and surprising for her delight the Chinese consul general, seated with jeweled hat in the right-hand box of the theatre.[15]

"I would like to play to that audience," she is reported to have said. Then, on the stage level again, she peered, nostrils dilating with excitement, at the bold sham battle of the stage warriors, brilliantly costumed and painted and performing feats more like phrases of a dance than mock warfare. "It is a theatre for children," she cried. "It was with difficulty," wrote the accompanying reporter, "that she was induced to tear herself away from the scene."[16]

The party visited several Chinese opium dens where Sarah, a true tourist, peered at an unwitting opium smoker and exclaimed, "C'est magnifique! . . . Il rêve!" Then to a restaurant, which she found "beautiful" . . .

On the evening of Bernhardt's San Francisco debut, the Baldwin Theatre was crowded with sleek millionaires, glittering millionairesses, and proud compatriots of the players. In the audience were to be found "tons of jet," the "sheen of silks and glitter of diamonds," "all the pretty fans in town," "lace fichus," "evening bonnets of illusion lace," aigrettes in ladies' complicated hair, and a great many French airs donned for the occasion by those who could and those who could not boast some acquaintance with the language. The plots of the dramas in the announced repertoire were already familiar to the curious, though indeed it was said one needed no French to understand the fine clarity of Bernhardt's performance.

The opening piece was Sardou's *Fedora*, which Fanny Davenport had earlier played in the city. Sarah made her bow in one of her famous costumes: a white silk dress adorned with silver-embroidered lace and matching silver-brocaded satin; a long court train of satin and lace, a very low decolletage in the back, neckline clouded by lace and "illusion" net. Her thin arms were covered by long, much-wrinkled gloves—a Bernhardt fashion said to have been adopted to cover pipestem extremities; there were interpolations of natural flowers, and diamond devices in her red hair.[17]

From the first moment Bernhardt shocked the audience into an electric excitement by her "apparent quietude and simplicity," her "mercurial, impressionable and intense" development of the role she played. The *Examiner* found her "a woman of incomparable charm and intoxicating magnetism"; the *Chronicle* said "simply, Sarah Bernhardt is a phenomenon, one of those rare productions of nature that flash across an era and show us what can really be created"; the *Call* capitulated completely: "this matchless actress treated her auditors to such phases in the histrionic art as many have not been privileged to see . . ., an audacity . . . the best English-speaking actress never reaches . . . Bernhardt's genius follows art to the ultimate." During the week that followed, reviewers were surprised that "art so famed . . . should be so simple, so easy, so natural."

While drama critics vied with each other to express their admiration, audiences overleapt at a bound the old familiar styles of acting to which they had long been accustomed. Beside Sarah's performance, the "fine dramatic frenzy" so admired in the past appeared to be extravagance and rant; "stately grace" seemed affected prudery, sentimental passages tame and sallow. One writer strained to analyze this new ideal:

> We live in a superficial age, when expressed emotion is bad form, and the deeply serious is the absolutely forbidden. . . . Our dramatic celebrities must reflect this state of things, or their ability is slighted. . . . They must seem to feel a passion to the heart's core, but they must never tear it to tatters and the simpler they can be . . . the higher will be their place.
>
> It is partly because Sarah Bernhardt knows it so well, and acts upon her knowledge so shrewdly, that her success has been universal wherever intelligence and cultivation are united. With a nature untamed, unrestrained, unmanageable even by herself, and an emotional equipment which has furnished gossip for the world ever since she became a celebrity, she is the simplest, most natural and most restrained of great actresses. . . . She expresses the maximum of feeling with the minimum of demonstration . . . she is the greatest actress of her time. . . .[18]

Gone was the eager highlighting of actors' "points"—gone the self-conscious pauses for interjected applause during high emotional scenes. Sarah carried herself and her auditors in great sweeping emotional arcs without pause until the intervention of the curtain-fall. It was not surprising that the amazed and approving audience grew thunderously tumultuous, that the ladies threw their flowers at Sarah's feet and men split their kid gloves and their throats with excitement at the close of each act of the stage drama.

According to local custom, the frenzy of applause reached its height after the third act, when two "floral pieces" were presented to the actress. The Cercle Français contributed an easel covered with roses, in compliment to Sarah's known interest in painting; while Roos Brothers, local merchants, offered "a tripod of variegated flowers, surrounded by a star in purple, white and blue chrysanthemums, with the device in flowers of 'To the Only Sarah'."[19]

During the two weeks' engagement which followed (May 16-29) Mme Bernhardt and her French troupe (characterized coldly as "at best satisfactory"[20]) presented a full repertoire: *Fedora*, *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Théodora*, *Hernani*, *Frou-Frou*, and *Le Maître des Forges*. The season's receipts amounted to forty-one thousand dollars, of which Sarah received a generous share.[21] The only mishap during the high crescendo of success occurred during a production of *Hernani*, when the actdrop "covered itself with disgrace by coming down in the middle of Dona Sol's impassionate farewell to Hernani. . . . The audience . . . was nearly as angry as Sarah herself."[22]

Sarah departed triumphantly, promising to return.

In April 1891, in the course of her longest world tour, Sarah Bernhardt again played in San Francisco en route to Australia. The Bernhardt special train of eight cars, carrying her troupe, scenery, and baggage (and including the "Coronet" in which Patti had made a recent tour of the continent), was met in Nevada by Sam Davis, a popular young Comstock reporter. His dispatches dwelt on amusing incidents: How a mob at Winnemucca watched Bernhardt at cards with other actresses in her drawing room, and laughed when she clowned for them, pulling an ace out of her sleeve to win. How at the Humboldt Wells station platform she swooped upon a baby in the jealous arms of its mother, and insisted upon kissing it, despite protests from the infant and its parent. How she laughed to see the "yokels" flee in terror before her great Dane Myrta, a young elephant of a dog which she loosed occasionally in the sagebrush. About her traveling menagerie, which included a Skye terrier, a miniature "butterfly terrier" weighing two pounds, and three pet cats.[23]

Bernhardt was traveling in what, to young Davis, appeared to be "barbaric luxury." When he was shown into her 10′ x 12′ drawing room, he was overwhelmed to observe a piano, a profusion of flowers, Turkish rugs, lounging chairs, and pervading bric-a-brac. He found Sarah looking well (she boasted a weight of 116 instead of her former 96—and the newspapers estimated 126). She received him languidly, reclining on a robe of black fur, wearing a loose-fitting lilac gown girdled with heavy steel links; beside her on a leopard skin was her spotted great Dane.[24]

In a reminiscent account of this interview, Davis later stated that he found the actress in a very bad temper. Indeed, he won her over at last only by recounting, through an interpreter, a store of bewhiskered but amusing tales of the Comstock days, which finally brought Sarah to the point of hysterical laughter.[25] He told of being served an excellent dinner with champagne, then shivering on the freezing platform of the car for hours as Sarah insisted upon bundling into furs to observe the beauties of the Sierra Nevada.

Young and enterprising Publisher Hearst of the San Francisco *Examiner* had instructed Davis to spare no expense in the amusement of the glamorous Sarah. The actress proved to be a mine of good newspaper copy, and her week in the California city was even more memorable as a revelation of her caprices than as a reaffirmation of her consistently amazing abilities behind footlights.

Arrived at the California Hotel, where she was to stay, Mme Bernhardt greeted with "almost childish glee" the profusion of flowers arranged in her honor. The manager of the hotel proudly demonstrated to this novice the intricacies of a folding bed—a large mirror which dropped from the wall to reveal a bedstead. Delighted, Sarah insisted upon appropriating it for herself, bestowing upon her maid the comforts of more formal accommodations.[26]

Then on Friday evening, April 24, 1891, Sarah Bernhardt opened her San Francisco season at the Grand Opera House with a performance of *La Tosca.* Scenery, transported from Sarah's Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, was somewhat shabby, gowns not too fresh, after their travels, but the Divine Sarah was never shabby or stale. Again audiences and reviewers found in her performance a demonstration of the possibilities of stage art. There was a capacity house for the opening—not the overflowing, bediamonded audience of her first visit to San Francisco, but an excellent selection of the social worthies of the city in full dress—for since the Bohemian Club had issued an edict requiring full dress for entrance to their quarters, no respectable socialite would appear in public without this badge of distinction.[27]

Following this debut, Sam Davis took over for the *Examiner* while the drama critics rushed reviews to the press. Some time after midnight he organized the Bernhardt party for a descent upon Chinatown, which still glowed in Sarah's memory. That evening's performance at the Chinese Theatre had concluded when they drew up before the playhouse, but Sarah was delighted to traverse the devious byways and dirty alleys which took her to the actors' quarters, by Chinese custom supplied by, and contained in, the theatre.

The great actress and her escorts and an interpreter first descended upon Ah Sing, leading man of the Chinese troupe. The "very intelligent, bright-eyed Mongol," well-paid aristocrat of his profession, received Sarah graciously, offered her rice and chopsticks, which she found incompatible but amusing. In high spirits she engaged in a lengthy and hilarious conversation, half pantomime, half interpreted, in which she asked for an engagement at the theatre, disputing as to the percentage to be paid to her from the receipts. Says Sam Davis, "The by-play and acting on the part of the Chinaman was fully equal to that indulged in by the distinguished visitor." Indeed, Sarah found him "inimitable," and imperiously demanded why he didn't perform in his own theatre in this, to her, admirable style.

Striking a mock bargain whereby Sarah was to receive forty-five per cent of the take, the group went upstairs to the stage, where the Chinese gentleman courteously pointed out to her the small and barren dressing room her "engagement" warranted. While her compatriots seated themselves in the auditorium, Sarah took over the stage. "A motley assortment of Chinese vegetable dealers, highbinders, and washmen . . . began to crawl out of the various rickety nooks and pockets in the block" to swell the little group of her auditors, as word was passed along that the great French actress was honoring the Chinese playhouse.

One of the current theatrical jokes of the period had to do with the custom established by the great singer Patti of refusing to perform at any time until money was paid into her hand for her projected appearance. Sarah made much hilarity by demanding her honorarium in advance, and Davis extracted 65¢ from the "audience," which he divided according to his conception of theatre finances, 25¢ to the Chinese managers, 15¢ to Bernhardt, the rest going into his own pocket.

The small group was then treated to a strange performance in which Mme Bernhardt imitated Chinese musicians and actors from her clear memory of four years' standing. In his *Examiner* report, Davis gave the highlights of what must have been an astonishing exhibition:

> Her extraordinary powers of mimicry were never more thoroughly tested than here. She had the wailing, jumbled music of the Chinese orchestra, with its wheezy, halting passages, down to the life, and then she began the Chinese dance. It simply sent the house into convulsions. . . .
>
> The applause and hilarity seemed to encourage her to still more earnest effort, and seizing an immense sword from among the "props" she swung it around her head and made for the Chinese leading man, who was standing a few feet away holding his sides with laughter.
>
> She strided over the stage, her eyes gleaming with the fury of passion, and began making pantomime in front of her. He shrank back and began to retreat, when she bounded at him like a tigress and let out a howl of rage . . . that caused him to fall back-

ward among a lot of hand-painted Chinese gods, where he cowered in absolute terror. . . . Bernhardt sat down on a Chinese drum, screaming with laughter.

Davis later added to his contemporary report the detail that the members of her company rose and pelted Sarah with vegetables—a conclusion to the scene which he may have deleted from his original account out of respect for the subtle demands of thespian dignity.

Finally, returning to Ah Sing's quarters, Sarah was delighted to make the acquaintance of his small slant-eyed baby; indeed, she bestowed upon the child a five-dollar gold piece—courteously returned to her by its father, who felt it beneath his dignity to countenance even the semblance of largess.

The Bernhardt party then proceeded through Chinatown: Sarah scattered gold pieces among the opium smokers, invaded alleys, restaurants, dens of all descriptions, despite protests of her companions; and finally purchased for nine dollars two Chinese cutlasses which she brandished at surprised passersby.[28]

This was but the first of Sarah's exploits during that week in San Francisco: Sam Davis and the famous actress covered a surprising amount of ground. During the seven days of her visit, she offered ten performances—three of *La Tosca;* six of *Cleopatra,* her current favorite; and one special show in compliment to the local French population, her only presentation in America[29] of *Jeanne d'Arc.* Though theatre-goers were enchanted again by her acting, the general public was more delighted by her extra-professional exploits, of which details were relayed by Davis through his newspaper's columns.

While the *Examiner* scooped its rivals daily, the other newspapers picked up such crumbs as Bernhardt was in the habit of scattering: One night Sarah displayed her formidable temper and vocabulary backstage, after her Turkish servant was injured in a brawl; she was calmed only by Mr. Grau's heroic commands that the stagehands box her up in stage flats, where he kept her imprisoned until she was ready to continue her role.[30] Again, when the first performance of *Cleopatra* started late and dragged interminably through the complicated scene changes (the audience was not dismissed until long after midnight), a small boy in the gallery of the theatre between acts struck up on his harmonica, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," to the vast amusement of the wearied assemblage.[31] Again, on a tour of inspection of available quarters in the ship *Monowai,* on which she was to sail to Australia, Sarah demanded that the captain resign his own cabin to her, since she found it the only one at all suitable for her long occupancy at sea; and had the cabin fitted up with new curtains, rugs, and knick-knacks.[32]

But Sam Davis was without dispute the Royal Chronicler of her visit, the very *deus ex machina.* He it was who guided her to the pressrooms of the *Examiner* at four o'clock in the morning; he escorted her to an illegal prizefight; and he bullied from her the only drawing she had ever made for an American newspaper.

Davis in after years described the prize-fight episode as "the greatest lark" of the visit. The battle in question was scheduled to take place at 2:30 in the morning behind barricaded doors of the Cremone Theatre—this out of deference to local police regulations. Sarah was most enthusiastic through its earlier stages; but when one of the fighters was knocked into her lap, in which he left bloody traces of his combat, Sarah decided it was time to retire. As she was effecting her exit through the barred doors, she was impressed with the fact that the utmost secrecy was essential to the exhibition. Thereupon, says Davis, she eagerly suggested that they send an alarm for the police and remain to be caught in the resultant raid. She was quite willing to pay all fines for the dubious privilege of spending the rest of the night in jail with the clandestine devotees; but Davis persuaded her to forego this expensive advertising.[33] The incident did not receive publicity in the newspapers, perhaps because Davis valued his own immunity from police suspicion. Twenty-five years later he recalled it with gusto.[34]

Another and perhaps more admirable side of Mme Bernhardt's nature was revealed in her reception of a shabby acquaintance who turned up at her hotel. The man, one Gene Levi, had helped Sarah during the trying days of the war in Paris some twenty years before, and she greeted him with gratitude. Her attempts to give him a generous check were refused; but Davis subsequently related that, some six months later, the actress mailed to Levi a draft for $2,500, insisting that he visit her in Paris, where she entertained him brilliantly in her own home.[35]

Sarah Bernhardt's second visit to San Francisco happened to coincide with the arrival of President and Mrs. Harrison in the city in the course of a tour of the United States. A gala day had been planned for April 28, 1891, when Mrs. Harrison was to launch the ship *Monterey* after a marine parade. Davis had made arrangements for a tug, but Bernhardt conceived the notion that nothing but a sailing vessel would suffice for her own view of the ceremonies of the launching. Consequently, she and her company set out in the afternoon aboard *The Vine* to enjoy the festivities.

The motion of the ship and its billowing sails immediately interested the guest of honor, who insisted upon taking the wheel. Like a child, she was delighted to feel the boat lunge and pitch at her touch; with malicious glee she tugged at the steering wheel until the main boom lurched across the deck, knocking over most of the passengers. There ensued a wild period during which Sarah careened the boat madly to right and left, until mounting protests and the interest of the harbor police tug persuaded her to resign her post to the captain.

Yet Davis had his revenge. After they had witnessed the launching of the *Monterey*, the small sailing ship was becalmed; the volatile Sarah was in despair, as she realized that they must soon return to the theatre for her next performance. Then wily Davis stepped forward to remind her of the sketch she had promised to make for his newspaper, and to point out that a small tug which had been following them was under charter to him. No picture, no tug, was his ultimatum. Mme Bernhardt grew stormy, but finally realized that Davis had bested her neatly, and then and there sat down to make a sketch of Mme Mea and Mlle Saylor, actresses, as they sat on the deck looking out over the busy bay. Signed, this drawing was published in the *Examiner* on April 29, 1891.[36]

The receipts for Sarah's week, April 24 to April 30, totalled over $41,000.[37] The audiences were amazed, as they were to be more amazed as the years crept over her in succession, that the Divine Sarah seemed always young. One reviewer remarked after *Cleopatra:*

> Of all the pictures of seductive womanhood . . . hers is the most entrancing. You do not notice that she has not beautiful features, that she is past the age when most women cease to conquer men. . . . You only see the enchanting grace of her manner, the soft voluptuous tenderness of her wooing, and noting the spell she is weaving around Antony envy him his future rather than pity his weakness in yielding.[38]

Mme Bernhardt was indeed young in heart, capricious as a child, naive and demanding. . . . On the last day of her season in San Francisco, despite two scheduled performances, she received cordially a phonograph demonstrator and made twenty-five records of her own voice and those of her company before she was torn away.[39]

The only conventional appearance the actress seems to have made in San Francisco society was on the occasion of a small breakfast in her honor at the home of Mrs. William Crocker.[40] (San Francisco society was amazed!) For the rest, the public was constantly titillated by a series of unimaginable gestures: as when, informed that Australia had stringent rules against importation of animals because of fear of infection, she announced she would pay a physician to meet her and attend her dogs through the quarantine examination.[41]

The Bernhardt troupe sailed on May 1. A large crowd assembled at the pier, Sarah was late, the ship was held up for fifteen minutes while she raced across the city in a careering cab. She took with her eighty-one cases of champagne, and left the city becalmed after her whirlwind departure. At the last minute, as the *Monowai* made a hurried exit from its berth, two men fell—or jumped—overboard to enliven the farewell. (It was revealed that they were drunken sailors, too late to board the ship, who decided to swim after her.)

Sam Davis made one more scoop to close the chapter: he published in facsimile Sarah's farewell note to San Francisco, which, translated, read:

> My heart beats with emotion at leaving this adorable and hospitable city. I cry Au revoir to all and thanks to each.
>
> SARAH BERNHARDT[42]

After this memorable visit in the spring of 1891, Sarah Bernhardt's return in the fall, following a long tour of Australia, came as an anticlimax. She was scheduled by her optimistic managers to open at the Grand Opera House on September 4, but her ship was delayed by heavy storms, to the disappointment of members of her prospective audience, as well as of her son Maurice, who had brought his wife to San Francisco to celebrate his mother's return to the North American continent. Maurice Bernhardt, a dapper young man in his twenties, with his wife, the Princess Terka, chartered a small steamer to cruise out of the Golden Gate on September 3, to meet the *Mariposa.* It was not until September 5 that the reunion was accomplished under Manager Abbey's proud eye—"Maurice, mon fils!" Sarah is said to have cried; "Ma mère!" responded her son, who had not seen her for eight months.[43]

Despite a fearful passage (Bernhardt gave each member of the crew twenty-five dollars as congratulation on weathering the storm[44]), the Divine Sarah performed on the very evening of her arrival, playing *Fedora* to a large but not crowded house. In the course of the week she played in eleven dramas, giving three matinees and including one new play, *Pauline Blanchard*, written by M. Darmont of her troupe, in its first performance in America.

Not even such an astonishing program could prevent Mme Bernhardt's indulgence in a few typical escapades. She visited the Cliff House on Sunday, remarking that she found Sunday in San Francisco almost as charming and gay as in Paris—not at all dull or depressing as in England and the eastern United States. She viewed a huge portrait of herself in the role of Cleopatra at the studio of the artist, Carl Kahler—commenting "Mais moi! Mais moi! Où suis-je?" to his chagrin.[45] After a performance of *Theodora* on September 7, with a party she took a special car to Monterey to spend a few hours at Hotel Del Monte.[46] Two members of her company were married on September 9 at the California Hotel.[47] On September 10 she and her son broke local ordinances by shooting eighteen seagulls, hiring a tug to carry them out on the bay and using a $300 gun Sarah had purchased in San Francisco in April.[48] After her performance on September 11, she was entertained by the San Francisco Press Club, which hailed her as "Queen of Bohemia."[49]

But no frivolity dimmed Sarah's fine acting. "More delightful to the naked eye than she was eleven years ago," since "Time has reverently filled up the former hollows in her cheeks and rounded her arms,"[50] she was simple, magnificent, moving—"no finer acting . . . . could be imagined."[51] The critics found *Frou-Frou* a little frivolous, the new *Pauline Blanchard* lugubrious, but Sarah, despite scenery grown tawdry with travel, charming, undimmed.

Following her eventful sojourn in northern California, the actress made her first visit to the southern reaches of the state. Los Angeles, boasting a population of only some fifty thousand in 1891, thronged to the box office for advance reservations. A movement was initiated to persuade female auditors to remove their hats during the performance—since so few could understand but all could see the strange creature, whose renown was based on scandalous hearsay as much as art. For one night only Sarah strode the boards of the Grand Opera House, under the management of the triumphant Los Angelinos, George P. McLain and Martin Lehman.[52]

"Fin de siècle" was a popular phrase during that last decade of the nineteenth century. Sarah Bernhardt, slender, red-haired, exotic, typified the self-conscious artists of the day, hurling themselves delicately and momentously toward a new century which promised to change everything for the better, to renew everything grown dingy or cheap or old. . . . They have been called the "Gay Nineties," but from a distance they seem not to have been very gay. How seriously they paraded their champagne and their showgirls, and flouted Victorian virtues!

Sarah Bernhardt was surely not "fin de siècle," not she who went on proudly for a quarter of the length of the new century. There seemed no end to her. That amazing youthful spirit, which embraced the role of *Camille* at seventy-three!

In February 1901, Mme Bernhardt paid her first visit to California in the new century. The great Coquelin, who had already displayed his talents in San Francisco, accompanied his compatriot. His best role was that of Cyrano de Bergerac; Bernhardt, besides reviving several old favorites, offered a week of *L'Aiglon*, in which she played the young hero, in snug tights. The Eaglet, described by Ashton Stevens as "an emasculated Hamlet,"[53] a sort of an animated Fauntleroy, was considered by San Franciscans to utilize few of Sarah's greatest talents. Her traditional roles, and Coquelin's Cyrano, were cheered heartily, but in general the tour was an expensive failure.[54]

At the time of her next visit, in 1905-1906, following publication of her *Memoirs*, Mme Bernhardt came up sharply against the Theatre Trust in America. It was a "Sinister Theatrical Situation," said Alan Dale,[55] in which the greatest actress in the world was forced to give her matchless performances in tents and on makeshift stages, "because the theatrical moguls of Manhattan made this humiliating thing necessary." But Sarah, true to her old spirit, pushed on gallantly, even defiantly, capitalizing on the opportunity for free advertising and popular support.

Then, in mid-April 1906, San Francisco was devastated by a calamitous earthquake and subsequent fire. Sarah, who had always enjoyed San Francisco, rushed to Chicago to take part in a huge benefit performance which netted some $17,000 for the homeless and impoverished in the California city, many of whom lived in tent colonies dependent on public charity for food, clothing, and medical attention. The actress was to have played for a season at San Francisco's Majestic Theatre—but there were no theatres left. Arrived on the scene, Bernhardt was driven through the ruins, "awed and fascinated," at times in tears: "It is the most awful, dramatic, terrifying spectacle that man has ever beheld," she exclaimed to Ashton Stevens.[56]

For three nights the Bernhardt troupe played at "Ye Liberty Playhouse" in Oakland, across the bay—played to a crowd to be described only as "motley," but jovial with that terror-emptied hopefulness and eagerness of the disaster-worn.

Peculiarly, circumstances converged to permit Sarah Bernhardt to give one of the notable performances of her career. It was on May 17, 1906, that she performed *Phèdre* in the beautiful Greek Theatre of the University of California. Copied from an open theatre in old Greece, set in the hills among eucalyptus trees, its stony stage and seats mellowed in the three years since its erection by gift of William Randolph Hearst, the great out-door auditorium was filled with five thousand eager refugees from catastrophe. The Berkeley sky was heaven-blue, the weather kindly as Berkeley weather can sometimes be. The severe open stage, immense and gray, bore only the minimum properties of the play, and a few potted palms. Ladies closed their parasols in brief windy concert before each act. The audience was moved even to forgetfulness of personal terrors. The actress was "inspired"; her clear beautiful voice was easily heard, even to each whisper, in the great open bowl; there was never such acting, said Mr. Stevens, "it was immortal."[57]

If the people of the San Francisco Bay region were grateful for this remarkable experience, as well as for the percentage of the proceeds donated to relief funds, Mme Bernhardt was ecstatic. "I have never had such inspiration," she declared, "In all my life there is no other day to match it."[58] Unforgettable it must have been—one of those jewels of dramatic memory, like that other famous San Francisco night when Mme Tetrazzini sang at Lotta's Fountain on Christmas Eve.

Speeding southward in her special train, Bernhardt relaxed at Venice. This lagooned and ballyhooed suburb of Los Angeles, conceived and executed by Abbot Kinney, was intended to bring Italy to America—and, indeed, real Venetian gondolas plied about its "Grand Canal" and children stepped into the water from their doorsteps. Opened in 1905, the elaborate experiment enjoyed only a few hours of manufactured popularity; only the beaches and the perennial carnival of concessionaires finally survived the enveloping decay of the little boom-town resort.

The Theatre Trust had invaded Los Angeles, too; but Manager Linden E. Behymer saw the possibilities of the "Venice of America" and scheduled three performances at the Venice Auditorium. A gay percentage of the fast-growing population of Los Angeles traveled the eighteen miles to the ocean city by train, trolley, carriage, and even perilously by automobile.

Picnickers and souvenir hunters surged about the Bernhardt pullman, patronized the Midway on the pier, slashed veneer from the railway car, begged for autographs and photos.

On the evening of May 18, 1906, Mme Bernhardt presented *The Sorceress* in the informal surroundings of the Venice Auditorium. Reviewer William Hamilton Cline of the Los Angeles *Herald* was shocked by the juxtaposition of the ridiculous and the sublime:

> To the musical surge of the swells of the sea, which rolled and tumbled and beat about the foundations of this temporary temple of Thespis, erstwhile a beer garden . . . There at the end of the long pier, in a huge barn of a place thrown together in twenty-eight days, with a flat floor and a horseshoe gallery, a huge stage, all ill-equipped, with naught between us and the resounding deep that lashed below us save a wooden floor, with a blaring brass band and garish "decorations" galore, approached between a long line of strident fakers and not out of sound of a crashing, howling, yelling Midway—there we of Los Angeles assembled to greet tragedy's queen! Imagine it, ye lovers of the fitness of things! Rejoice, ye devotees of the incongruous.[59]

Constance Skinner, reporting the occasion for the Los Angeles *Examiner*, found the actress a competent rival of the oceanic distractions: "Oh, the rise and fall, the swell and lull of that glorious voice. . . ."[60] She described the matinee performance of *Camille* as a very "luxury of tears."

The brief visit was enlivened by Mme Bernhardt's well-chaperoned tour of the resort and the complimentary calls paid to her in her private car by consular and government attachés, members of the Los Angeles Alliance Française, and dancers from the Midway concessions, who were delighted to be entertained and to entertain her privately. Madame lunched at the Cabrillo and was triumphant beyond bounds when she caught a one-and-one-half pound surf fish from the porthole-window of the restaurant.

A production of *Tosca* on Saturday evening, May 19, closed the brief Venice engagement; she departed for Salt Lake City early on Sunday morning, May 20.

Five years later Bernhardt honored California by another "farewell" tour, more comprehensive than any other in her career. By 1911 Los Angeles' population had swelled to 300,000; even little San Diego boasted almost 40,000; and the small hamlets along the way to San Francisco were deserving of some passing notice. The militance of the Theatrical Trust had subsided; once more the nation's theatres were open and eager to present the French actress.

Arriving in Los Angeles on April 19, 1911, Bernhardt displayed apparently undimmed energy: drove about the city, yachted to Catalina Island, rehearsed a new play, then appeared at the Mason Opera House at night. After four evening performances and a Saturday matinee, she took her company to San Diego for a showing of *Camille* at the Isis Theatre on April 24; was "enchanted" by Coronado, and scheduled a gala banquet for her troupers at the hotel. On April 25 she appeared in Santa Barbara, the next night offered *Camille* at the Bakersfield Opera House. In Fresno, making her second visit to the city, she played at the Barton Opera House, accepted gifts of choice raisins from local growers. On April 28 she played in Stockton, on the 29th in San Jose, and on May 1 opened in a long and varied program in San Francisco.[61] *Madame X* was new in her local repertoire; *Sister Beatrice* was presented on May 7 with her premier interpretation of the role she had been studying for many weeks during her long tour.

On the afternoon of May 8, 1911, Sarah repeated *Phèdre* in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley before an audience of seven thousand. The occasion was sentimental; northern California had rebuilt itself proudly since the disastrous spring, five years before, when much of the San Francisco Bay region had been destitute and ruinous. Professor William Dallam Armes of the University presented a laurel wreath to the Divine Sarah to glorify the occasion and the actress.[62]

Oakland saw *Madame X* on May 8; Sacramento viewed *Camille* on May 9; then Sarah sped on to Reno—to go trout-fishing with the loyal and indefatigable members of her company, now including the rising Lou Tellegen.

If we follow Sarah's own heart, we may mark the reenactment of *Phèdre* as the sublime event of the busy tour; but the news reporters did not allow California to forget the low-lights. In Bakersfield the untutored presumed to laugh during one of Sarah's emotional scenes in the watery *Camille:* Sarah was furiously shocked: "Ah, they are all brutes!"[63]

But this was no farewell—not yet. Two years later the "greatest actress of the past century" came to California again. Uncertain now, with faltering steps, but indomitable, she played half-hour performances in vaudeville programs—cuttings from her old and brilliant roles, a one-act play of which her son Maurice was co-author. Again supported by the dashing young Lou Tellegen, and by her aging long-time friend and co-actress, Mme Saylor, she "irrigated the Orpheum with tears" for her Camille,[64] she was radiant,[65] "incomparable."[66] J. Lawrence Toole, San Francisco critic, asked rhetorically, "Can this woman of almost seventy still act? Oh, she can—magnificently, splendidly . . ."[67]

It was in the course of her two-weeks' visit in San Francisco in February 1913 that Bernhardt was driven, in a great red car, to San Quentin prison and through its gates, to give a performance of *Une Nuit de Noel sous la terreur* for two thousand be-striped prisoners in the prison yard on Washington's birthday.[68] A day earlier, on February 21, at a meeting of the local Drama League, the Mayor of San Francisco offered the halting figure in her heavy moleskin coat a laurel wreath in token of honor to "the greatest figure of any stage at any time," as John Barry eulogized her; said Bernhardt, "Thank you very much, on my heart."[69]

It was on this visit, too, that Sarah was injured in an automobile collision in Los Angeles. She was playing at the Los Angeles Orpheum, after two weeks in San Francisco and a week in Oakland. Harry Carr, Los Angeles journalist and writer, says she spurned the luxurious suite engaged for her in a Hollywood hotel, insisted upon living in the decayed resort city of Venice. Driving in to the theatre one evening toward the close of her fortnight's engagement, she was involved in a collision; her own automobile collided with a truck traveling on Washington Boulevard without lights. Sarah's ankles were painfully bruised, her lip cut; but she insisted on appearing that night in her scheduled performances. The next day she indulged in the luxury of a cancellation.

Harry Carr admits authorship of a satiric newspaper article in which he humorously charged that Sarah had actually enjoyed the experience.[70] Sarah hired billboards all over town to carry her reply:

> An open letter to the public. An article appeared Thursday morning in a Los Angeles newspaper. The article is entitled, "And She Enjoyed It," and is unsigned, but I hereby declare that it has been written by a liar and a coward.
>
> SARAH BERNHARDT[71]

* * *

The Divine Sarah, who had lived through a French war in the nineteenth century, itched to shake off the burden of her aging body in 1914, when her country was again at war and again fighting Germany. In February 1915, Sarah's leg was amputated—front-page news even in California. Annie Laurie, San Francisco newspaperwoman, later told of seeing a photograph of Sarah in a shop window on Powell Street that week; of how she questioned the proprietor, found her an unknown admirer of the great lady, and was told that the bowl of hyacinths before the photograph had been contributed by a strange man who, passing by, had asked to be allowed to place his own anonymous tribute beneath the portrait. (When someone told Sarah of the event, it is said that she commented, "Such a thing could have happened nowhere in the world but in San Francisco.")[72] Another incident, probably appreciated as much by the capricious actress, was confessed by Sam Davis: he says he cabled to Paris to ask if Bernhardt would permit San Francisco's Panama-Pacific Exposition to exhibit her leg for the benefit of French troops; her reply, "Which one?"[73]

Loss of her leg, reducing pain and discomfort, spurred Bernhardt to her last great efforts. She visited the trenches, gave lectures, appealed for funds to help the French, played in patriotic plays and even motion pictures.

Finally, in July 1918, she arrived in San Francisco in the course of a tour in which she figured as unofficial French ambassadress to America. She was again appearing in vaudeville, incongruously dignified, sandwiched between tumbling acts and glamorous vulgarities, this time playing only scenes in which it was not necessary for her to move about on the stage. "As full of years as she is full of youth," said Walter Anthony; "as indomitable as the undying heart of France," said Walter Bodin.

Sarah had with her a two-months'-old lion and two terriers, one of which appeared with her in the play, *Du Theatre au champ d'honneur*, in which she impersonated a young soldier, wounded, lying at the foot of a shattered tree. For a year she had been playing two shows a day in vaudeville; yet this woman of seventy-three took her granddaughter, Lysiane, to see the Cliff House; was carried in a green litter to introduce the girl in her maiden lecture—an appeal for funds for French artist sufferers; dressed as a Red Cross nurse to visit the Allied War Exposition on Red Cross Day, and "electrified" a crowd of twelve thousand people at the Civic Auditorium by reading a poem in honor of Bastille Day.

Bernhardt was old, but not too old for the theatre, not too old to pose in a triumphant portrait to honor her countrymen, a portrait which was published full-page in the *Examiner* of July 14, 1918—her hail and farewell to San Francisco. A week at the Oakland Orpheum . . . a brief visit and appearance in a sketch, *The Cathedrals*, at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley on the afternoon of July 25 . . . two weeks at the Los Angeles Orpheum. . . . and Sarah bid her last adieu to California. . . .[74] For even the Divine Sarah could not live forever. Papers in San Francisco, as all over the world, carried on March 27, 1923, the news of her death.

Annie Laurie spoke of her fondly as San Francisco had seen her:

> . . . what dresses, what jewels, what deep and gleaming eyes—what hands and what a voice of molten silver. What a temper, too . . . and what generosity, what prodigal lavishness, what kindness of heart, what gaiety of spirits—she gathered San Francisco—the whole of it, in the palms of those delicious little pointed hands of hers, hugged it to her heart.[75]

"Like an empress Bernhardt has reigned in the art world; yet she is free and democratic and simple-mannered," a newspaperman had once eulogized.

But Bernhardt had proved herself to be more than glamorous and temperamental, more than a "good fellow" to newsmen. Despite physical ills, transportation difficulties, strange people and a strange language she never mastered, she came to America again and again to fill her bottomless coffers of debt, to bring her theatre gospel to hostile shores, to win over the barbarians and conquer this great, open land so different from her own. In a succession of miraculous meteor-flights over the United States, Sarah took to France some six million dollars in all[76] and left rich memories ineradicable from theatrical history, "Quand Même."

NOTES

1. Quoted from a New York paper in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of November 7, 1880. Sarah was actually at least 35 years old. She was born in 1844 or 1845 but was without benefit of birth certificate, in view of the clouded circumstances of her illegitimate birth.

2. San Francisco *Chronicle*, October 10, 1880.

3. San Franciso *Call*, November 21, 1880.

4. This epistle, addressed to M. Jehan Soudan, lecturer, was published in the San Francisco *Call* of April 17, 1881. A translation of the letter was published in the *Chronicle* of the same date:

"I feel desolated; we do not go to San Francisco. There are my dreams vanished! And I, who was actually feting myself with the idea of visiting that enchanting country as a recompense for all my fatigues—I remain with my regrets. However, as I have taken it in my head to see San Francisco, and that my motto is 'Quand Même,' I shall see San Francisco, if not this year, at least the next. Our manager, Abbey, has not poetry in his soul. He believes that he would not make enough money over there! Why? I'm sure I don't know. Truly, friend, I am chagrined. . . ."

5. *Call*, May 10, 1887. (Unless otherwise noted, newspapers hereafter cited are San Francisco publications.)

6. *Call*, May 15, 1887.

7. *Examiner*, May 15, 1887.

8. *Chronicle*, May 16, 1887; *Call*, May 16, 1887.

9. *Call*, May 16, 1887; *Examiner*, May 16, 1887.

10. *Call*, May 16, 1887.

11. *Chronicle*, May 16, 1887.

12. *Chronicle*, May 16, 1887.

13. *New California Tourists' Guide* (San Francisco: Samuel Carson and Company, 1886), p. 58.

14. Richard Lockridge, *Darling of Misfortune* (New York: The Century Co., 1932), p. 298.

15. *Examiner*, May 16, 1887.

16. *Ibid.*

17. *Examiner*, May 17, 1887.

18. *Examiner*, May 29, 1887.

19. *Call*, May 17, 1887.

20. *Chronicle*, May 17, 1887.

21. *Call*, May 30, 1887.

22. *Examiner*, May 29, 1887.

23. *Examiner*, April 24, 25, 1891; *Alta California*, April 25, 1891.

24. *Examiner*, April 25, 1891.

25. *Examiner*, May 13, 1917.

26. *Chronicle*, April 25, 1891.

27. *Examiner*, April 25, 1891.

28. "Bernhardt Goes Slumming," *Examiner*, April 26, 1891. Also "When Sarah Bernhardt First [sic] Visited San Francisco," *Examiner*, May 13, 1917.

29. *Chronicle*, April 26, 1891. The same issue contained the comment in its review, April 27, that "the woman who can portray such purity, such patriotism, such sublimity of soul, is worthy of our kindest thought as well as our unstinted admiration."

30. *Chronicle,* April 26, 27, 1891; *Examiner,* May 13, 1917.

31. *Alta California,* April 28, 1891.

32. *Chronicle,* April 26, 1891; *Call,* May 2, 1891.

33. *Examiner,* May 13, 1917.

34. The only current reference was a brief phrase in the summary of her visit, *Examiner,* May 3, 1891.

35. *Examiner,* May 13, 1917.

36. *Examiner,* April 29, 1891; *Examiner,* May 13, 1917.

37. *Chronicle,* May 10, 1891.

38. *Examiner,* April 28, 1891.

39. *Examiner,* May 1, 1891.

40. *Examiner,* May 2, 1891.

41. *Examiner,* April 30, 1891.

42. *Examiner,* May 2, 1891.

43. *Examiner,* Sept. 3, 1891; Sept. 6, 1891. *Call,* Sept. 6, 1891.

44. *Chronicle,* Sept. 8, 1891.

45. *Examiner,* Sept. 7 and 8, 1891; *Chronicle,* Sept. 7, 1891.

46. *Chronicle,* Sept. 8, 1891.

47. *Examiner,* Sept. 10, 1891.

48. *Examiner,* Sept. 11, 1891.

49. *Examiner,* Sept. 12, 1891.

50. *Call,* Aug. 2, 1891.

51. Theodore T. Williams, *Examiner,* Sept. 8, 1891.

52. Los Angeles *Herald,* Sept. 10, 15, 1891.

53. *Examiner,* February 17, 1901; the season, at the Grand Opera House, embraced two weeks, February 11 to 23, 1901.

54. San Francisco *Dramatic Review,* May 4, 1901.

55. *Cosmopolitan,* XLI (June 1906), 199-206.

56. *Examiner,* May 15, 1906.

57. *Examiner,* May 18, 1906. Photographs may be found in: *Putnam's Monthly,* I (November 1906), 214-15; *Sunset Magazine,* XVII (August 1906), 194-95; *Chronicle,* May 18, 1906, etc. Note that one prevalently adverse criticism was directed toward the stage furniture: Professor William Dallam Armes took pains to disclaim responsibility for the "absurd settings" provided by Sarah's French stage manager for the magnificent production—a few "foolish" palms and a shabby collection of cheap pine chairs.

58. *Examiner,* May 18, 1906. See also her reiteration twelve years later, *Examiner,* July 7, 1918.

59. Los Angeles *Herald,* May 19, 1906.

60. Los Angeles *Examiner,* May 19, 1906.

61. Details of the tour may be discovered in: Los Angeles *Examiner,* April 16, 21, etc.; San Diego *Union,* April 24, 25; Bakersfield *Californian,* April 19, 26; Fresno *Morning Republican,* April 27, 28, May 1; San Francisco *Examiner,* April 29, May 1, etc.; San Francisco *Chronicle,* April 30, etc.; Sacramento *Union,* May 9, 1911. . . .

62. *Call,* May 9, 1911.

63. Fresno *Morning Republican,* May 1, 1911.

64. *Examiner,* Feb. 15, 1913.

65. *Examiner,* Feb. 10, 1913.

66. *Examiner,* Feb. 12, 1913.

67. *Examiner*, Feb. 12, 1913.

68. *Examiner*, Feb. 23, 1913; *Sunset*, XXX (May 1913), 569-71.

69. *Examiner*, Feb. 22, 1913.

70. Harry Carr, *Los Angeles: City of Dreams* (New York, London: D. Appleton-Century Co., 1935), p. 178.

71. *Chronicle*, March 27, 1923.

72. *Examiner*, March 28, 1923.

73. *Examiner*, May 13, 1917.

74. See Oakland *Tribune*, July 21, 22, 26, 1918; Berkeley *Gazette*, July 24, 26, 1918, etc. Note that certain proceeds of the Berkeley performance were offered to War Relief funds, that Lysiane lectured in Oakland with Sarah in attendance, and appeals for war relief were continued faithfully wherever the Bernhardt company appeared.

75. *Examiner*, March 28, 1923.

76. [Mme Pierre Berton], *The Real Sarah Bernhardt . . .*, compiled by Basil Woon (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1924), p. 331.

Three Letters of John Gantt

With an Introduction and Notes

By Alice Bay Maloney

INTRODUCTION

JOHN GANTT for a brief hour played an important role in California history. By withdrawing from the battle at Cahuenga Pass, on February 21, 1845, his company of riflemen that had been sent to aid Governor Manuel Micheltorena, he contributed to the defeat and expulsion of the Mexican ruler by native Californians under General Juan Bautista Alvarado.[1] American occupation of the province took place the year following. A short biography of John Gantt appeared in this Quarterly for March 1937;[2] but these three letters[3] which have come to light since then add many intimate and entertaining details to a picture of life in California when Americans "took over."

Gantt was an officer in the United States Army whose career was terminated by court-martial. He subsequently engaged in the fur trade and distinguished himself as a trader and guide although he made no fortune. Mr. William J. Ghent, the distinguished historian of Washington, D. C., has called the attention of the writer to a story of early western exploration in which John Gantt, although not mentioned by name, is unmistakably described. A somewhat different light is given the army episode in this account. Rufus B. Sage, in his *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains*, tells of the organization and start of a brigade of trappers and traders from Westport on the Missouri River:

> A brief acquaintance with our commandant, found him a man of small stature and gentlemanly deportment, though savoring somewhat of arrogance and self-sufficiency,—faults, by the way, not uncommon in little men. He had been engaged in the Indian trade for several years past, and had seen many "ups and downs" in former life. Graduating from West Point in his younger days, he soon after received the commission of Lieutenant of Dragoons, in the U. S. Army, and served in that capacity for some six or eight years, on the frontier and at Forts Gibson and Leavenworth. Possessed of the confidence of his men, his subsequent resignation was the occasion of much regret with those he had been accustomed to command. The private soldier loved him for his generous frankness and readiness to overlook minor offenses, even upon the first show of penitence.
>
> Such undoubted popularity at length excited the jealousy of his brother officers, and gave birth to a combination against him, which nothing could appease short of his removal from the army. Aware of his ardent temperament and strong party notions as a politician, and equally violent upon the opposite side, they managed to inveigle him into a discussion of the measures and plans of the then administration of national affairs. Arguing in the excitement of feeling, he made use of an unguarded expression, denouncing the Chief Magistrate. This was immediately noted down, and charges were promptly

> preferred against him, for "*abuse of a superior officer!*" The whole affair was then referred to a Court Martial, composed exclusively of political opponents. The evidence was so strong he had little to expect from their hands, and consequently threw up his commission, to avert the disgrace of being *cashiered*, since when he has been engaged in his present business.
>
> He appeared to be a man of general information, and well versed in science and literature. Indeed, I felt highly gratified in making an acquaintance so far congenial to my own taste.[4]

This appears to be John Gantt's version of his disgrace. Records show, however, that he was dismissed from the army on May 12, 1829,[5] on a charge of falsifying paychecks. Every mention of John Gantt recorded during his years in the Indian country is uniform in praise of his courage and ability. Sage wrote his account in the spring of 1841 as his party was starting on a lengthy trip to the Rocky Mountains during which his company penetrated to Fort Hall. In 1843 Gantt guided a large party of Oregon emigrants to that fort, at which place he left them and came to California with a small group which included Joseph Ballinger Chiles and Pierson Barton Reading. After leaving Fort Boise they took an old trapper route through central Oregon and turned south via Goose Lake and Pit River, crossing the Sierra northwest of Mount Lassen, and reached Sutter's Fort on November 10.[6] Gantt was outstanding among the Americans in California by reason of his education and military and frontier experience.

The following letters, written by Gantt to his friend John Marsh, another aggressive American in California, are written in an excellent hand and are composed with force and clarity, with only occasional variants in spelling. They were confidential communications never intended for publication, as were so many later gold-rush letters. Nevertheless they are valuable historically because they show popular reaction to political situations. Their "man to man" language adds to their verity.

THE LETTERS

New Helvecia
11th March 1845

Dear Sir

Since my arrival here I have been waiting to have a settlement with Sutter in order to pay my debt contracted in los Angeles but without being able to effect anything whatever unless I would take old worn out horses, or other useless trash at three hundred percent above their real value.

I have therefore determined to take a short hunt to get some fur, hoping while I am gone Sutter will collect a little from his Indian Hunters and pay me part of the Beaver he owes me, which he promises to do.

I have settled our mess a/c giving you credit for three dollars which I think you told me you had expended on acct. of the mess on our route down, your proportion of the mess bill down is $3.41, I have paid the 41 cents.

Your part of the mess Bill coming up is $3.34 and 41¢ added is $3.75 which is all, and which you owe to me, which we can settle with our other business –so much for business now for something else.

The "Bugs"[7] arrived (as the Indian says) with their *hearts on the ground*, down tumbled all the "*air built castles*" and most dreadful was the crash.

Sutter denyed having been offered a consideration for the services he may have rendered Gen^l^ Michaeltorena when accused of it by McCinley[8] in the creek at the battle of Cauengo, but now he acknowledges he was to receive the appointment of Lieut Colonel with the pay of $3000 per annum. Bidwell was to have been Custom House officer at Yerba Buena let them alone and it will all leak out "by and by."

However I was the cause of the total failure of their elegant plans & prevented their gaining a complete Victory at Cauengo–Bidwell & myself have had a rupture which resulted in his being most grossly insulted in presence of many persons–He was called a liar, sycophant, Parasite, puppy and coward and swallowed the whole very patiently,[9] this gave offense to all the *Bugs*, but how could they help themselves poor devils they have no stings.

The Californians are held to be great cowards by most of the gentry of this Fort, and when the Gen^l^ returns they intend to flock to his standard and the few foreigners at this place to hear them talk you would suppose they ruled the destanies of California. Some of the company however who continue here are on the side of the Californians. I am however against the *Bugs* and all "*Air Castle*" *builders* and if the Genl should return I'll be found one to oppose him if he is on the side of Mexico. Now mind what I tell you the first "*Bug*" that gives me the least excuse I intend to wring his *Probocis*.

They want a new & disinterested Alcalde here, I intend on my return from my present hunt to go south.

I am your friend &
Ob^t^ Sert JNO. GANTT

(Give my love to that young Lady)

D^r^. Jno. Marsh
Mount Diablo

Feather River
October 21^st^ 1845

Dear Sir

I received your letter of the 1^st^ Ul^to^. having just returned from a hunt in the mountains on the Trinity river, nearly every one of the party was sick, and one of them, [William] Hicks very ill with the palsey; we remained three weeks in one camp, nothing was done, not a trap was put in the water, and we returned with broken down horses a few days since.[10]

You speak in your letter of the *Bugs* their society &c. I have not been in their enviable society since my return from "los Angeles" when I willfully

& premeditatedly insulted them—I have been ague & fever proof for 30 years & this fall have nearly become musquetoe proof, in fact I am proof against everything malevolent except them d—n Bugs.

I would like to read your news-papers and you may expect to see me as soon as my horses recruit a little, I will except of your kind invitation and move down for a short time.

I am unable to give you any news relative to the *Bugs* having had nothing to do with them for some time I believe they will if let alone wind themselves up, that is, "*exhaust themselves by their own virtue*" people begin to open their eyes, all but Strangers who are imposed upon—

Why are you not married?[11]

I am Very Respectfully
Your ob^t Sert
Jno. Gantt

D^r. Jno Marsh

Nappa Valley
August 22^d '47

Dear Sir

I am at this place for the benefit of my health, having been advised by Doct^r. Powell[12] to use the warm bath frequently, and can't help thinking myself prematurely fashionable in so doing, as it is very mal-appropos for poor folks.

I am however much better than I was when I last saw you, still my head swims, my ears ring, and I feel occasional pains in my limbs; but I do not intend to intrude upon you a history of my "woes and pains."

I will therefore attempt, and I hope succeed, in drawing your attention to a subject of much more interest to yourself.——

Near where I am at present, resides my old friend Major Cooper; and I have seen his two daughters, F. and S. both fine looking girls, particularly Miss Susan, who I think would "pass muster" both in person and accomplishments; indeed tho' they are from the upper part of Missouri, there is nothing of the "Ned" about them——[13]

Therefore, permit me to take the liberty of advising you to pay a visit to Nappa; it is well worth the ride, to see the young ladies; and at the same time *you will patronise the "Horse Dentist's" ferry*,[14] I will go with you, and introduce you to the family, indeed I have already told Miss Susan[15] I had a beau for her, and that she may expect a visit from you; but Miss F.[16] said she thought as she was the oldest she was of course entitled to the preferance; this matter however is to be settled among yourselves——

Yount[17] set to Miss Francis for a while but with such poor success, that I believe he is now "Hors de Combat"—poor old man, how I pity his case, not a hair between him & Heaven. He is now setting to a widow ("*Poney-*

built") in good earnest, with what success I am unable to say but I am afraid he will "exaust himself by his own exertions" ("Virtues")—

Come over to Nappa at all events, if the Miss C's does not come up to what I have represented them to be, a little farther up the Valley, you can find some girls who play on the Violin, and if *your organs of tune should predominate* at the time, perhaps they may suit. Then there are several *Long built Widows*, some long sided ones &c, all in the fertile Valley of Nappa.

Even Moses Carson[18] is on the look out for a wife, but unfortunately he blew himself up with a most tremendous explosion, in the Company of some ladies; since that sad accident, which I had the misfortune to witness by hearing and smelling, our redoubtable friend Moses has made his personal appearance scarce in this neighborhood.

I received a letter from Colonel Mason a few days since, dated 16th June (Ult°.) in which he acknowledges the receipt of the letter written by you, as received that day (what could have delayed it from 30 May to 16 June)—he says, had he have known in time I wished the appointment he would have given it to me with the greatest pleasure.—[19]

I hope to have the pleasure to see you over on this side of the Bay soon, you must not disappoint the young ladies, now I have told them you are coming.

I hear nothing that is going on in this out of the way place, and trust I may get well once more, and be able to do something.

Let me hear from you when you have leasure to write, the Girls are impatient and I will be glad to hear from you

I am Respectfully
Your friend and
Ob^t Ser^t
J. GANTT

D^r. John Marsh
Rancho de Pulpune

I visited Maj^r. C's yesterday and I assure you the girls were very interesting particularly Miss Susan. The [tear in paper] lady is very much pleased with California. You ought by all me [tear in paper] come over—Monday 23^d.

NOTES

1. Captain John A. Sutter had raised a company of about eighty-five Americans and Europeans to aid Micheltorena, and Gantt had been elected leader of the company. For an account of the incident mentioned here, see Charles L. Camp, ed., "The Journal of a Crazy Man," in this QUARTERLY, XVI (September 1936), 228-29; also, Erwin G. Gudde, "The Memoirs of Theodor Cordua," this QUARTERLY, XII (September 1933), 288.

2. Alice Bay Maloney, "John Gantt, 'Borderer'," this QUARTERLY, XVI (March 1937), 48-60.

3. Original letters in the John Marsh Collection at the California State Library. They are published by permission of Miss Mabel R. Gillis, State Librarian, who kindly furnished photostats.

4. [Rufus B. Sage], *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains and in Oregon, California, New Mexico ....* by a New Englander (Philadelphia, 1846), p. 19, or pp. 39-40 of the edition published in Boston, 1857, under the title, *Rocky Mountain Life; or, Startling Scenes and Perilous Adventures in the Far West ....*

5. Francis Bernard Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the Army* (Washington, D. C., 1903), I, 444.

6. "Journal of Pierson Barton Reading," in *Quarterly* of The Society of California Pioneers, VII (September 1930), 148-98.

7. "Bugs," i. e. native Californians.

8. James McKinley, pioneer of 1824, took a leading part at Los Angeles in the movement of southern foreigners against Micheltorena. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), IV, 725.

9. John Bidwell, in 1884, wrote a brief account of John Gantt's life in California for Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian. Bidwell's account is magnanimous in tone and gives no hint that any quarrel of importance took place between himself and Gantt. A fragment of this letter is in the Gantt file at the Bancroft Library.

10. Isaac Cox, in *The Annals of Trinity County* (published first in 1858), quotes P. B. Reading in regard to this trapping expedition:

"In the spring of 1845 I left Sutter's Fort for the purpose of trapping the waters of Upper California and Oregon. My party consisted of thirty men, with one hundred head of horses. In the month of May I crossed the mountains from the Sacramento River, near a point now called the Back-Bone; in about twenty miles' travel reached the banks of a large stream which I called the Trinity. . . . ." Isaac Cox, *The Annals of Trinity County* (Eugene, Oregon: Printed for Harold C. Holmes by John Henry Nash, 1940), p. 2.

11. The story of John Marsh's quest for a wife is told in George Dunlap Lyman, *John Marsh, Pioneer; the Life Story of a Trail Blazer on Six Frontiers* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930).

12. Probably William J. Powell, surgeon on the *U.S.S. Warren*, Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 783.

13. Frances and Susan Cooper were the daughters of Major Stephen Cooper who, with his wife Melinda and six children had come overland to California in 1846. See Zoe Green Radcliffe, "Robert Baylor Semple, Pioneer," in this QUARTERLY, VI (June 1927), 151.

14. "The second document [Book A, Records of Benicia, Fairfield, Solano County] is a . . . . deed from [Mariano Guadalupe] Vallejo to 'Don Thomas O. Larkin and Don Robert Semple,' whereby on May 19, 1847, Vallejo . . . . ceded, transferred and bestowed to the two grantees . . . . a certain tract of land in the estate of Soscol. . . . subject . . . . to the following conditions: (1) The grantees shall found a city, to be called 'Francisca or Benicia' and shall establish a ferry across the Straits. (2) When the city contains a hundred families, ... the ferry boats and landing places shall belong to the town. . . . . (3) Until the hundred families and the municipal authority shall be established, the ferryboats and their income shall belong to Don Robert Semple." Reuben L. Underhill, *From Cowhides to Golden Fleece, A Narrative of California, 1832-1858 Based upon Unpublished Correspondence of Thomas Oliver Larkin . . . .* (Stanford University: Stanford University Press, 1939), p. 157. See also Radcliffe, *op. cit.*, pp. 148-49.

15. "Mr. Wolfskill (John R.) married Miss Susie Cooper, daughter of Stephen Cooper." San Jose *Pioneer*, June 15, 1897, p. 71.

16. The "horse dentist" married the girl! The first wedding to occur in Dr. Semple's new town of Benicia was his own. Around Christmas time, 1847, he was married to Frances, the eldest daughter of Major Stephen Cooper, in the California House. This ceremony was practically the opening event of the new hotel, which was owned by Semple and conducted by Cooper. Radcliffe, *op. cit.*, pp. 151-52.

17. George Yount was a pioneer of 1831. See Charles L. Camp, "The Chronicles of George C. Yount," in this QUARTERLY, II (April 1923), 3-66. Yount's first wife, not having heard from her husband for many years and having given him up for lost, obtained a divorce and married again. She died in 1850 and in 1855 he married a Mrs. Gashweiler.

18. Moses Carson, older brother of Kit Carson, came first to California with Ewing Young in 1831. See Charles L. Camp, "Kit Carson in California," in this QUARTERLY, I (October 1922), 150; and Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 747.

19. John Gantt corresponded with Governor Richard Barnes Mason of California about the appointment as sub-Indian agent at Sonoma. Unbound Documents, 311, Bancroft Library.

The Confederate Minority in California

By Benjamin Franklin Gilbert

INTRODUCTION

DURING the Civil War the majority of the people of California remained loyal to the Union; however, a small minority supported the Confederacy. Although their size and strength were exaggerated by alarmists, the Confederates were never organized to the degree of offering real resistance to Union control. Only seven per cent of California's population had migrated from the Southern states, and the possibility of the creation of a strong and disciplined Confederate minority was slight.[1] Nevertheless, the Southern sympathizers were active in small and loosely organized groups. They formed secret societies and disguised themselves as miners in an attempt to aid the Confederacy. There was some recruiting for the Confederate Army, and bandit parties and privateering enterprises were organized to capture California gold. Confederate propagandists used the press and pulpit to execrate the Union cause. They belittled the Union military effort and magnified the glory of Southern military victories. These varied activities of isolated groups of Confederates placed the Unionists continually on guard to render ineffective the attempts to aid the Secessionist cause. To counterattack these Confederate threats, federal troops were stationed in localities of Southerner sentiment, and "Union Clubs" and "Home Guards" were organized throughout California.

I. SECRET SOCIETIES

Two Confederate secret societies, the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Knights of the Columbian Star, terrified loyal Californians. One author has said, ". . . the primary object of the movement which numbered 100,000 men was to take the Presidio, Mint, and Custom House at Mare Island, and the Arsenal at Benicia."[2] This number was an exaggeration, but the plan to capture the various strategic posts was an actuality. A week before the gubernatorial election of September 4, 1861, the merchants of San Francisco petitioned Simon Cameron, the secretary of war, not to send men from California for service in Texas as they were needed at home to prevent secession. The merchants declared that the position of the state was too hazardous, and that a majority of the present state officials were avowed Secessionists. They stated that the Knights of the Golden Circle were 16,000 strong, and had allied themselves with the Mexicans by promising them a return of their stolen lands.[3]

The secret societies were particularly active in the southern part of the state, the Confederate stronghold, and even in the strongly Unionist city of San Francisco a secret order was instrumental in recruiting soldiers for the Confederate Army. Men were shipped on every steamer leaving the city for Mazatlan, from which port they proceeded to cross Mexico to Texas to fight for the Confederacy.[4]

Typical of the secret societies was the Knights of the Columbian Star. It was so well-guarded and cloaked in secrecy that not even its own members were aware of the entirety of the organization. Each locality had a "lieutenant-governor-general" and a "deputy-governor-general." A "governor-general" for the state attempted to coordinate the activities of the local units. The society was divided into three degrees, and each had its own signs, passwords, grips, and oaths so that members would be able to recognize one another.[5]

The meetings were small in order to avoid suspicion, and only officers and a few trusted members assembled to initiate recruits and to devise the work of the society. Before a candidate was invested with the secret codes, he was examined as to age, occupation, residence, birthplace, military service, and his political opinions regarding States' rights, slavery, and the right to resist "unconstitutional laws." After satisfactorily completing the examination, the candidate took a long and elaborate oath. He swore to resist the election of Lincoln even to the extent of using the force of arms. He also swore to obey his superior officers, to resist all attempts by federal authorities to execute laws considered "unconstitutional" by his officers, to adhere to and support the doctrine of States' rights, and to support the right of a state to maintain the institution of slavery.[6]

Upon accepting the obligations of the oath, the recruits were invested with the signs, passwords, and grips. A member of the first degree upon meeting a brother acted as if he was fitting his coat. This sign was answered by carelessly throwing the left hand to the back. This satisfied the requirement of recognition, and the challenger proceeded with the password as follows:

Q. Do you know Jones?
A. What Jones?
Q. Preacher Jones.
A. Yes.
Q. Have you the password?
A. I have.
Q. Will you give it to me?
A. That is not the way I obtained it.
Q. What will you do with it?
A. I will divide it with you.
Q. Well, you divide it, and begin.
A. No, you begin.

Q. No, you begin: the word is yours.
A. Death.
Q. To.
A. All.
Q. Traitors.[7]

The members of the second degree had laborious and ceremonious rituals when they met one another. After completing various grips, hand-shakes, and gestures, and saying, "Andalusia," "Eloi," "Brother," "Right," they both were satisfied that they were members of the second degree of the Knights of the Columbian Star. The society also had signs for special occasions. The sign of danger was to place the left hand upon the breast and the right hand vertically with the elbow as high as the shoulders. The sign of distress was to clasp the hands together, unlock the fingers, raise them to the chin, and say, "Santa Maria."[8]

These examples illustrate the secrecy, preciseness, and precaution of the Confederate societies. The fact of secrecy left contemporaries in the dark as to the membership of the Knights of the Columbian Star, but one investigator had evidence to believe that Beriah Brown, editor of the *Democratic Press* of San Francisco, was "governor-general" of California, and Charles L. Weller was "lieutenant-governor-general." This investigator also revealed the existence of a plan to elect a "governor-general" of the Pacific Coast who was to have control over the activities of the order in California, Nevada, and Idaho. The investigator believed that Joseph P. Hoge of San Francisco was to receive this position.[9]

The organization of the Knights of the Golden Circle was similar. Members were recruited; took oaths of secrecy, and were armed. The members of the society were often in disguise as Union men, cattle herders, and miners.[10]

The Confederate secret societies were considered as a threat to the security of the southern part of the state. Their widespread organization encouraged expression of Confederate sympathy, and resulted in outbursts of hostilities which were annoying to the Unionists. The federal government took precautionary measures to counteract the activities of the Confederate societies in southern California, and the region was heavily guarded by federal troops throughout the period of the war.

II. MILITARY PREPARATIONS AND BANDITRY

Another matter, giving consternation to the Unionists, was the machinations of groups of miners who congregated in the Bear and Holcomb valleys and in the hills of San Bernardino County. The strength of the pseudo-miners was estimated to be from 1,000 to 1,800 men. Union alarmists asserted that the miners were concentrating in large groups in readiness for sudden participation in guerrilla warfare and banditry. Various charges were made that the miners also planned to invade Mexico to prepare the way for the conquest of California by a Confederate army.[11]

Although many of these assertions were exaggerations, they created a great deal of fear and anxiety. Confederates openly expressed their sympathies, and the exaggerations by alarmists served only to make the adherents of the Secessionist cause appear stronger than they actually were. Nevertheless, the Confederates did cause various disturbances. Attempts to form Union Clubs at San Bernardino and El Monte failed, and during the nights the streets rang with cheers for Jeff Davis and the Stars and Bars. Occasionally, Southern sympathizers and federal soldiers engaged in street fights in which a few soldiers were killed. Thus, to maintain order, it was necessary to station troops at San Bernardino until the termination of the war and to make intermittent encampments at El Monte.

Despite their organizations, the Southern sympathizers failed to cope with a constant military occupation by federal troops of strategic points in California, and they were unable to act. By the middle of 1863, the possibility of a successful armed uprising was lessened, but the organizations remained intact until late in 1864. The miners continued to congregate in the San Bernardino mountains, and the canyons were filled with camps of idle men who sustained themselves by hunting, trapping, and mining in hope that they might find a way to aid the Confederacy.[12]

Some recruiting for the Confederate Army occurred in California, and a few young Southern sympathizers left the state for the South. The route used from southern California was by way of Temecula, Warner's Ranch, and across the desert to Yuma. The journey was easily made since most of the residents along the route were of Southern sentiment. Thus to prevent the sending of expeditions from California and to frustrate any attempted invasion of California, Fort Yuma was made a strong military post and prison by the federal government.[13]

The threat of a Confederate invasion of California was one reason for stationing federal troops in southern California and Arizona. Although minor skirmishes occurred in Arizona, the Confederacy was too involved with the war in the East to consider an engagement in the Far West. Nevertheless, Judge Lansford W. Hastings of Los Angeles presented Jefferson Davis with a plan to raise an army in California, and though the Confederate government refused his proposal, it is pertinent to the story, since the scheme was to make use of the pseudo-miners in southern California. Fake mining companies of Southern partisans were to be organized, and the secret societies were to distribute propaganda pamphlets for recruiting. After thousands of troops were raised in California, the Southerners were to reduce Fort Yuma. The army was then to attack Fort Buchanan, and enter Texas to join the Confederate Army.[14]

In a letter written from City Point, Virginia, on January 8, 1865, Lieutenant General Ulysses S. Grant warned Major General Irwin McDowell, the commander of the Department of the Pacific, to be prepared to cope with an intended invasion of California from Mexico. William McKendree Gwin, the former Senator and political leader of California, was active in Sonora in the service of Emperor Maximilian. Apprehensive of Gwin's designs, General Grant wrote, "May it not be his intentions to entice into Sonora the dissatisfied spirits of California, and if the opportunity occurs, organize them and invade the State?"[15] Grant closed his letters by saying that if the invasion occurred, it would justify the restoration of the legitimate government in Mexico by Union forces. However, an invasion was improbable by this time when the Confederacy was struggling to live, and when in California the Confederate organizations were decidedly weaker.

Few incidents of Confederate banditry occurred in California, but one is unique and merits attention. During the evening of June 30, 1864, the down stage of the Pioneer Stage Company from Virginia City was robbed by six armed men near Sportsman's Hall, about thirteen miles above Placerville.[16] After looting the gold bullion belonging to Wells Fargo & Company, the captain of the band gave the driver of the stage at the time of the escape a receipt which read as follows:

> This is to certify that I have received from Wells, Fargo & Co., the sum of $......... cash, for the purpose of outfitting recruits enlisted in California for the confederate states' army. R. Henry Ingram, captain commanding company, C.S.A.[17]

The following day the bandits went to the Somerset House. Here they encountered the agents of the law, and a fight ensued in which the deputy sheriff of El Dorado County, Joseph M. Staples, was killed. Some of the bandits were captured, but a few managed to escape. Later it was revealed that the robbery was connected with a scheme in Santa Clara County to recruit and equip soldiers for the Confederate Army. In July, others were captured by a sheriff's posse near San Jose. The confession of one of the captured bandits led to the arrest of the remaining members of the band. Of these a few were arrested at a Democratic meeting in San Jose, and a Unionist newspaper describing the arrest reported as follows:

> There can be but little doubt that this band of robbers was organized about the first of May last, for the purpose . . . of procuring volunteers for Jeff Davis in this State. Money, also, was wanted; and to get it they went into the legitimate business of Copperhead guerrillas, robbing and cutting throats on the highway. Every man of them is known to be a "Constitutional Democrat." How execrable in the eyes of all good men should be that party which yields murderers and assassins, thieves and highway robbers to the common jails of the State by the dozen at a haul![18]

During the July term, the El Dorado County grand jury indicted ten of the brigands for the murder of Sheriff Staples. One of these was Thomas B. Poole, who in the previous year had been a participant in an ill-fated Confederate privateering venture which was attempted at San Francisco. The defendants pleaded not guilty, and were given separate trials. Poole was sentenced to be hanged. An appeal to the State Supreme Court was rejected, and he was executed on September 10, 1865, at Placerville. A second bandit received a twenty year sentence in the State Prison at San Quentin, and the others were released on legal technicalities.[19]

III. PRIVATEERING

Confederates early conceived the idea of preventing California from trading with the North, and the lure of gold in Pacific waters resulted in attempted privateering ventures. It was readily conceivable that a stoppage of the flow of gold from the mines of California would weaken the credit and purchasing power of the Union, and the large annual shipments of gold and silver from San Francisco to Northern and European ports appeared as rich prizes to Confederate adventurers. Asbury Harpending and Ridgley Greathouse, natives of Kentucky, planned a large scale attack on United States commerce in the Pacific. In 1863 their enterprise was launched at San Francisco. This incident is known as the "*Chapman* Affair."[20]

Harpending went to Richmond, and procured letters of marque from the Confederate government which authorized him to burn, bond, or capture United States vessels. He returned to San Francisco in either January or February of 1863, and began preparations for the enterprise. A young Englishman, Alfred Rubery by name, joined the adventurers. Harpending hired William C. Law, a sea captain who had been employed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Greathouse, the financier of the enterprise, purchased the *J. M. Chapman*, a swift ninety-ton vessel. The ship was converted into a privateer. A crew was hired, and arms and ammunition were concealed aboard the vessel.[21]

Harpending devised extensive plans which would include the occupation of an island rendezvous off Mexico, and the capture of larger vessels with the intent of having a formidable fleet of privateers flying the Stars and Bars in Pacific waters. The adventurers cleared the ship at the customhouse, disguising themselves as merchants who intended to engage in coastal trade with Mexican ports. However, the federal authorities became aware of the plans by the betrayal of William C. Law who revealed the enterprise of which he was captain. In the meantime, federal agents kept a daily watch of the proceedings of the privateers, and when they attempted an escape to sea on the morning of March 15, 1863, the Confederates were captured by customhouse and naval officers.[22]

The "*Chapman* Affair" was but one of the many attempts at privateering on California commerce. The other incidents were also frustrated by the federal government. They ended in the same, if not more, futile manner. Yet the attempts at privateering indicate the strong desire of a Confederate minority in a Unionist stronghold to aid a cause which they believed to be justified.

IV. PROPAGANDA THROUGH THE PRESS

The newspaper was the most important propaganda vehicle supporting the Confederate cause in California. After the Unionists won control of California, the Secessionist newspapers were few in number and expressed the feelings of only a small proportion of the population. Their number and influence have been exaggerated because of the suppression of Democratic newspapers by the Unionist and military authorities. Many Democratic newspapers which opposed the war and Lincoln's administration have been classified as the "Copperhead" press, but they were not Confederate and did not outrightly support the Confederacy. Some were suppressed for the slightest opposition to the administration and have been incorrectly labeled Confederate.

The Confederate newspapers were short-lived and found conditions unfavorable in California for the dissemination of their propaganda. Nevertheless, they were both sensational and dramatic, and being minority papers they appear novel and ridiculous today. However, the majority of the Unionists found them irritating and disturbing, and their reaction was to suppress and destroy the newspapers.

Most vociferous of the Confederate newspapers was the Visalia *Equal Rights Expositor*. Its editorials urged support of secession, fought against Unionist coercion, discouraged enlistment in the Union Army, magnified Union defeats, belittled Union victories, and ridiculed President Lincoln as "a narrow-minded bigot," "an unprincipled demagogue," "a drivelling, idiotic, imbecile creature," who is ". . . regarded with pity approaching contempt by the whole world, and will die universally execrated."[23]

Visalia was a veritable hot-bed of Secessionist sentiment. It has been said that there were more Confederates in proportion to population in Tulare County than anywhere else outside the Confederacy.[24] Every day the Confederates rode through the streets of Visalia, and gave cheers for Jeff Davis and Stonewall Jackson. Dr. W. A. Russell, a typical "Secesh" leader of Visalia, after paying his license, posted it in a conspicuous place in his office and wrote under it the words: "I pay this license to help murder my people."[25]

In the local elections the "Anti-coercion" party triumphed over the Union party, and it was only natural that a Confederate newspaper would receive support and circulation in Visalia.[26] In such an atmosphere Lovick P. Hall and S. J. Garrison, two ardent Confederate journalists, saw the opportunity for the expression of their sympathies. In the fall of 1862, they purchased the Visalia *Tulare Post* and gave it the more appropriate name of *Equal Rights Expositor*.[27]

Lovick Pierce Hall, named by his journalistic companions as "Long Primer" Hall, was born in Mississippi. He learned the newspaper business in the 1830's, and his subsequent career was as a Democratic editor. He came to California in the 1850's, and edited the *Butte Record* and the *Placer Democrat.* In 1857, he appeared in Oregon as a journalist urging the adoption of slavery. In 1860, he returned to California and wrote for various Democratic organs.[28] It is in connection with his writings in the *Expositor* at Visalia that his career becomes of relevant interest.

Experience made Hall a very able writer, and he clearly and vigorously justified the principles of the secession philosophy by blending logic with emotion. He carefully presented the arguments for States' rights in a logical fashion, but he was at his best in writing inflammatory editorials in violent denunciation of Lincoln's administration and its prosecution of war against the Confederacy.

In one of its first editorials the *Expositor* justified the right of the Confederate states in secession: "So far as the present unhappy civil war is concerned, we neither fear nor hesitate to express the belief that the South stands justified before God and before the world, for the position she has assumed."[29]

In their Thanksgiving Day issue of November 29, 1862, the Confederate editors magnified Union defeats and gave thanks for Confederate victories in the following mimic prayer:

> O Lord, we thank thee for letting the rebels wallop us at the battle of Pittsburg Landing—for letting them smite us hip and thigh, even unto the destruction of 9,600 of our good loyal soldiers, and 463 of our officers; and for giving speed to their legs through the awful swamps of Chickahominy; and, O Lord, most especially do we thank thee for the licking they gave us at Bull Run the second, and assisting our flight from that fatal field; and, O Lord, never while we live will we forget Antietam, where we had 200,000 and they only 70,000—if they, O Lord, had a happened to a had as many men as we, we'd have been a done gone in—and that friendly creek between us, the mountain that kept our men from running—and, O God of Isaac and Jacob, your special providence in sending night to our aid saved us. For the battle of Perrysville, O God, when we lost 20,000 and the rebels only 2,500, we thank thee also.[30]

Both the person and the acts of Lincoln were condemned and ridiculed in the various issues of the *Expositor*. Lincoln was described as the President of a few manufacturing corporations. His election was regarded as accidental. His cabinet and Congress were called: "the most tyrannical and corrupt crew that ever polluted the earth,"[31] and once Lincoln was referred to as, "the cadaverous, long shanked, mule-countenanced rail splitter of Illinois."[32]

The *Expositor* attempted to weaken the Union cause by various propaganda techniques. The war that the "Abolition Congress" or the "Black Republican Congress" was prosecuting was described as unnecessary and unconstitutional. The war was regarded as an unrelenting war against an unoffending people who were denied the right of self-government. The liberties of the white man were depicted as being disregarded and made subservient to the interests of the black man. Victory for the South was forecast, and it was said that the North would stand a monument of disgrace.[33]

Illustrative documents supporting the States' rights philosophy of government, such as the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, were printed in the *Expositor*. When the news of proposals for the colonization of Negroes reached the *Expositor*, the editors urged as an alternative the colonization of abolitionists. In describing the news of a failure by Union soldiers to arrest a Secessionist editor, the larger type above the news article read: "FEDERAL TYRANNY RESISTED—ABOLITION VILLAINY WILL NOT BE TOLERATED."[34] Besides suppressing news unfavorable to the Confederacy, the *Expositor* fabricated news. The following is an example:

> Lo The Poor White Man.—White troops are shivering with cold and suffering terrible exposure, in consequence of lack of proper and sufficient clothing, a contract for the manufacture of fifty thousand suits for the delicate contrabands has been awarded by the War Department to a firm in the city of New York. The negro is provided for, and comfortably clothed—the white soldiers are neglected.[35]

On September 5, 1862, by order of General George Wright, commanding the Department of the Pacific, the *Expositor*, together with the Stockton *Argus* and San Jose *Tribune*, were denied the privilege of sending their sheets through the United States mails or express companies because of "disloyal practices." Later the Placerville *Mountain Democrat* and the Stockton *Democrat* were also excluded from the mails.[36] The Unionist journal and the rival of the *Expositor*, the Visalia *Delta*, undoubtedly welcomed General Wright's edict, but the *Expositor's* reaction to the edict was written as follows:

> This act of despotism has by no means astonished us. We have waited in weekly expectation of it ever since we commenced our labors. A free press has never yet been tolerated by any power that conspired against the liberties of the people. Will any one now dare say that they live under a free government, that thus outrages the liberties of the press and of free speech? . . . Men who will continue their support of such a government steeped in infamy as it is, are fit only for slaves.[37]

The order eliminating the disloyal newspapers from the mails increased the cost of their circulation. Hall and Garrison could not meet the additional cost, and it was only the voluntary contributions of their friends that made further publication possible. Wright's edict remained in effect until the following January, and during the period of its enforcement the women of Tulare County kept the *Expositor* alive by their contributions of more than $300. It is of no wonder then that in appreciation of their support the editors published the following poem in the *Expositor:*

THE GIRLS OF TULARE

Hurrah for the matrons and maids of Tulare,
Their hearts are as brave, as their faces fair;
They are as warm and as bright as their own sunny clime,
That land that they love, with devotion sublime;
Oh who in the gloomy north can compare?
With our own southern girls, the girls of Tulare?

CHORUS

Then hurrah for the matrons and maids of Tulare,
Their hearts are as brave as their faces are fair.
How flash their bright eyes with scorn and disdain,
Should any one dare of the south to complain;
Yet like the soft zephyrs that sigh through the cane,
They weep for their kindred, the wounded and slain,
They are gentle and kind, yet with courage so rare,
They could whip all the Union men of Tulare.

CHORUS

Their soft cheeks how they glow when the news, it doth come,
Of all the brave deeds that our hero's hath done.
For the cause, all they have they would freely bestow—
And nightly they pray for old Abe's overthrow.
Oh! may all the blessings that Heaven can spare,
Be theirs, the brave wives and maiden of Tulare.[38]

On October 8, 1862, a military post, Camp Babbitt, was established about one mile north of Visalia with two companies from the Second Cavalry of the California Volunteers.[39] The soldiers were stationed there to prevent any danger to the government from the hands of the Confederates. Visalia was now threatened by a veritable civil war, and the Southerners continually insulted the soldiers and attempted to shoot the buttons off their coats. The soldiers were called, "Lincoln's hirelings," and were told that they wore, "Abe Lincoln's livery."[40] Fisticuffs between the citizens and soldiers were of daily occurrence, and on November 29, 1862, one soldier and two citizens were shot in a fight. The following day the soldier died from the wounds inflicted.[41]

Shortly after the establishment of Camp Babbitt, "Home Guards" were organized by the Union men of Visalia, and one man, apparently a Southerner said: "Some of them were distressingly loyal—so much so, that they did not think it right for Southern men, nor those that sympathized with the South to live."[42] Since it was deprived of its postal privileges, the *Expositor* became more and more bitter in its abuse of the government, and in the words of the commander of the Second Cavalry at Visalia, "until it goes as far if not further than the vilest sheet published in Richmond." The commander demanded the arrest of the editors, Hall and Garrison, and said: ". . . if this paper is allowed to be published, as it has been . . . all the officers between here and the Potomac . . . cannot prevent frequent collisions between the soldiers and the citizens, the ultimate result of which will be civil war."[43]

Finally, Hall and Garrison were arrested for "disloyal practices,"[44] but upon taking the oath of loyalty they were released. Confederates in California had often taken these oaths of loyalty, but they paid little attention to them and called them either the "gag oath" or "military despotism oath."[45]

Hall and Garrison continued to print disloyalty. There was no change in their editorial policy, and Hall wrote and printed four days after his arrest as follows: "As to the oath we have taken, it conflicts with no sentiment we before entertained, and the character of the paper will undergo no change. We believe the war to be wrong, and dishonoring to the government, and shall oppose it with all the zeal we can command."[46]

On March 5, 1863, Hall published his last issue. An article which was abusive to volunteers in the army, entitled "California Cossacks,"[47] infuriated the Union men and soldiers of Visalia, and they decided to take matters into their own hands. On the night of March 5, 1863, shortly after nine o'clock, a mob of seventy or eighty Union men, led by soldiers from Camp Babbitt, took fifteen minutes to demolish completely the press and offices of the *Expositor*. They broke the doors and windows of the building. Then they broke the press, type, paper, and ink, and threw them into the street. Having finished their task, the self-styled vigilantes fired shots into the air, and shouted, "where's your secession paper now!"[48] The Unionists now paraded up Visalia's main street, stopped in front of the offices of the loyal newspaper, the *Delta*, and saluted it with three rousing cheers.

After the destruction of his newspaper, Hall joined the staff of the *Merced Banner*. In February 1864, this newspaper was also destroyed by mob action, and Hall left for Jackson where he wrote political articles for the *Amador Dispatch*. But soon he was arrested again and imprisoned in Fort Alcatraz where he remained until his release in September 1865, after the war had ended.[49]

The *Expositor* was an exception in that it went to extremes in its support of the Confederacy. The other pro-Confederate journals were not so abrupt and outspoken. Nevertheless, they wrote vulgar accusations against Lincoln, and opposed the Emancipation Proclamation. They regarded the draft as a suppression of human liberty. News stories of graft in Federal departments were fabricated, and other tactics, already told, were used to win sympathy for the Confederacy. In condemning Lincoln for his Emancipation Proclamation, the *Merced Banner*, of Snelling, said:

> President Lincoln sits in an easy chair at Washington and issues his proclamation, taking the property of the people without their consent, to pay for the freedom of the negro at the rate of $300 a head, and to feed, clothe, and educate them, which means to excite their brute passions against their masters and mistresses, and instigate them to such massacres as we have witnessed. . . . Such things as these take place among us, and yet there are miserable, slavish dupes who uphold the President and say it is all right. What signifies that the man who usurps such power is called President? He is none the less a despot. Whoso supports a man or party who commits murder, is himself a participant in the crime.[50]

Most of the newspapers of Confederate sympathy remained within the limits of Unionist toleration, and only reported the news from a Southern slant. For example, the *San Joaquin Republican* in describing the war in the

South, emphasized the unity and determination of the South in its efforts "to annihilate the invading foe," and it said, "the war is waged for the defence of Southern homes and firesides, of Southern nationality."[51] The *Constitutional Democrat* of Ukiah and the Marysville *Express* violently opposed the Republican party and the Lincoln administration.[52] The *Sonoma County Democrat* of Santa Rosa upheld States' rights.[53] Many short propaganda witticisms such as the following appeared under the main news articles of the *Merced Banner:* "A loyal *league* is defined to be the distance between an abolitionist and *any* battle field."[54]

When the news was received of Lincoln's assassination on April 15, 1865, the people of San Francisco were shocked into an emotional despair, and they wandered restlessly through the city streets. Resentful mobs began to destroy the offices of several San Francisco newspapers which had occasionally opposed Lincoln's administration. A group of men entered the offices of the *Democratic Press*, and after a thorough job of general smashing, they threw all the type out of the window. The editor, Beriah Brown, immediately left for San Leandro. The police broke up the mob, but it assembled again and entered the offices of the Catholic newspaper, the *Monitor*. Again the mob administered a similar treatment. Not yet satisfied with their damages, they demolished the *News Letter*, edited by the Englishman, Frederick Marriott, and the *Occident*, published by the Secessionist, Zachariah Montgomery. After burning the printing cases of these newspapers in the streets, the mob prepared themselves for the invasion of the offices of the French newspaper, *Echo du Pacifique*. However, the crowd was pacified by Fred MacCrellish, the owner of the *Alta California*. He succeeded in saving the French journal which was in the same building as his newspaper. The police now arrived on the scene, and drove the mob back. General Irwin McDowell placed the city under martial law, and the United States troops guarded the streets of San Francisco. The mobs were dispersed, and by the next morning quiet was restored.[55]

V. PROPAGANDA THROUGH THE PULPIT

The pulpit was another vehicle of propaganda used by Confederates in California. There were some Southern sympathizers in the Methodist South, Catholic, and Episcopal churches, but the churches as bodies were loyal to the Union.[56] A report of the committee on the "State of the Country" of the Methodist Church typifies the general feeling of churchmen in California. The report read as follows: "We are in favor of the most decisive blows, however painful their effects, as the most merciful solution of the dreadful problem which the seceding States have compelled us to grapple with."[57]

However, a few ministers preaching their own opinions, not those of the churches, openly favored the South. Emissaries of the Methodist Church South, penetrating the rural districts of California and as far north as the

Columbia River in Oregon, stirred up a hatred for the Lincoln administration, and spread the gospel of pro-slavery politics. Methodist ministers were viewed suspiciously by the authorities, and when Bishop Kavanaugh of Georgia entered California under a Confederate pass, he was arrested. He was released only after assuring the authorities of his non-political affiliation and willingness to take an oath of loyalty.[58]

The Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, of Benicia, was an avowed Secessionist. He became a candidate for the State assembly on the John C. Breckinridge platform. The reaction was that his trustees resigned; his choir refused to sing; his Sunday school threatened to leave the church, and the congregation refused to receive the sacrament at his hands.[59]

The Rev. L. D. Hargis, the pastor of the Methodist Church of Stockton, refused to follow the usual Fourth of July custom of ringing the church bell. Despite the pastor's refusal, the infuriated citizens of the city received permission from the church trustees to ring the bell. Determined not to permit the ringing, the pastor locked the doors of the church. The Secessionist group had boasted that the bell would not be rung at sundown on the Fourth. However, the Union men threatened to destroy the church, and on the afternoon of the third, they placed Captain Charles M. Weber's small cannon in front of it. Then they loaded the cannon with powder and scrap iron. On the morning of the Fourth, Stephen Davis, an ardent Unionist, crawled through the church widow, and at sunrise he began to ring the bell. Awakened by the ringing, the pastor hurried to the church. But when he attempted to stop the clanging, Davis twisted his wrist around the rope of the bell. Hargis cried out in pain, and the Union men cheered. Another Secessionist, Thomas Laspeyre, entered the church to aid the pastor, but he received a terrific blow in the face which sent him through the church door onto the sidewalk. Again the crowd cheered, and the incident proved to be a victory for the Unionists.[60]

In San Francisco the Rev. William A. Scott, pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church on Bush Street, always offered prayers "for all presidents and rulers and all officers of the army and navy."[61] Scott was a Southerner with a strong sectional feeling. In 1854, he came to San Francisco from New Orleans to fill a vacancy in the church. He became very influential with the congregation, but when war broke out, his popularity waned because of his expression of Confederate sympathy.[62] He claimed that Jefferson Davis was no more of a traitor than George Washington, and the result was that mobs began to hold demonstrations in front of his church.

At one o'clock in the morning of September 22, 1861, a mob began to assemble in front of the church. American flags were placed on the church, and an effigy hanging by the neck and bearing the inscription, "Dr. Scott, the reverend traitor," was tied to the church building. By eight o'clock, some 2,000 people had assembled around the church. One woman removed a flag from a lamp post, and a near riot began when a man believed to be a Secessionist was attacked by the crowd. Scott arrived at ten o'clock, and entered the church. A few groans came from the crowd, but they yelled with joy when one man threw an American flag over the entrance and forced the minister to walk beneath it. Scott read a doctrinal sermon, and indirectly dwelt on the fact that the church did not deal with politics, but rather with peace and good will toward men. Soon after the demonstration, Dr. Scott received several threatening letters. Popular demand forced him to resign. The church trustees accepted his resignation, and Scott sailed for Europe.[63]

VI. OTHER ANTI-UNION SPEAKERS

The Confederates delivered disloyal speeches throughout California during the war period. Perhaps the most famous speech was one delivered by Edmund Randolph on August 5, 1861. Speaking at a Breckinridge convention in Sacramento, Randolph concluded his speech by saying:

> My thoughts and my heart are not here tonight in this house. Far to the east, in the homes from which we came, tyranny and usurpation, with arms in its hands, is this night, perhaps slaughtering our fathers, our brothers, and our sisters, and outraging our homes in every conceivable way shocking to the heart of humanity and freedom. . . . For God's sake, tell me of battles fought and won. Tell me of the usurpers overthrown; that Missouri is again a free state, no longer crushed under the armed heel of a reckless, and odious despot. . . . If this be rebellion, then I am a rebel. Do you want a traitor? then I am a traitor. For God's sake speed the ball; may the lead go quick to his heart, and may our country be free from this despot usurper that now claims the name of the president of the United States.[64]

This was Randolph's last public address, and William Rhodes, who attended the convention meeting in company with Judge Joseph G. Baldwin, has left a record of "the terrible invective." Randolph was a dying man, yet he spoke with ". . . the fury of an inflamed patriot and the frenzy of an inspired prophet." "Great God," exclaimed Judge Baldwin, "did you ever hear eloquence like that? Randolph seems to be on fire."[65] Randolph spoke with an intense passion and uttered hysterical shrieks, but it was a fruitless effort since California proved to be loyal to the Union.

Many Confederate sympathizers were arrested for delivering disloyal speeches. In October 1862, E. J. C. Kewen, an assemblyman from southern California, was arrested for the utterance of treasonable language, and was imprisoned in Fort Alcatraz.[66] In August 1864, Charles L. Weller, the "Copperhead" candidate for sheriff of San Francisco, was arrested for discouraging enlistment in the army and for urging resistance to a draft, whenever one would be instituted in California.[67] On June 1, 1865, John McCall was arrested at Potter Valley for using grossly abusive language in expressing in one speech his approval of Lincoln's assassination, and then for denying in another speech that Lee had surrendered or Lincoln had been assassinated. McCall was brought 150 miles under military guard to Fort Alcatraz, where he was confined for six days and compelled to perform manual labor for committing "military offenses."[68]

VII. FLAG WAVING AND BAND WAGON DRIVES

Flag-waving was another method by which the Confederate minority expressed their sympathy. On conspicuous buildings, especially on Federal property, Confederates placed Pacific Republic, Grizzly Bear, Lone Star, and Confederate flags in order to symbolize their belief in States' rights. The flags usually were left untouched in centers of Secessionist sentiment, but in a Unionist stronghold like San Francisco, they were immediately removed. In parades and demonstrations held by the Confederates, the Bear Flag was often seen in El Monte, San Bernardino, Merced, Buttle Mills, and Visalia.[69]

During the early part of the war period, Confederate band-wagon drives gave color to the elections. As election time drew near in San Francisco, "democratic broom-rangers" paraded the streets to the tunes of "Dixie Land" and "Johnny Comes Marching Home."[70] In an election campaign of Merced County, Peter Dinwiddie Wigginton stumped the county, and spoke in favor of Secessionist candidates. Wigginton was always accompanied by Jim Wilson, who sang his favorite songs, "We'll Hang Abe Lincoln to a Tree," and "We'll Drive the Bloody Tyrant Lincoln From Our Dear Native Soil."[71] However, these incidents were the exception, and as such they appeared annoying to the Unionists.

Confederate propaganda in California was of small magnitude. It was the unorganized effort of a minority to express their sympathies and to win support for a cause they believed justified. However, California proved to be overwhelmingly Unionist in sentiment. The reaction of the majority in California to Confederate propaganda is an indication of the minority status of the Confederates. Confederate sympathizers were arrested, and their civil liberties were suppressed. Many of these arrests were unnecessary, and, unfortunately, many innocent people were charged with disloyalty and treason.

NOTES

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2. Charles Mial Dustin, "The Knights of the Golden Circle," *The Pacific Monthly*, XXVI (November 1911), 495.

3. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (70 v., Washington, D. C., 1880-1901), Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. II, pp. 589-91.

4. *Ibid.*, pp. 938-41.

5. *Ibid.*

6. *Ibid.*

7. *Ibid.*

8. *Ibid.*

9. *Ibid.*

10. *Ibid.*, pp. 1018-19.

11. *Ibid.*, Pt. I, pp. 614-15.

12. Percival Cooney, "Southern California in Civil War Days," *Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California*, Vol. XIII, Pt. I (1924), p. 62.

13. *Ibid.*, pp. 60-61.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 62-66; see also William J. Hunsaker, "Lansford W. Hastings' Project for the Invasion and Conquest of Arizona and New Mexico for the Southern Confederacy," in *The Arizona Historical Review*, IV (July 1931), 5-12.

15. Original letter in the possession of the California Historical Society, printed in this Quarterly, XIII (March 1934), 38-39; also in *The War of the Rebellion: . . . . Armies*, Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. II, p. 1118.

16. John Godfrey Schaffer, "The Early History of the Wells Fargo Express" (M.S. thesis, University of California, 1921), p. 95.

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18. "California Politics," Hayes Collection (Scrapbooks of newspaper clippings, Bancroft Library), Vol. VII, No. 72.

19. Davis, *op. cit.*, pp. 204-5.

20. San Francisco *Daily Alta California*, March 16, 17, 1863.

21. James Wilkins, ed., *The Great Diamond Hoax and Other Stirring Events in the Life of Asbury Harpending* (San Francisco, 1913), pp. 45-52, 65-66; *The War of the Rebellion: . . . . Armies*, Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. II, p. 364; *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion* (27 v., Washington, D. C., 1894-1914), Ser. I, Vol. III, pp. 948-49.

22. Wilkins, *op. cit.*, pp. 73-82; *The Federal Cases: Comprising Cases Argued and Determined in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States* (St. Paul, 1894-1898), Case No. 15,254.

23. Visalia *Equal Rights Expositor*, October 18, 1862, as quoted in John Jewett Earle, "The Sentiment of the People of California with Respect to the Civil War" (M.L. thesis, University of California, 1904), p. 45.

24. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. I, p. 236.

25. *Ibid.*

26. W. D. McDaniels, "Early Days in California," 1878 (original MS, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley), p. 43.

27. Ralph Simpson Kuykendall, "A California State Rights Editor," *Grizzly Bear*, XXIV (January 1913), 3.

28. *Loc. cit.*

29. *Equal Rights Expositor*, August 30, 1862, as quoted in Earle, *op. cit.*, p. 41.

30. *Ibid.*, November 29, 1862, as quoted in Earle, *op. cit.*, pp. 44-45.

31. *Ibid.*, December 13, 1862, as quoted in Earle, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

32. *Ibid.*, October 25, 1862, as quoted in Earle, p. 45.

33. *Ibid.*, August 30, September 6, October 18, November 1, December 13, 1862, February 6, 1863, as quoted in Earle, *passim.*

34. *Ibid.*, February 6, 1863.

35. *Ibid.*

36. *The War of the Rebellion: . . . . Armies*, Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. II, pp. 456-57.

37. *Equal Rights Expositor*, September 20, 1863, quoted in Earle, *op. cit.*, p. 52.

38. *Ibid.*, February 6, 1863.

39. *The War of the Rebellion: .... Armies*, Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. II, pp. 139, 156.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 236.

41. *Ibid.*

42. McDaniels, *op. cit.*, p. 42.

43. *The War of the Rebellion: .... Armies*, Ser. I, Vol. L, Pt. II, pp. 236-37.

44. *Ibid.*, p. 277.

45. McDaniels, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

46. *Equal Rights Expositor*, January 9, 1863, as quoted in Earle, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

47. Sacramento *Daily Union*, March 17, 1863.

48. Bancroft Scraps, "California Journalism," Set W38, p. 14.

49. Kuykendall, *op. cit.*, p. 4.

50. Snelling *Merced Banner*, November 21, 1863.

51. Stockton *Daily San Joaquin Republican*, September 10, 1861.

52. Ukiah *Constitutional Democrat*, October 8, 1863.

53. Santa Rosa *Sonoma County Democrat*, March 13, 1862.

54. *Merced Banner*, November 21, 1863.

55. George Henry Tinkham, *California, Men and Events, 1769-1890* (Stockton, 1915), pp. 200-1.

56. *Ibid.*, p. 195.

57. Charles Volney Anthony, *Fifty Years of Methodism* (San Francisco, 1901), p. 231.

58. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (7 v., San Francisco, 1884-90), VII, 309.

59. *Daily Union*, August 17, 1861.

60. Tinkham, *op. cit.*, pp. 195-96.

61. *Ibid.*, p. 196.

62. Samuel D. Woods, *Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast* (New York, 1910), p. 169.

63. *Daily Alta California*, September 23, 1861; see also William A. Scott, *My Residence in and Departure from California* [Paris, 1861].

64. Winfield J. Davis, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

65. William Rhodes, "Edmund Randolph," in Oscar Shuck, ed., *Representative and Leading Men of the Pacific* (San Francisco, 1870), pp. 591-95.

66. Tinkham, *op. cit.*, pp. 194-95.

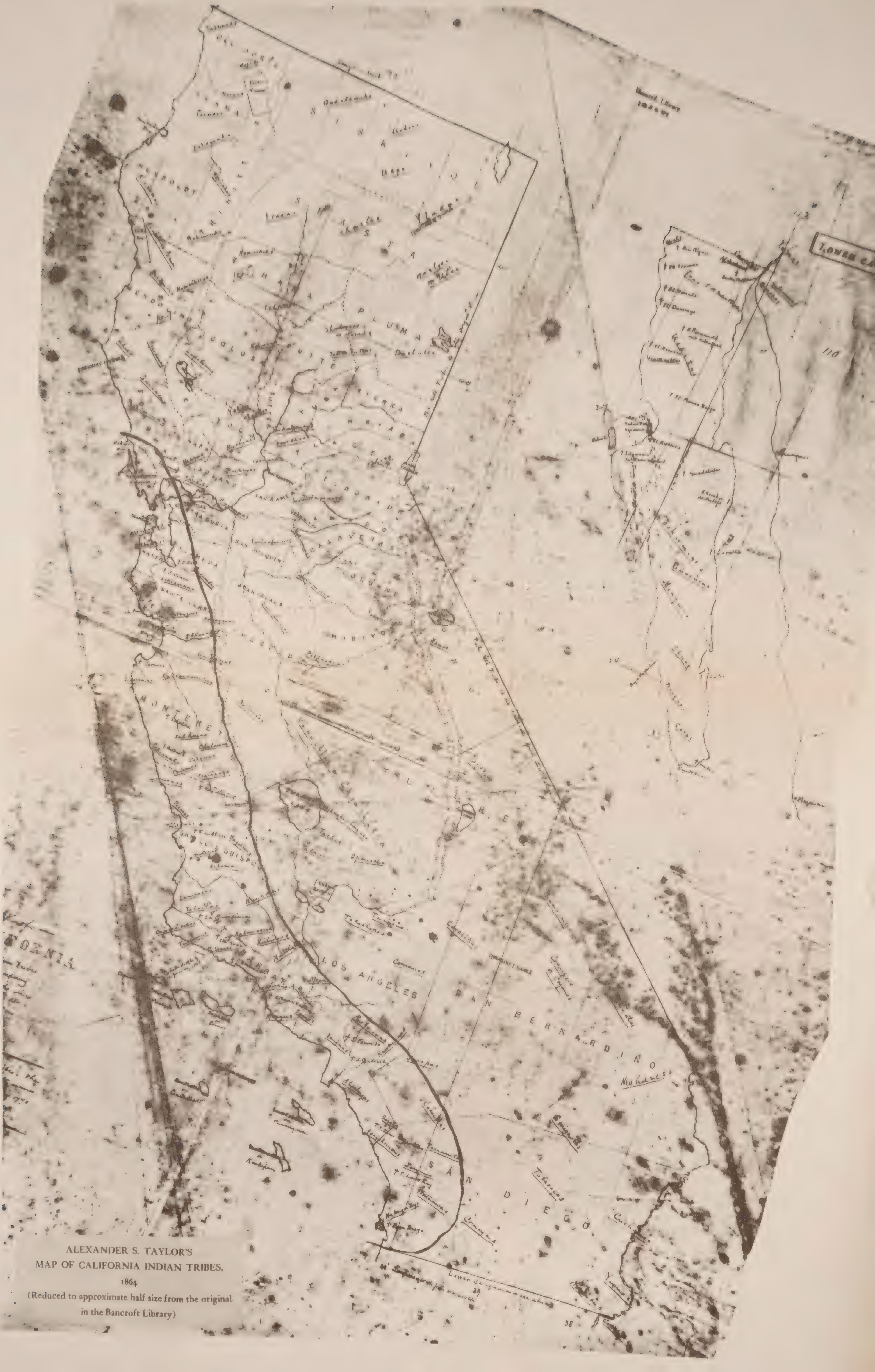
67. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VII, 308.

68. *The Federal Cases, Comprising Cases Argued and Determined in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States*, "McCall *vs.* McDowell, *et al.*," Case No. 8673, pp. 235-38.

69. *Daily Union*, February 4, 1861. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VII, 279.

70. Bancroft, *op .cit.*, VII, 307-10.

71. Tinkham, *op. cit.*, p. 195.


HUMBOLDT
MENDOCINO
COLUSA
BUTTE
PLUMAS
SIERRA
NEVADA
PLACER
EL DORADO
SACRAMENTO
CALAVERAS
TUOLUMNE
MARIPOSA
MERCED
MONTEREY
SAN LUIS OBISPO
SANTA BARBARA
LOS ANGELES
SAN BERNARDINO
SAN DIEGO
Mohaves
LOWER CA
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FORNIA

ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR'S
MAP OF CALIFORNIA INDIAN TRIBES,
1864
(Reduced to approximate half size from the original
in the Bancroft Library)

Alexander S. Taylor's Map of California Indian Tribes, 1864

By Robert Fleming Heizer

MOST California historians and anthropologists are acquainted with Alexander Smith Taylor's work, "The Indianology of California,"[1] which still remains hidden away in its recondite newspaper source. This early work has been widely used by later authors, notably Powers,[2] Bancroft,[3] and Kroeber.[4] Its value, regardless of numerous errors of various sorts, lies in the recording of a large body of source data concerning native groups now extinct, particularly many of the coastal tribes who came under Spanish mission influence.

Presented here is the reproduction of a tribal distribution map drawn by Taylor himself in 1864. So far as has been determined, this map has not appeared in print before. It is referred to by Bancroft in his *Native Races*.[5] Starting with this clue as to the existence of this map, a search of the map room of the Bancroft Library at length produced the original. To Dr. Herbert I. Priestley of the Bancroft Library we are indebted for permission to reproduce the document.

The accompanying tables give the native names, arranged geographically by counties, as they appear on the map.[6] Parallel columns refer to printed references and descriptions of these groups which will help in their identification. It is hoped that such references will be an aid to those persons using Bancroft's and Taylor's works who are faced with the not uncommon problem of being unable to determine easily the identification and geographical location of the native groups mentioned.

It is obvious that Taylor's map shows only a small fraction of the total number of Californian native groups and place names of Indian origin.[7] It may also be stated here that there are numerous errors on the Taylor map—some of the more obvious will be indicated below. The names appearing on the map all seem to be of the same order; this, however, is not the case. Native political units within the state varied considerably: the only true tribes, each having a name, dialect, and territory, were the Yokuts of the San Joaquin Valley;[8] most commonly the California Indians designated themselves by the appellation of the place (village, territory, etc.) in which they lived. In the latter instance, the inhabitants of a group of villages might all speak the same dialect and call themselves by the name of the village community to which each belonged, or in some cases, by the name of the leading village of the group. Taylor apparently did not recognize this; his map, therefore, mixes single villages and larger political units indiscriminately. Where possible names referring to single village sites are indicated; the remainder refer to larger political or dialectic groups.

The map is titled: "Outline map of Upper and Lower California showing the location of the Principal Indian Tribes best known from 1542 to 1863, to accompany the 'Precis India Californicus' published in Bancroft's Hand-Book Almanac for 1864."[9]

Taylor's sources of information constitute the greatest single problem to be solved in order to interpret fully his major work, the "Indianology." The excellent biographical account of Taylor[10] helps somewhat, but only after long and careful checking through the printed sources shall we some day be able to reconstruct his bibliography. After this has been done, we shall be in a better position to ascertain which of the native names that appear on his map were derived from the already published literature, and which from Taylor's own observations. This much is clear—Taylor knew southern California far better than the northern part of the state. His placing of the *Tutunahs* (Tututni?) of the Oregon coast and the *Tolowahs* (Tolowa) in northwestern California are obvious errors. These groups have been shifted by Taylor too far south. Many of the names which appear on the map seem not to be found elsewhere—e. g., *Dashutes*, *Totso Tutoos;* these may have been tribal names of which he learned and at whose location he guessed. My equation of Taylor's *Copahs* of Klamath County with the Copeh of Capay Valley in the Sacramento Valley is perhaps erroneous, since there may have actually been such a northern village or ethnic group.[11] The *Niahbella Pomas* are presumably a forgotten village of northern Pomo. The *Wobimuks* appear to be unrecorded by other authors—at any rate in works known or accessible to this writer. The *Nometuttes* likewise have not been identified. *Sejat*, *Tabasaca*, and *Hocanba* are probably native villages from which neophytes were drawn for the missions. The names of the Channel Islands are those listed in 1542 by Cabrillo. The tribal distribution in Baja California has some inaccuracies (e. g., *Edwes*), and is not complete.

Taylor delved deeply into the mission archives, and his writings refer to numerous villages [12] within the sphere of influence of the various mission establishments. In large part, this remains the standard source for such data.[13] The heavy line inclosing the coast tribes from southern Sonoma County to San Diego according to the legend on Taylor's map "includes the Mission Indian District from 1770 to 1840."

There is little more that need be said—here is the map. It will prove useful to those who have occasion to consult Taylor's "Indianology of California," and Bancroft's *Native Races*, Vol. I, to all students of California place names, and to anthropologists who are interested in the early historic period, a time of tremendous change and alteration in the aboriginal situation.[14]

TAYLOR MAP, 1864

County	*Name*	*Handbook of the American Indians*	*Kroeber, Handbook*	*Village*	*Other Authorities*
Del Norte	Tutunahs	II, 857-58	—		
Klamath	Copahs	I, 343	—		Merriam[15] (Copeh, Capay)
	Hoopas	I, 581-84	128, 895 (Hupa, Hoopa)		
	Terwars	—	10, 73 (Terwer)	X	
	Tolowahs	II, 773	123-27		
Humboldt	Kiapomas	II, 276	154 (Kaipomo)		
	Niahbella Pomas	—	—		?
Trinity	Wobimuks	—	—		?
	Waylakas	II, 893-94	151-54 (Wailaki)		
	Oukskenahs	I, 712 (Klamath)	318 (Klamath)		
Siskiyou	Modocs	I, 918-19	318-35		
	Ukas	II, 1008-9 (Yuki)	159-201 (Yuki)		
	Ylakas	II, 893-94 (Wailaki)	151-54 (Wailaki)		
Shasta	Yrekas	I, 687 (Kikatsik)	357 (Shasta)		
	Shastas	II, 527-29	285-304		
Plumas	Washoes, Utes	II, 920-21	568-73		
	Dashutes	—	—		?
Tehama	Nometacks	II, 79 (Noamlaki)	356, 359 (Nomlaki)		
	Tehamas	II, 79 (Noamlaki)	897		
Butte	Shoshoozes }	II, 987 (Yana)?	336-41 (Yana)?		
	Nosaks }				
	Totoso Tutoos	—	—		?
Mendocino	Betumbis	II, 912 (Mitomkai Pomo)	230 (Betum-ki)	X	
	Nometuttes	—	—		?
	Myackmas	I, 792 (Makoma)?	233 (Makahmo)?	X	Kroeber[16] (Mayakma)
	Ukias	II, 999 (Yokaia)	231 (Ukiahs), 235 (Yokiah)	X	

TAYLOR MAP, 1864

County	*Name*	*Handbook of the American Indians*	*Kroeber, Handbook*	*Village*	*Other Authorities*
Colusa	Kalusas	I, 727 (Korusi)	895 (Colusa)	?	*New Helvetia Diary*[17] (Colusses)
	Lupilomis	I, 305 (Clear L. Inds.)	—		
Sonoma	Guillucas	I, 512 (Guilitoy)?	—	X	Schenck[18] (Gualactos)?
	Sonomas	II, 616	897		
	Petelumas	II, 236	896, 274		
Yuba	Yukulmeys	II, 999 (Yokulmne)	394 (Yikulme)	X	Kroeber[19] (Yukulme)
Placer	Nemshoos	II, 72 (Nimsewi)	394, 896	X	*New Helv. Diary*[20] (Nemshaw)
	Tahoes	—	897		
Sutter	Olashes	II, 117 (Ola)	394	X	*New Helv. Diary*[21] (Olash)
Yolo	Yolos	II, 999	897, 274 (Yolhio)		
	Bushones	I, 176 (Bushamul)	394 (Bushamul)	X	*New Helv. Diary*[22] (Bushuney)
Solano	Pulpenes	I, 158 (Bolbones)	895 (Bolbones)		
Sacramento	Vesnacks	II, 882	—		
	Youcoulumnees	II, 1009	—		
	Cosumnes	I, 352	895, 444-45 (Mokosumne)		
Tuolumne	Takinas	II, 675	485 (Takin)	X	
	Tuolumnes	II, 839	897		*New Helv. Diary*[23] (Tawalemneys)
Napa	Napacs	—	356 (Napa)	X	
Marin	Kanimares	I, 482-83 (Gallinomero)	226, 233 (Gallinomero)		
Contra Costa	Kaquines	I, 659 (Karkin)	356 (Karkin)	X	
Calaveras	Mokelumnes	I, 930 (Mokelumne)	444-45, 476, 896		*New Helv. Diary*[24] (Muquelumne)
San Joaquin	Yachachumnes	II, 982 (Yachikamni)	445, 485 (Yatchicomnes)		Merriam[25] (Yatchachumne)
San Mateo	Altajumas	I, 45	—	?	Kroeber[26] (Altahmo)
	Bolbones	I, 158	895		Kroeber[27] (Olhon)?
Alameda	Caguenses	—	—		?

TAYLOR MAP, 1864

County	*Name*	*Handbook of the American Indians*	*Kroeber, Handbook*	*Village*	*Other Authorities*
Santa Cruz	Aulintacs	II, 457 (Santa Cruz)	—	?	
	Soquelis	II, 458 (Santa Cruz)	897 (Soquel)	X	
Fresno	Notonetos	II, 100 (Nutunutu)	483, 491, 445 (Nototemnes)	?	
Tulare	Viawillas Chowchillas	I, 292 (Chowchilla)	895		
	Tayos	II, 707 (Tawi)?	—	X	
	Wikachumnes	II, 952 (Wikchamni)	480		
	Taches	II, 667	484		
	Palouses	II, 193, 195 (Paleuyami)	475, 479 (Paleuyi)		
	Openoche	II, 272 (Pohoniche)	443		
Los Angeles	Tataguas	II, 696	—	X	
	Tehechepas	II, 666 (Kawaiisu)	602 (Tahichpi-u)?	?	
	Coruanos	—	—		Bancroft[28]
	Mopus	II, 297	—	X	
	Yangnas	II, 988	—	X	
	Pashengnas	II, 205 (Pascegna)	621 (Pashina)?	X	
	Kawengas	I, 186 (Cahuenga)	895	X	
	Ahipchingas	II, 434 (Mapapinga)?	621 (Aleupki-nga)?	X	Bancroft[29]
	Sejats	—	—	?	
	Acagchemens	—	636	?	
	Somos	II, 615, 574 (Somo, Simi)	897 (Somis)	X	
San Bernardino	Panam-Utes	—	589-92 (Panamint)?		
	Caratakas	—	—		Bancroft[30]
	Cocanpers Coganos	—	--		?
	Pah-utes	II, 186-88 (Paiute)	581-82 (Paiute)		
	Jurapas	—	895 (Jurupa)	X	
	Cohuillas	I, 668-69 (Kawia)	692 ff. (Cahuilla)		
	Mohaves	I, 919-21	726-80		
	Genigniehs	II, 512-13 (Serrano)	—		

TAYLOR MAP, 1864

County	*Name*	*Handbook of the American Indians*	*Kroeber, Handbook*	*Village*	*Other Authorities*
San Diego	Tabasacas	—	—	?	
	Cuchanos	II, 1010-11 (Yuma)	781-95 (Yuma)		
	Yumas	II, 1010-11	781-95		
	Hocanbas	—	—		?
	Cocopas	I, 319-20	742 (Cocopa)		
	Comeyas	I, 329-30	724 (Comaiyah)		Bancroft[31]
	Temeculas	II, 726-27	897	X	
	Icaymas	I, 593	—	?	
	Hatahwas	—	711 (Hata-am)?	X	
	Nypagudys	II, 73, 430 (Nipaguy)	—	X	
Santa Clara	Sokisukas	II, 457, 612 (Socoisuka)	—	?	
	Potoaquis	II, 294 (Potoyanti)	—	?	
	Ansaymas	I, 59, 444	—	X	
Stanislaus	Omochumnes	I, 781 (Machemni)	444, 896 (Omochumne)	?	
Merced	Potoaches	II, 294 (Potoyanti)	—		
Mariposa	Yohamites	I, 118 (Awani)	445 (Awani)	X	Barrett[32]
Mono	Monos	I, 932	584-89		
Monterey	Mutsunes	I, 964	444, 463		Kroeber[33]
	Ecselenes	I, 438	554-56, 876, 883-86		Kroeber[34] (Excelen)
	Katlendaruckas	I, 646 (Kalindaruk)	—		Kroeber[35] (Calendo Ruc)
	Sakhones	II, 414	—		
	Chalones	I, 295 (Chulares)?	547 (Cholame)?	X	Mason[36]
	Jolanes	II, 424 (Jolon, Iolon)?	895 (Jolon)	X	Mason[37]
	Cakanaruks	I, 645 (Kakontaruk)	—	X	Kroeber[38]
	Telames	II, 726 (Telamni)?	491 (Telame, Telamni)?	X	Mason[39]
	Sextapays	II, 734 (Teshaya)	—	X	Mason[40]

TAYLOR MAP, 1864

County	*Name*	*Handbook of the American Indians*	*Kroeber, Handbook*	*Village*	*Other Authorities*
San Luis Obispo	Pismos	—	552	X	
	Lamacas	—	—	X	Mason[41]
	Cholemas	—	547 (Cholame)?	X	Mason[42]
	Sagollins	—	—		?
	Tixilines	—	552 (Tishlini)	X	
	Hudsnas	—	552 (Huasnas)	X	
	Nepomas	II, 297 (Nipomo)?	896, pl. 48 (Nipoma)	X	
Santa Barbara	Kuyamas	I, 743	895, pl. 48 (Cuyama)	X	
	Lampocas	II, 297 (Miss. Purisima)	896, pl. 48 (Lompoc)	X	
	Talamas	—	—		?
	Patocacs	II, 297 (Misc.)	553	X	
	Cajo } Zackos }	—	554 (Zaco)?	X	
	Kalawassas	I, 646 (Kalawashuk)	—	X	
	Matilihas	II, 297 (Santa Inez Miss.)	896, pl. 48 (Matilija)	X	
	Kichimas	—	—	?	
	Xucus	II, 560 (Shuku)	553, pl. 48 (Shuku)	X	
	Miscanakas	I, 870	—	X	
	Mugus	I, 954	553, pl. 48 (Muwu)	X	
	Tucumus	II, 297	553	X	
	Saticoys	II, 470	896, pl. 48 (Sati'k'oi)	X	

SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL ISLANDS

Name	*Taylor Map, 1864*	*Kroeber, Handbook*
San Miguel	Ciquimuymu	554 (Liquimuymu)
Santa Rosa	Nicalqui	554 (Nicalque)
Santa Cruz	Limu	554 (Limu, Limun)
Santa Barbara		
San Nicolas	Galachat	
Santa Catalina	Pinenqua	
San Clemente	Kinkipan	621 (Kinkipar)

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Name, Map 1864	*Handbook Am. Inds.*	*Other Authorities*
Otats	—	—
Alchedones	I, 36	Kroeber[43] (Alchedon)
Cueganos	II, 1010-11 (Yuma)	Kroeber[44] (Yuma)
Hebenomas	I, 554 (Hoabonoma)	—
Bagiopas	I, 125	—
Icas	I, 596 (Ika)	—
Uchitas	—	Kroeber[45] (Uchiti)
Vintacottas	II, 882 (Vintacot)	—
Lamoines	I, 753 (Laimon)	—
Cochiemies	I, 316-17 (Cochimi)	Kroeber[46]
Guacuras	—	Kroeber[47] (Waicuri)
Monquis	—	Kroeber[48]
Edwes	—	Kroeber[49] (Eudeve)?
Pericues	—	Kroeber[50]
Coras	II, 62-63 (Nevome)	—

NOTES

1. Alexander Smith Taylor, "The Indianology of California," *California Farmer and Journal of Useful Sciences*, Vols. XIII-XX, Feb. 22, 1860, to Oct. 30, 1863.

2. Stephen Powers, *Tribes of California*, Department of the Interior, U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, Contributions to North American Ethnology, Vol. III (Washington, 1877).

3. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America* (San Francisco, 1882, 5 vols.), Vol. I, Wild Tribes.

4. Alfred Louis Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 78 (Washington, 1925).

5. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, I, 442-61, *passim.*

6. Present-day California has many counties besides those shown on Taylor's map. Here only the county names on his 1864 map have been used.

7. This particular problem has been approached by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, *Spanish and Indian Place Names of California* (San Francisco, 1914), and Kroeber, *op. cit.*, pp. 895-97.

8. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, p. 474.

9. Alexander Smith Taylor, "Precis India Californicus," in William H. Knight, ed., *Hand-Book Almanac for the Pacific States . . . . for the Year 1864* (San Francisco, 1864), pp. 27-41.

10. Robert Ernest Cowan, "Alexander S. Taylor, 1817-1876," in this QUARTERLY, XII (March 1933), pp. 18-24.

11. Cf. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, p. 446—Cops of the Oregon-California coast.

12. All these names have been collected from Taylor's "Indianology" and appear in the *Handbook of the American Indians*, Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 30 (Washington, 1910), Vols. I-II. See also the lists in Bancroft, *op. cit.*, pp. 459-60, and Kroeber, *op. cit.* The synonomy at the end of the second volume of the *Handbook* will prove helpful for determining lexical cognates. Taylor mentions many place names and native group names which do not appear on his map; in addition, the map bears names which do not appear in his writings.

13. Fr. Zephyrin Englehardt's several works on the California missions contain much data of this sort. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, deals with this aspect of mission influence in his descriptions of the coast Indians between San Francisco and San Diego.

14. See Robert F. Heizer, "The Direct Historical Approach in California Archaeology" (to be published, 1941, in *American Antiquity*). The type of approach used by W. Egbert Schenck in *Historic Aboriginal Groups of the California Delta Region*, University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. XXIII, No. 2 (Berkeley, 1926), demonstrates how productive and significant the historical documents may prove to be. Schenck's point of departure is H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), II, pp. 43-57, and *passim*, which it amplifies from the ethnic standpoint.

15. C. Hart Merriam, "The Cop-eh of Gibbs," *American Anthropologist*, XXXI (1929), 136-37.

16. A. L. Kroeber, *The Patwin and Their Neighbors*, Univ. of Calif. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. XXIX, No. 4 (Berkeley, 1932), map at end.

17. *New Helvetia Diary: a Record of Events Kept by John A. Sutter and His Clerks at New Helvetia, California, from September 9, 1845, to May 25, 1848* (San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1939), p. 55.

18. Schenck, *op. cit.*, p. 130.

19. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, pp. 267-68.

20. *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 51.

21. *Ibid.*, p. 130.

22. *Ibid.*, p. 65.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 71.

24. *Ibid.*, p. 53.

25. C. Hart Merriam, "Distribution and Classification of the Mewan Stock of California," *American Anthropologist*, IX (1907), 338-57.

26. A. L. Kroeber, *A Mission Record of the California Indians*, Univ. of Calif. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. VIII, No. 1 (Berkeley, 1908), p. 27, footnote 67.

27. *Ibid.*, p. 27.

28. Bancroft, *Native Races*, I, 458.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 460.

30. *Ibid.*, p. 458.

31. *Ibid.*

32. Samuel Alfred Barrett, *The Geography and Dialects of the Miwok Indians*, Univ. of Calif. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. III, No. 2 (Berkeley, 1908), pp. 342-43.

33. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, p. 24, footnote 56.

34. *Ibid.*, p. 20.

35. *Ibid.*

36. John Alden Mason, *The Ethnology of the Salinan Indians*, Univ. of Calif. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. X, No. 4 (Berkeley, 1912), p. 103, footnote 11, and p. 107.

37. *Ibid.*, p. 107.

38. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, p. 20, footnote 49.

39. Mason, *op. cit.*, p. 103, footnote 11.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 101.

41. *Ibid.*, p. 106.

42. *Ibid.*, pp. 107, 114.

43. Kroeber, *Handbook*, p. 799.

44. *Ibid.*, pp. 781-95.

45. A. L. Kroeber, *Cultural and Natural Areas of Native North America,* Univ. of Calif. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. XXXVIII (Berkeley, 1939), map 1.

46. Kroeber, *Handbook*, p. 709.

47. Kroeber, *Cultural and Natural Areas*, Map 1.

48. *Ibid.*

49. *Ibid.*

50. *Ibid.*

Compound Interest

Alvinza Hayward Pays a Debt

From the Reminiscences of CLARENCE MARSHALL WOOSTER

WOOSTER'S sawmill[1] met with a ready market for its products throughout the active lode mining districts. Alvinza Hayward[2] was the ox driver who hauled the logs from a neighboring pine forested hill down to the mill. He owned a quartz prospect at Sutter Creek, about 10 miles down the slope. Early in the season, he bought $261.50 worth of lumber from the second-class pile, borrowed the ox team and hauled the lumber to his mining prospect. There it was used to build a whim to aid the sinking of a shaft. Several years later this "Hayward" mine[3] was reported to have been sold for eight million dollars. Naturally that boosted Hayward into prominence as an expert miner.

Prosperity sidetracked connubial joys: he divorced his wife, or she divorced him; I do not remember. A great sum was divided, and later they remarried and reunited the fortune, which Hayward put to good account in quartz mining throughout California and Mexico. In some transactions he was associated with Charley Lane and the Hobarts in quartz mining,[4] which proved quite successful. He was a large, well-formed man, and obeyed the fashion by wearing a full beard. He was kindly disposed among men but had a dependable supply of ox driver's force when the occasion demanded it.[5]

Many years afterward Hayward and Lane drove along the Volcano road and stopped in front of our gate where I was standing on a winter day. Hayward pointed to the hillside back of the orchard and described to Lane how he used to haul logs from the mountain to Marshall Wooster's sawmill. "There stands the engine and boiler, all that is left of the mill. Wonder if Marshall Wooster is still alive?" To this I injected, "No sir, he is dead; he was my father." "Are you the son of John Marshall Wooster? Come here, I want to shake your hand. Your father was the best man I ever knew." He fervently shook my hand, introduced me to Mr. Lane and asked if Captain Clough[6] was still alive, adding, "If so, I would like to meet him."

I suggested that I would open the gate and they could drive down to the apple-house and that I would soon find Grandpa, who was out in the orchard. This they did. Both walked out to inspect the boiler and engine while I soon brought Grandpa. I informed him that two men with a livery team, and wearing long linen dusters (one wearing a stovepipe hat) were at the apple-house and wanted to see him. Greeting him, Hayward said, "Do you know me, Captain Clough?" Two sharp gray eyes pierced the visitor for a second, when Grandpa observed " 'Tain't Alvinza, is it?" Then followed a jolly time in reminiscence. Grandpa pointed out the locations of the mill, and the first- and second-class lumber piles. Hayward said to Lane, "Charley, from that second-class pile I got the lumber to build the whim to sink the shaft on the Hayward Mine." And with voice high pitched: "Great God Almighty! I don't believe I ever paid Marshall Wooster for that load of lumber." "No sir, you didn't," said I. "The account is on Father's books, which I will show you if you will come to the house." "Tut, tut," said Grandpa. "You shouldn't mention that to visitors." "Yes, he should," said Hayward. "It's just the right thing for him to do. I deserve more punishment than that for overlooking my old friend's account for so many years."

All walked to the house. Grandma, who stood in the door, recognized Hayward, and all got busy talking while I went to the library desk in the fireplace room and opened the ledger where the item read, "Alvinza Hayward, to load of second class lumber $261.50." Hayward scolded himself for his dereliction. Grandma said that it was forgotten years ago, and that Clarence should not have mentioned it at all. "But it ain't all right with me. I must see the book," said Hayward. Reading the item, he said, "Yes, that is your father's writing and that is what I owed your father at that date." He wrote a check and left it in the book. We all went out and saw them on their way. I rushed back to the book and found a cheque for five hundred dollars. Grandpa instructed me to send it back, as the amount was only $261.50 and payment was not demanded, and to address Mr. Hayward at San Francisco where he would get it.

I set forth writing that letter. After spoiling several sheets of paper, Grandma gave me a supply of brown paper to practice on. I stuck to the job and mailed the letter, that being the first one that I had written and mailed. In promptness an answer came back, addressed to *me*, if you please, which ran as follows:

> Master Clarence Marshall Wooster:
>
> I am very glad you returned the $500 which I left with you on my recent happy visit to Birdsnest. That does not express the sum which I owe to the estate of my good friend, your father. Now I ask you to figure interest on $261.50 at the rate of one per cent a month from the date of that account, on your Father's ledger, to the present day, and compound the interest every six months. What the sum total of that shall be will represent the amount which I owe the estate of your Father.
>
> Yours very truly,
> ALVINZA HAYWARD
>
> P.S. And don't let your grandparents talk you out of doing it.

Grandpa objected, saying it was nothing less than robbery. Grandma, to whom I always appealed with abiding hope, and with success when right, remarked, "Back in the States they call compound interest Bunyan interest because it grows so fast and to such size. Simple interest is enough." "But," I said, "Mr. Hayward is a big rich man and knows what he wants, and if we don't figure compound, he might think we don't know how." Then she said, "Very well. Do as he says, but be sure that you figure correctly or he will know you don't know how." I took the arithmetic up to my room and burned home-made candles at a faster rate than our herd of hogs could grow the fat to make them. But I always failed to reach the same result the second time.

Our hired man, Paulding, gave me some steers which kept me sidetracked for two nights. I hated to, but I did ask the assistance of Jim Wells, the schoolteacher who boarded at our house. He made a bluff at it, but was perceptibly stumped. Grandpa refused to be a party to the "piratical" scheme. "Put" Kinney,[7] who kept the Pine Grove Hotel, bragged about his skill in arithmetic. His aid was sought; and so was that of Bill Wheeler, the Grove storekeeper. Keeney's and Wheeler's figures didn't jibe. The bookkeeper of the Talurian [Tellurium] mine[8] said, "Sure, I can do it in two shakes of a lamb's tail." A whole flock of lambs could shake their tails off during the time he took to get his answer.

Compound interest running over a period of so many years aggregated such a sum that it seemed scandalous. No two persons got answers alike. The problem was submitted to the highest class in school. Anyone who was so unfortunate as to have expressed himself able to figure was grabbed and set to figuring. Lew Walker, the columnist for the Jackson *Ledger*,[9] wrote that the Grove had an epidemic of "mathematics, growing altogether too rapidly for enduring education." The microbe struck Lew, who, writing under the nom de plume of "Joshua Slim," concluded that "the man who invented compound interest was no friend to the human race, but was an insidious robber of the dead past and as unconscionable as a hyena." He used up all the wrapping paper about the house, then the side of the house, and all his lead pencils. The amount grew to such a staggering figure that he would be ashamed to report it if he should know it was correct.

Levinsky, packing his store on his back, on one of his regular rounds, stopped over night at "Birdsnest" (giving Grandma, for me, a $1.50 Bible which is still in my coveted possession). At our supper table compound interest was the subject of discussion between schoolteacher Wells and Levinsky. I got a hunch that a new Richmond was in the field. Wells asked Levinsky to his room after supper and in two hours time the latter figured the problem out, with such visible aptitude and satisfied composure that I was inspired with assurance. He found a total of $2,100.00 (plus fractions, which were ignored in those days). He explained in full detail how he had arrived at such a total, and said he would stake his stock of goods on its correctness. Such a tremendous sum in liquidation of a debt of but $261.50 was scandalous to contemplate. I dasn't tell Grandpa till after the letter had been sent. But I dared not withhold anything from Grandma. Her reaction was, "Compound interest is a carbuncle! But send the letter along before you get the whole county in war, and be sure you tell Mr. Hayward that we do not expect any such an absurd sum to be paid."

After tedious waste of time and brown scribbling paper, the letter containing a copy of Levinsky's figures was forwarded to Alvinza Hayward. "Put" Kinney said, "No matter how smart a man may be in arithmetic he's got to take the Jew's figures on interest." All but a few moulters did that when they saw the detailed figures of the one who "knew his onions." Joshua Slim wrote, "Compound interest is expected to take the place of the spelling school at the Grove, but they'll rule out the Hebrew." Within two weeks a letter came from Mr. Hayward with a check on the Bank of California for $2,100.00. Wow, what a thrill! Grandma said, "That's just the kind of a man Alvinza Hayward is. He always does just what he says he will do."

Grandpa said, "It was highway robbery minus the highway. But he took the check, cleaned up the taxes, painted the wagons, built a new picket fence along the county road, bought new carpets and fixings for "Birdsnest," and planned a trip to Osoville[10] to try out the mill again with a new-fangled arastra.

NOTES

1. In the chapter on Ione Valley and vicinity, Thompson & West's *History of Amador County, California* (Oakland, 1881), p. 184, it is stated that "In 1851 [John Marshall] Wooster and the Reed brothers built a saw-mill where J. Farnsworth's barn now stands." Clarence M. Wooster, in his "Reminiscences" (p. 27 of the typed MS), writes: "Our tribe located at Pine Grove, or more exact, at the lower end of Grass Valley, 'under the hill' from Pine Grove, on the road to Volcano. There Father established a saw mill." See also the "Editor's Note" to Clarence M. Wooster, "Building the Railroad Down the San Joaquin," in this QUARTERLY, Vol. XVIII (March 1939), 22.

2. For biographical material on Alvinza Hayward, see Charles Carroll Goodwin, *As I Remember Them* (Salt Lake City, 1913), pp. 202-6.

3. The Hayward mine, or the Consolidated Amador, was on the south side of Sutter Creek, north of the Summit mine. In 1853, three mines in the vicinity—the Wolverine, Eureka, and Badger—were struggling for existence. Within the next few years the Wolverine failed and the Eureka was divided into about sixty shares. The Badger (of which Alvinza Hayward owned the largest part) struggled on with great difficulty until 1857, when the "pay chimney" was struck. Hayward quietly bought up shares of the Eureka's stock until he had control of that also. *History of Amador County*, pp. 150-51. See also pp. 151-53 for a description and further history of the mine.

4. In his later years Hayward was associated with Charles D. Lane and Walter Hobart in the Utica mine at Angel's Camp, in Calaveras County. Edna Bryan Buckbee, *Pioneer Days of Angel's Camp* (Angel's Camp: *Calaveras Californian*, 1932), pp. 37-46; and Goodwin, *op. cit.*, p. 205.

5. A description of Alvinza Hayward, from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of May 19, 1872, is quoted in Cecil G. Tilton, *William Chapman Ralston, Courageous Builder* (Boston, 1935), pp. 278-80.

6. Abner P. Clough. See this Quarterly, Vol. XVIII (March 1939), 22.

7. The name was probably Keeney, as Wooster spells it below, for the *History of Amador County* (on p. 340) lists an L. G. Keeney, a farmer who had come to California in 1852 from Pennsylvania, and settled in Amador County in 1861; and (on p. 342) a W. F. Keeney, also from Pennsylvania, who had come to the State in 1855 and to the County in 1863, and was proprietor of the Amador House, at Amador.

8. The Tellurium mine was a few hundred feet east of Pine Grove. The name was probably a fanciful one rather than an indication of the presence of that metal. *History of Amador County*, p. 162.

9. The Amador *Weekly Ledger* commenced publication on October 27, 1855, in Volcano, but was removed to Jackson in April 1857. McMurtrie, Douglas C. (ed.), *A History of California Newspapers* (New York, Plandome Press, 1927), p. 204.

10. See Clarence M. Wooster, "Meadow Lake City and a Winter at Cisco in the Sixties," in this Quarterly, XVIII (June 1939), 149.

New Members

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Clifford, Walter C.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy Huggins
Dibblee, Benjamin H.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Dinkelspiel, Lloyd W.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Easton, Stanly A.	Kellogg, Idaho	Mr. Robert E. Easton
Fletcher, Fred N.	Berkeley, Calif.	Mrs. J. J. Van Nostrand
Lochead, James K.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
McGinnis, Felix S.	San Francisco	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Martin, Archie B.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Murray, Mrs. George H.	San Francisco	Mr. Frederick J. Bowlen
Paterson, George C.	San Francisco	Mr. Homer D. Crotty
Tanner, H. J.	San Francisco	Mrs. J. J. Van Nostrand
Yost, Miss Mary	Stanford University	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee

Recent Californiana

A Check List of Publications Relating to California

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

Cleland, Robert Glass

The Cattle on a Thousand Hills, Southern California 1850-1870. San Marino, California: The Huntington Library, 1941. xiv + 327 pp. $3.50.

[Clemens, Samuel]

Mark Twain in Eruption. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1940. xxviii + 1 + 402 pp., illus. $3.75.

Includes Mark Twain's life in San Francisco and Virginia City.

Fitch, William, and Blas Piña

Narrative of Guillermo Fitch and Blas Piña, Taken on Board of Steamer M. S. Latham on her Voyage from San Francisco to Donahue, April 16, 1874. Tr. by members . . . . of the C. K. McClatchy Senior High School, from the Original Spanish of California Ms. E. 67, No. 3, in Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California. Sacramento: The Nugget Press, C. K. McClatchy Senior High School, 1941. x + 34 pp.

Hafen, LeRoy R., and Carl Coke Rister

Western America; the Exploration, Settlement, and Development of the Region Beyond the Mississippi. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1941. 722 pp., illus. $4.65.

Hayden, Dorothea Hoaglin

These Pioneers. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1941. 296 pp. $3.50.

The life story of a woman who grew up in Kansas and came to Pasadena in the early years of this century.

Klumpke, Anna Elizabeth

Memoirs of an Artist. Edited by Lilian Whiting. Boston: Wright & Potter Printing Company, c. 1940. 91 pp.

Low, Garrett W.

From the Journal of Garrett W. Low. Gold Rush by Sea. Edited by Kenneth Haney. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1941. vi + 187 pp. $2.00.

Morrell, William Parker

The Gold Rushes. New York: Macmillan Company, 1941. 437 pp., maps. $3.00.

This account of outstanding gold rushes all over the world is one of the *Pioneer Histories* series.

Rice, William B.

Southern California's First Newspaper: The Founding of the Los Angeles Star. Los Angeles: Glen Dawson, 1941. $2.00.

Reprinted from the *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California. Limited to 200 copies.

Robbins, George W., and L. Deming Tilton (eds.)

Los Angeles, Preface to a Master Plan. Publication XIX. Los Angeles: The Pacific Southwest Academy [printed by The Ward Ritchie Press], 1941. xvi + 303 + 1 pp., illus. Cloth, $3.00. Paper, $2.00.

Robinson, W. W.

The Island of Santa Catalina. Los Angeles: Title Guarantee and Trust Company, 1941. Pamphlet, illus.

San Francisco. Special Libraries Association (comp.)
Union List of Serials of the San Francisco Bay Region. Stanford University: Stanford University Press, 1941. v + 283 pp. Photolith. $5.00.

Seewerker, Joseph
Nuestro Pueblo; Los Angeles, City of Romance. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1940. 184 pp.

Shinn, G. Hazen
Shoshonean Days; Recollections of a Residence of Five Years Among the Indians of Southern California, 1885-1889. Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1941. 184 pp. $3.50.

U. S. Work Projects Administration
Berkeley: The First Seventy-five Years. Berkeley, California: The Gillick Press, 1941. xviii + 159 pp., many illus. $2.50.

——Inventory of the County Archives of California, No. 29. Napa County [Napa]. San Francisco: The Historical Records Survey, 1941. 3 + 619 pp. [Mimeographed.]

——Los Angeles, a Guide to the City and Its Environs. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in Southern California. American Guide Series. Sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. New York: Hastings House, 1941. lii + 433 pp., illus. $2.50.

——Monterey Peninsula. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in Northern California. American Guide Series. Sponsored by the California State Department of Education. Stanford University: James Ladd Delkin, [1941]. 207 pp., illus. $2.50.

Weston, Charis Wilson (Mrs. Edward Weston)
California and the West. New York: Duel, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 1941. 127 pp., illus. $3.75.
A book of 96 photographs, including a number of Death Valley, Mohave, Yosemite, and the Redwood Empire.

Whipple, A. W.
A Pathfinder in the Southwest. The Itinerary of Lieutenant A. W. Whipple During His Explorations for a Railway Route from Fort Smith to Los Angeles in the Years 1853 & 1854. Edited and annotated by Grant Foreman. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941. xv + 298 pp., illus., fold. map. $3.00.

ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

American-German Review
Vol. VII, No. 1 (October 1940), contains: "Carl Nahl, California's Pioneer of Painting," by Erwin Gustav Gudde.

Bulletin of the New York Public Library
Vol. XLV, No. 1 (January 1941), contains: "The United States Exploring Expedition 1838-1874, a Bibliography," by Daniel C. Haskell.

California Publisher
Vol. XIX, No. 1 (October 1939), contains: "James King of William: Reformer of the Press," an address by Neal Van Sooy.

Collector's Guide
No. 24 (December 1940), contains: "Early San Francisco Theatres," by James Madison.

CONDOR

Vol. XLIII, No. 1 (January-February 1941), contains: "The Annals of *Gymnogyps* to 1900," by Harry Harris.

Quotes narratives of early explorers which describe the California condor.

FORT ORD PANORAMA

Vol. I, No. 18 (January 17, 1941), contains: "General Ord, Civil War Hero, Was a Real Fighting General," by Eric A. Falconer.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY

Vol. XXIII, No. 1 (March 1941), contains: "The Wreck of the Star of the West," by Robert J. Parker; "Southern California's First Newspaper: The Founding of the Los Angeles Star," by William B. Rice.

LOS GATOS TIMES

Los Gatos, California. August 23, 1940, "Trail Days" edition.

MORNING UNION

Grass Valley and Nevada City, March 9, 1941, contains: "Christmas, '53, at the Montez Cottage," by Edmund Kinyon; February 16, 23, and March 2, 1941, contain articles on Judge Niles Searls, by Edmund Kinyon.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Vol. XXV, No. 2 (April 1941), contains: "Six Early Western Imprints," by Oscar Wegelin.

PACIFIC HISTORICAL REVIEW

Vol. IX, No. 3 (September 1940), contains: "Memoirs of California," by K. T. Khlebnikov. Tr. from the Russian with a biographical sketch of the author, by Anatole G. Mazour; Vol. IX, No. 4 (December 1940), contains: "A Virginia Steamboat Captain on the Sacramento," by John D. Barnhart, which includes a portion of "Saint Louis to San Francisco, Being an Account of a Journey Across the Plains in 1850, Together With Many Experiences in Steamboating on the California Rivers Until the Fall of 1853," by Captain James A. Payne; "Presbyterian Journalism on the Pacific Coast," by Clifford M. Drury.

PALO ALTO TIMES

Palo Alto, California. March 7, 1941. 50th Anniversary Stanford University Number.

PONY EXPRESS COURIER

Placerville, California. December 1940-May 1941 contain many articles of historical interest.

PRIMITIVE MAN

Vol. XIII, Nos. 3 and 4 (July and October 1940), contain: "The Frameless Plank Canoe of the California Coast," by Robert F. Heizer.

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

Vol. XXVI, No. 1 (February 1941), contains: "Early History of the Kings River Sierra," by Francis P. Farquhar; "Legislative History of Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks," by Francis P. Farquhar.

TRAVEL

Vol. VI (May 1941), contains: "Andrew Grayson," by Carroll D. Hall.

WESTWAYS

Vol. XXXII, No. 12-Vol. XXXIII, No. 3 (December 1940-March 1941), contain: "California Names—A Gazetteer"; Vol. XXXII, No. 12 (December 1940), contains: "The Island That Was," by Idwal Jones; Vol. XXXIII, No. 1 (January 1941), contains: "Those Incredible California Camels," by Idwal Jones; Vol. XXXIII, No. 2 (February 1941), contains: "Inyo's Roaring Cataclysm," by Philip Johnston.

News of the Society

Gifts Received by the Society

February 16, 1941, to May 1, 1941

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY—Johnston, Samuel P., ed., *Alaska Commercial Company 1868-1940*, [San Francisco]: priv. printed, 1940.

From MR. SPENCER C. BROWNE—Schussler, Hermann, *The Water Supply of San Francisco*, repr. from *Journal of Electricity, Power and Gas*, Vol. XXIII, No. 24, Dec. 11, 1909.

From MISS ELEANOR M. DAVENPORT—Mullgardt, Louis Christian, *The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition*, San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company, c. 1915; *Souvenir Views of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition*, San Francisco: Pacific Novelty Company, [1915].

From MISS L. DOBBIE—California, Adjutant-General's Office, *Laws and Regulations for the Government of the National Guard of the State of California*, Sacramento, 1890; Kurtz, Benjamin P., *Joseph Cummings Rowell, 1853-1938*, Berkeley: University of California Press, n. d.

From MR. T. M. FAIRCHILD—Fairchild, Timothy Marsh, ed., *The Name and Family of Fairchild . . .*, n. p.: n. p., n. d.

From EDGAR L. GILCREEST, M.D.—Gilcreest, Edgar Lorrington, M.D., *Toland's Luck*, repr. from *California Monthly*, Sept. 1940.

From THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY—Cleland, Robert Glass, *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills, Southern California 1850-1870*, San Marino, California: The Huntington Library, 1941.

From LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY—Dobie, J. Frank, *The Longhorns*, Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1941.

From C. K. McCLATCHY SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL—Fitch, Guillermo, and Blas Piña, *Narrative of Guillermo Fitch and Blas Piña Taken on Board of Steamer M. S. Latham on Her Voyage from San Francisco to Donahue, April 16, 1874*, tr. by members of the C. K. McClatchy High School, Sacramento: The Nugget Press, 1941.

From MRS. MAE FISHER PURCELL—Purcell, Mae Fisher, *History of Contra Costa County*, Berkeley: The Gillick Press, 1940.

From MR. H. J. TANNER—*Our Society Blue Book of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Adjacent Towns . . .*, San Francisco: Charles C. Hoag, c. 1892.

From U. S. WORK PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION—*Inventory of the County Archives of California*, No. 29, *Napa County*, San Francisco: 1941; San Francisco Theatre Research, Vol. XII, Harrison, Alan, *Little Theatres*, San Francisco: 1940.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Fisher, Charles E., ed., *The Virginia and Truckee Railroad*, Bulletin No. 45, Boston: Railway and Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., 1938; James, George Wharton, *Picturesque Pala, the Story of the Mission Chapel of San Antonio de Padua . . .*, Pasadena, California: Radiant Life Press, 1916; Robinson, W. W., *The Island of Santa Catalina*, Los Angeles: Title Guarantee and Trust Company, 1941.

From WARD RITCHIE PRESS—Robbins, George W. and L. Deming Tilton, eds., *Los Angeles, Preface to a Master Plan*, Publication XIX, Los Angeles: The Pacific Southwest Academy, 1941.

MANUSCRIPTS AND LETTERS

From MR. SPENCER C. BROWNE—Allardt, George F., "The Present and Future Water Supply of the Spring Valley System," dated October 7, 1889.

From MRS. JOHN G. JOHNSTON, Diary of Dr. John Strother Griffin, September 1846 to August 1847.

From MRS. CHARLES H. WATSON—"Thomas and Rebecah (Moorman) Watson and Their Descendants," 24 typed pages; Copy of 2 letters from Jesse Lewis Watson to his wife, Mary (Fox) Langsdon Watson, from Sacramento City, August 28, 1850, and from Volcano Bar, July 9, 1851.

From MR. ELMO SCOTT WATSON—Biographical information about Louis Heller and Eadweard Muybridge (Edward James Muggeridge), photographers of the Modoc War.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

From MISS L. DOBBIE—*The Fortnightly*, Vol. I, Nos. 8, 9, 11-13, Dec. 18, 1931, Jan. 1, 1932, Jan. 29-Feb. 26, 1932; Vol. II, Nos. 15-18, Mar. 25, 1932-May 6, 1932.

From KENNETH D. GARDNER, M.D.—*San Francisco Examiner, Grand Opera edition,* April 7, 1905.

From MR. ROBERT F. HEIZER, *Primitive Man*, Vol. XIII, Nos. 3-4, July and Oct., 1940, containing Heizer, Robert F., "The Frameless Plank Canoe of the California Coast."

From MR. GUY C. MILLER—*Palo Alto Times*, 49th Year, No. 57, Mar. 7, 1941, 50th Anniversary Stanford University Number.

MAPS AND PICTURES

From MR. SPENCER C. BROWNE—Map of Alameda Creek . . . . from surveys of Mr. Allardt, to accompany Report on Water Supply by Ross E. Browne, Jan. 31, 1889 (blue print); Map of the Spring Valley Water Works, H. Schussler, 1876; Map of a portion of Los Angeles County, showing the Abel Stearns' Ranchos . . . by Alfred Robinson, 1874.

From MR. McDONALD BURLEIGH—9 maps of the oil districts in Kern County, California, 1901.

From MISS ELEANOR M. DAVENPORT—Folder of views of California (photographs).

From MISS L. DOBBIE—10 photographs of Civil War officers, in uniform.

From MRS. MARIE DUMONT—Photograph of the execution of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

From MISS STELLA HUNTINGTON—Photograph of the Board of Trustees, Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, 1896-97 (framed); Photograph of the survivors of group of sixteen Trustees of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, taken April 6, 1927.

From MR. FORREST JENKIN and MR. ROBERT JENKIN—Photostatic copy of a drawing, "California Pony Engine 1858"; Photograph (enlarged) of the Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley Ferry terminal.

From MR. CHARLES E. KING—Photograph of "place where the first flag was raised in California, July 29th, 1846"; on reverse: "Home of U. S. Grant, San Diego."

From MISS LEIGH ROBBINS—Miniature, on ivory, of William Murray, painted in 1892 by K. D. Brewer; Photograph of Mrs. William Murray.

MISCELLANEOUS

From MISS ELENA BEALES—3 large bookcases from the estate of Miss E. Fitch.

From MISS FANNY J. CHIPMAN—1 large oak bookcase.

From MRS. HOWARD W. DERBY—Chimney inspection notice, June 13, 1906.

From MRS. I. GOODFRIEND—Deed to property in Oakland, dated March 16, 1853.

From MISS LEIGH ROBBINS—Certificate of election of William Murray to the California Academy of Sciences, Nov. 17, 1873.

Marginalia

Hon. George Cosgrave, a member of the Society residing in Fresno, was born in Calaveras County seventy-one years ago. He began the practice of law in Fresno in 1895, and in 1930 was appointed to the bench of the United States District Court, Southern District of California, from which he retired last September. A translation by Judge Cosgrave of a chapter from Friedrich Gerstäcker's *Scènes de la vie californienne* was published in this QUARTERLY in March 1938.

John Francis McDermott is assistant professor of English in Washington University, St. Louis, and a frequent contributor of articles on subjects of western American social history to learned journals. He is the author of *Private Libraries in Creole Saint Louis* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1938) and editor of *Tixier's Travels on the Osage Prairies* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1940).

Lois Foster Rodecape will be remembered for her "Gilding the Sunflower, A Study of Oscar Wilde's Visit to San Francisco," in the June 1940 issue of this QUARTERLY.

Alice Bay Maloney, a member of this Society, is a frequent contributor to this QUARTERLY of articles on the early American and English trappers and explorers of the Far West.

Benjamin Franklin Gilbert is a recent graduate of the University of California. His article on the activities of the Confederate minority in California is a condensation of his thesis submitted for the degree of Master of Arts which he received last September.

Robert Fleming Heizer did his graduate work at the University of California and is now an instructor in anthropology at the University of Oregon, Eugene.

Three excerpts from the "Reminiscences" of the late Clarence M. Wooster have already been printed in this QUARTERLY: "Building the Railroad down the San Joaquin in 1871," in the March 1939 issue; "Meadow Lake City and a Winter at Cisco in the Sixties," in June 1939; and "Railroading in California in the Seventies," in December 1939.

The Publication Committee has announced the publication of *Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, Discoverer of the Coast of California*, by Henry R. Wagner, June 25, 1941. The contents of this volume will not appear in the QUARTERLY. For more complete details concerning this publication see the announcement mailed to members or the back cover of this issue.

A recent gift of especial interest and historical importance is the journal of John Strother Griffin, surgeon of the 1st Regiment, U. S. Dragoons. The manuscript covers the journey with Kearny from New Mexico to California in 1846 and includes the battles of San Pasqual, San Gabriel River, and the Mesa. It was presented to the Society by the widow of John Griffin Johnston, the grandnephew of the diarist.

Among our new members are noted the following:

Mr. Walter C. Clifford, a San Francisco architect, is the designer of the large all-steel hospital now being constructed at Grass Valley, the first of its kind in the world.

Mr. Benjamin H. Dibblee is the son of Albert Dibblee, who was a commission merchant in San Francisco for many years and was one of the first presidents of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. The senior Dibblee was a prominent member of the Vigilance Committee of 1856. The son, since he retired in 1929 after being with the investment banking firm of E. H. Rollins & Sons for about thirty years, has been an agriculturist, and now operates two dairies in addition to being one of the largest fig growers in California.

Mr. Stanly A. Easton is brother of our member, Mr. Robert E. Easton. Their father, Giles A. Easton, was treasurer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company when he came to California in 1853 on the *Tennessee*, and later became one of the pioneer Episcopal clergymen of San Francisco. Their maternal grandfather, Horace Gushee, came to California in 1849 from New Bedford, Massachusetts, via Vera Cruz and Mazatlan, Mexico.

Mr. Fred N. Fletcher, a former resident of Reno and member of the Nevada Tax Commission, recently retired as director of the Nevada Taxpayer's Association and established his residence in Berkeley. For the past nine years he was president of the Nevada State Board of Education. He is the author of *Early Nevada, the Period of Exploration, 1776-1848*, published in Reno in 1929, and a member of the Nevada Historical Society.

Mr. James K. Lochead is president of the American Trust Company, San Francisco.

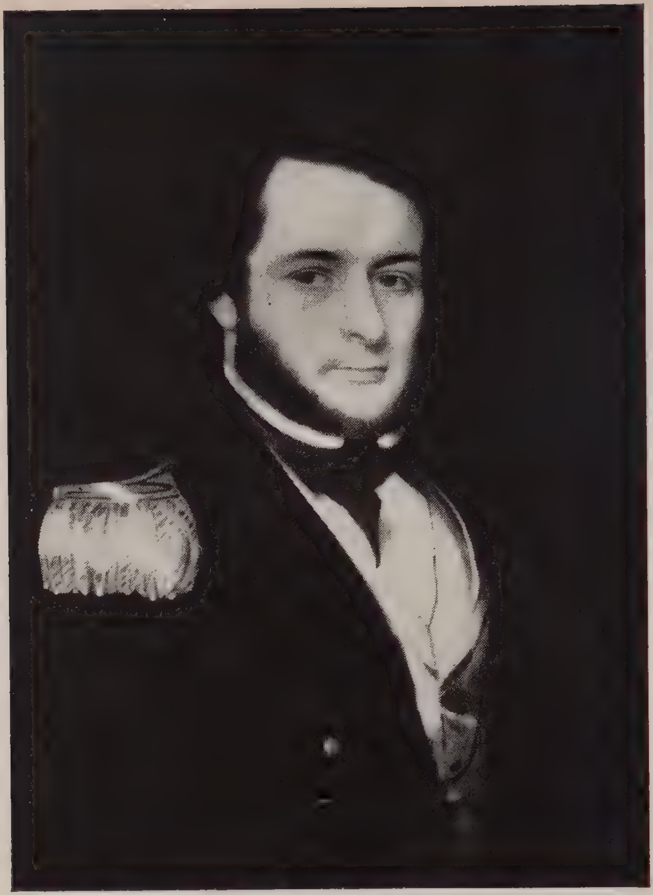
Mr. Felix S. McGinnis is vice president of the Southern Pacific Company. His maternal grandparents came to California from France in the early fifties and settled in Los Angeles, where his mother (who is still living) was born over eighty-two years ago.

Mrs. George H. Murray (Irma Clevenger) is president of the Association of Pioneer Women of California. Her paternal grandfather arrived in California in 1848 in the company led by James T. Walker. Making a lucky strike in the mines near Bidwell's Bar, on the Feather River, he returned east by way of Mazatlan, Vera Cruz, and New Orleans. With his family he made a second trip across the plains, finally settling in San Jose in 1852.

Mr. George Churchill Paterson is assistant to the vice president in charge of operations of the Southern Pacific Company. His maternal grandfather, William M. Dowling, came overland to California from Pennsylvania about 1850 and later was an officer of the Jefferson Guards, an officer in a volunteer battalion in the Civil War, and commander of military companies sent to quell Indian uprisings. He was a contractor and built the first military prison on Alcatraz Island. Mr. Paterson's paternal grandfather came to California via the Isthmus of Panama and settled in San Francisco, where he was a cabinet maker for many years.

Mr. Herman J. Tanner, born in Switzerland, was an engineer in Riga from 1900 to 1902 and came to San Francisco shortly after the earthquake and fire of 1906. He is now a special investigator.

Miss Mary Yost is Dean of Women at Stanford University.



TUNIS AUGUSTUS MACDONOUGH CRAVEN

From a miniature in the collection of the late Ellin Craven Learned

Photo courtesy Navy Recruiting Bureau

Naval Conquest in the Pacific

The Journal of Lieutenant Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven, U.S.N., During a Cruise to the Pacific in the Sloop of War Dale, *1846-49*

Edited by JOHN HASKELL KEMBLE

INTRODUCTION

ON THE 14th of June 1846 the United States sloop of war *Dale* was rolling her way southward through the Atlantic, a little more than a week out of New York. In his cabin a young officer opened a small, leather-bound blank book, purchased before sailing from a bookseller in Pearl Street, and wrote on the flyleaf, "Journal & Observations of Events during a Cruise in the U. S. Ship Dale of 16 Guns." Turning over two pages he wrote the date at the top of the blank sheet, and began his narrative. The young man was Lieutenant Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven, at the time in his thirty-third year, and the journal was addressed to his wife, left behind him at Bound Brook, New Jersey. It was a journal of a very personal nature, not intended for official use but as a record of the reflections and feelings of the writer, as well as of his activities. For over three years Lieutenant Craven continued this account, not writing daily but at such times as he had leisure and when he had ideas or information which he wished to place in definite form. In the original blank book he wrote 142 pages, and having filled it, Craven turned to a larger book, in which he wrote through sixty-one more before the end of the cruise. These volumes were presented to his wife upon his return, supplementing the forty-two letters which he had found it possible to despatch to her during his absence.

When the *Dale* sailed from New York on June 6, 1846, she was not bound on an ordinary cruise to the Caribbean or the coast of Africa, but was destined for war service with the distant Pacific Squadron. Relations between Mexico and the United States, which had been strained for more than a decade, had reached the breaking point in the spring of 1846, hostilities beginning on the Texas border on April 25, and President Polk sending his war message to Congress on May 11. The plan of campaign of the United States not only involved attacks upon Mexico from the Rio Grande and the Gulf, but also the conquest of Alta California and the blockade of Mexico's Pacific shore line. Commodore John Drake Sloat, in command of the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy, had orders to proceed against the settlements along the California coast as soon as he learned of a declaration of war. With hostilities in the Pacific planned, the *Dale* was sent from New York less than a month after war had formally begun, to reinforce the ships already in the Pacific. When he began his journal, therefore, Lieutenant Craven could look forward not only to a winter passage around Cape Horn, but also to years of absence from his wife and family, and to war service on a distant and inhospitable coastline.

Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on January 11, 1813, the youngest son of Tunis Craven and Hannah (Tingey) Craven. His family heritage was closely linked with the sea and the Navy, since his father was a naval storekeeper, at the time stationed at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and his mother was the daughter of Commodore Thomas Tingey. With the transfer of Tunis Craven to the New York Navy Yard, the family moved to Brooklyn, and Tunis Augustus received his early education at the grammar school of Columbia College in New York. In his seventeenth year, on February 2, 1829, he was appointed acting midshipman in the United States Navy. Craven was warranted as midshipman on November 18, 1831, his first ships being the *Boston* and the *St. Louis*, both new 18-gun sloops of war. After his promotion in 1835 to the rank of passed midshipman, a rank similar to that later designated as ensign, Craven was first employed in connection with the Coast Survey, duty which lasted almost continuously until 1843. During these years, the young officer developed his aptitude for scientific work and came to be one of the leading surveyors and hydrographers of the Navy. Promoted to lieutenant in September 1841, Craven was ordered to the receiving ship at New York in 1843, and in 1846 he joined the *Dale*. Upon the completion of the cruise to the Pacific in 1849, he returned to the Coast Survey for another tour of duty lasting from 1849 to 1859, with the exception of a year at the Naval Observatory in 1850. During most of these years, he was in command of the steamer *Corwin*, but in 1857-58 he went in the *Varina* in charge of an expedition to the Isthmus of Darien. The purpose of the party was to survey a route for a proposed ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, making use of the Atrato and Turnado rivers. Although the findings of the expedition were negative, its work was carefully and ably done, reflecting credit on its commander. Ordered to the steamer *Mohawk* in 1859 as commanding officer, Craven was responsible for the capture of two slave ships as well as for gallant feats of life-saving at sea.

With the opening of the Civil War, the last and most active phase of Craven's life began. He was placed in command of the steamer *Crusader* in 1861 and had a large part in holding Key West for the Union in the first months of the war. In 1861 also came his promotion to the rank of commander, and transfer to the steamer *Tuscarora* on special service. He was ordered to England, there to operate under the orders of the United States Minister, Charles Francis Adams. While the *Tuscarora* lay in Southampton, the Confederate commerce destroyer *Nashville* put into port, but upon her departure, Craven was unable to follow her closely enough to effect a capture. Proceeding to the Mediterranean, the *Tuscarora* succeeded in watching the Confederate cruiser *Sumter* so closely that her officers and crew abandoned her at Gibraltar. Craven brought his ship back to the United States in 1863 and was appointed to the command of the new monitor *Tecumseh*, then building at Jersey City. When the ironclad was commissioned, she first joined Acting Rear Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee's squadron in the James River, before proceeding to the Gulf of Mexico to serve under Rear Admiral David Glasgow Farragut at Mobile Bay. The *Tecumseh* arrived at Mobile on the evening before Farragut's attack upon the Confederate forces there, and on the morning of August 5, 1864, she led the column of monitors up the channel past Fort Morgan, firing the first shot in the action. Mines had been thickly sown in the channel by the Confederates, and the *Tecumseh* struck one of these. The ship heeled over and went down almost instantly, only fifteen of her crew of 116 men being saved. Commander Craven was in the conning tower, atop the turret, from which the only exit was up an iron ladder to an opening at the top. At the foot of the ladder, the commander met the pilot, and seeing that there would probably be time for only one to escape, he stepped back saying, "After you, pilot." The pilot was among the rescued. Craven went down with his ship, giving his life for the country which he had served so faithfully, and furnishing his Navy with one of its most brilliant traditions of gallantry in the face of death.[1]

The sentiments expressed in his journal furnish ample evidence of Craven's strong attachment for his family. In 1838 he married Mary Carter, of Long Island, who died after five years, leaving him three children. Before his marriage to Miss Carter, he had met Marie Louise Stevenson of Baltimore, and had been deeply impressed by her beauty and character but felt that duty required him to marry his betrothed of that time. After the death of his first wife, Craven again met Miss Stevenson, and married her in 1844. Three more children were born to him of his second marriage.

The journal which Lieutenant Craven kept in the *Dale* was a very personal document and he made no effort to keep back his inmost feelings and ideas. His reflections upon the regions which he visited and the institutions which he observed assume importance as they mirror the beliefs, sometimes mistaken, held by a cultivated, intelligent, and well-educated citizen of the United States in the middle nineteenth century. The fact that Craven quite failed to apprehend the essentials of the history of the region in which he was operating and the character of its life—the mission system of California for example—reflects not upon the intelligence of Craven as an individual but upon current knowledge in the United States of his day. Lieutenant Craven was a man of deep and sincere religious feeling, and a strong Episcopalian. He shared with many of his countrymen a prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church. That he criticized the Church unmercifully, that he made no effort to understand it or its noble work in Hispanic America indicates that he shared the feelings of many of the people of the United States at the time.

Craven was a spirited officer and jealous of the reputation and performance of the naval service. He was often impatient with the officers who commanded him and he expressed his criticisms without restraint in the journal, using it as a sort of safety valve. The comments upon the conduct of the commanding officers in the naval war with Mexico may not have been deserved, but the fact that they existed in the mind of a young man of Craven's stamp, albeit not expressed in public, is of importance in understanding the Navy and its administration in his day.

As evidenced by the journal, Lieutenant Craven was a man of no mean literary ability. While attached to the receiving ship at New York in 1845 and 1846, he was chief editor of the *United States Nautical Magazine*, one of the first periodicals to be devoted to the interests of the Navy and merchant marine. Included in the journal are to be found letters which he wrote to New York newspapers describing affairs in California after the war. In addition to the journal of his cruise in the *Dale*, Craven kept a careful account of the Atrato expedition in an informal diary.

Through the eyes of Lieutenant Craven it is possible to obtain a clear view of naval activity in the Pacific during and after the Mexican War. He was an able, brave, devoted young officer. Although often homesick, sometimes disgusted with institutions which he observed ashore and did not understand, occasionally impatient with his superior officers and critical of their actions, he saw and recorded with accuracy and clarity many things which are of significance to the historian and of interest to the casual reader of a later period.

I

New York, Rio de Janeiro, 1846

At Sea, June 14th, 1846. Shall I go back my dearest Louise?[2] Shall I recall the sad evening of May 25th? On that fatal eve came the "orders" that were to tear me from all that is near and dear to my heart. I knew not how to conceal the grief that so bitterly oppressed my heart. I know not whether I did succeed in keeping from you, all I felt; but I know this, hard as the effort was, for it required all my fortitude, I strove to be cheerful, that I might thus lighten in part your grief. Heroically did you my dear wife perform your duties in this sad trial. Shall I say how you were exalted? No, you were already at the *very pinnacle*, it were impossible to place you higher in my estimation and affection, regarding you as I do, a princess of women.

Our trip to New York the next day, for the purpose of joining my ship, and then *one more day at home;* to which I bade adieu on the 28th a *long long* adieu. How were my cares and anxieties, the oppression of heart, relieved by your dear company in Brooklyn during the few days that remained while our ship was preparing for sea, and then that heart rending parting of June 3. But I cannot speak of it, bitter as it was, there was sweetness mingled, yes a joy to know how mutually dear to each other, at that most bitter moment, a joy to me to know you were mine. We parted; you returned to your home.

Our ship[3] full of bustle, noise, & excitement was towed to the Lower Bay, and here we anchored; the Captain[4] kindly offered to let me go to the city that evening, as he intended remaining one day, but I thought how wretchedly I should feel if I returned & found you had gone, and again, how sad to repeat that parting, if you were still in B[rooklyn] so I declined his offer. . . . .

On the 6th [June 1846] at daylight in the morning we sailed from New York for the Pacific Ocean. I was very glad to sail, it was too trying to be there almost within sight of my home and be unable to come to you. By breakfast time we had discharged our pilot with our last letters of adieu. Our native land was fast receding from our sight, soon became as a faint blue cloud on the horizon, and then disappeared.

What are the charms of sea-life, where the exciting pleasure which causes "the exulting sense the pulse's maddening play"? Such things exist only in the minds of poets, who have made a pleasure trip on a mill pond, for myself I have never been able to discover the *delights* of the sea. True indeed, that on board of a man of war, where one comes down to the *realities* of old ocean, there is very little room for poetic feeling, and with us indeed, there has been so much want of comfort added to the painful feeling that each day was widening the distance from our homes. Our first week out has been attended with most disagreeable weather chilling head winds and rain, but now the prospect lightens somewhat and we are cheered with some rays of sunshine, but our little ship is under water the whole time, and I see small chance for comfort.

I am quite alive however to the beauty, the magnificent grandeur of the ocean and its wonders, these things are well worth seeing, but where one devotes his life to "going down to the sea in ships" I am somewhat like old Weller, on marriage, " 'tis hardly worth while to go so far to learn so little." The sea is sublime though.

Whether in the fury of the Storm, or in gentle undulations of the calm, for it is never at rest, one cannot look out upon the deep without sensations of awe & wonder. My mid-watch[5] the other night, was closed amid one of the most glorious displays of Nature's charms I ever beheld. Never have I seen the day ushered in with such majestic beauty. A few fleecy clouds skirted the Eastern horizon, the heavens overhead were perfectly clear, & most brilliantly studded with stars; day had not yet dawned when I was startled by a sudden flash of light in the East, which had the appearance of a fire, but in a few moments the gloriously beautiful planet Jupiter, leaped forth in all his splendor. Then followed the new moon with her golden horns, and then came Aldebarran [*sic*] as if to herald in the morn, for day, "beautiful day" now sent up its streams of faint light from the Eastern skies, and before it the lesser lights of night retired. The two bright stars named, with the moon in company, rode triumphantly, and seemed to vie with each other in brilliant beauty.

On the deep oh Lord, thy works are seen, in the same glorious majesty, as the[y] came from thy hands; here rolls the troubled sea, as it was poured forth at the Creation. Thou holdest it in thy palm as a drop; at thy command the waters are lashed in foaming rage: by thy word they are "stilled."

Truly wonderful are thy works oh God, who hast created nought in vain. Thou art Supreme, yet beholdest the presumption of man, who boasts of *his supremacy!* Thou chastiseth not his impious insolence. To Thee alone belongest *mercy* & loving kindness.

Our Captain I rejoice to find is a pious man, & we have a service on Sunday, but it is not like the service offered by those who meet on shore to praise their God.

Tuesday June 23. We have the trade-winds now, having taken them in Latitude about 28°, much too soon, for we have not yet got far enough to the Eastward, and are consequently very uncomfortable with our close hauled ship striving against a heavy sea.

Sunday June 28th. Divine Service every Sunday performed by the Captain who reads the prayers in a Solemn & impressive manner. What a life this is, such a pitching, rolling, tossing, & reeling about, we poor fellows have had to undergo for the past week. Our little ship has been struggling in contention with the seas, and about as uncomfortable as she can well be, our prospects however are brighter today, for the wind becomes more favorable and we may yet make a fair passage.

Saturday July 4th. *Dismal weather*, rain, rain. Several days of incessant rain, with light & baffling winds, we make but little progress and are having a most uncomfortable time. We today made an attempt at celebrating the day with as much ceremony as circumstances would allow. Our dinner—soup Julienne—fresh salmon—beefsteak pie—boiled ham, fresh lobster salad, with dessert of dried fruits & nuts, champaigne & good madeira wherewith to drink to "absent friends".

July 12th. Sunday fine weather; for four or five days we had to contend with a fresh South Westerly wind, a most unusual circumstance, but it has at last veered round to the East of South, & we are bounding along at a fine rate, with strong hope of making our port soon, all sadly tired of *sea*, as who is not? All sensible men I trow. I have been reading the "*Crescent & Cross*".[6] Warburton is a clever & sensible traveler, how I envy such men, their talents and opportunities, nothing can be more attractive in the romance of life than the faculty of making oneself "*at home*" whether among the Courts of Europe or the Arabs of the Desert, and the gift of language, the being able to address ourselves to any whom we meet, 'tis that that gives the charm to our travels; the being able to learn so much of the character, of the people among whom we may chance to be thrown, is not this the greatest enjoyment within the wayfarers reach. So stop ye travelers in the splendid steam packets, rest ye awhile, cease from the enjoyments of your *few days* at sea, and look in upon us. The picture of the "Oriental Steamer" is too charming, what luxury they enjoy who go to sea in a fine English Steam packet. Why it is no more than a pleasure trip, but with us how changed the scene would appear. There is no comfort on board of a man-of-war.

Thursday July 23. In the first watch last night—my watch—I at half past ten discovered the Light on Cape Frio and in an hour afterwards was able through the darkness of the night to distinguish the dim outline of the bold promontory. At daylight this morning we found ourselves close in with the headlands off the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and fanning along with the very light winds we entered the harbor and anchored in the afternoon. What a delightful change it is at all times, after a tempestuous voyage to find oneself comfortably at anchor, where strange & new faces greet you on all sides, where old friends, former shipmates are to be met, & where last, *not least*, fresh provisions and delicious fruits are to be had, & exercise on shore. None know these pleasures but those whose lot it is to pass their life on the ocean's pathless waste. Old Ocean thou are grand and sublimely beautiful, but man was not made for thee. A queer creature is the Son of Ocean, but wedded to the Sea, as he may be, he is always happy when he gets into his port. The pleasures of the land, the comforts to be had on terra firma, are infinitely beyond the attractions of the foaming deep.

The harbour of Rio de Janeiro is certainly one of the finest in the world. It is capacious enough for accomodating all of the navies of the world, all may lie here at anchor in security, and there is sufficient depth for the largest vessels to enter at any time, day or night without hazard. You seem to be at anchor in an extensive lake encircled with lofty mountains whose broken sides covered with perpetual verdure give a beautifully picturesque appearance on the whole. The city of Rio is about two miles and a half from the sea, situated at the foot of a range of high hills which rise abruptly in the rear of it; the style of building is similar to that of Lisbon, the houses being mostly of stone either whitewashed or stuccoed, two stories high, and occasionally three, covered with red tiles. The streets like those of Lisbon are narrow and paved with blocks of granite, having side walks scarce wide enough for two persons to pass. They are in general pretty clean in the better parts of the town. The style of building so peculiar to the towns of Spain and Portugal is to my eye very agreeable, though not pretty nor ornamental, there is an appearance of such comfort and airiness about them as is adapted to the climate; the windows of the upper stories are all provided with graceful balconies, but without the jalouisies [*sic*] so common in the south of Europe. On the whole I think it a fine city. The population is about 250,000; the largest and most flourishing town of South America as it may well be, for situated as it is directly in the great highway between India, the Pacific and Europe & America, it affords a most convenient port of refreshment to vessels of every nation. The harbor is always filled with shipping and the Commercial advantages of the place are very great. The varied productions of Brazil are such as to give her the resources of a great nation and under a liberal and well conducted form of Government this country must one day take a high stand in the scale of nations. But the Empire must struggle long before it finally shakes off the yoke of monarchy & the bigotry of the Romish church, which, combined, prevent the rise of all. The government at present, is that of a limited monarchy; the Emperor [Pedro II] is a young man of about 21 years old, vested with little authority beyond that possessed by the President of the United States. All laws are enacted by a legislative chamber, without whom nothing can be done, and whose sanction is necessary for all public expenditures. The salary allowed to the young Emperor is about $400,000 which is said to be insufficient for the maintenance of his kingly household, and he is obliged annually to draw upon his private estates to supply the deficiencies.

July 25th. A small party of us today took horses, and made an excursion to the celebrated peak of the Corcovado. On leaving the city we followed for some miles, the course of the aquaduct, which is a fine work constructed in 1740, and brings the supply of water to the city from a distance of about seven miles. Never in my life, have I beheld such a magnificent country, as was this day exhibited to my view. Our road was a circuitous one, gradually winding its way, up toward the summit of the ridge. The pathway is narrow, in some places being only sufficient for one horse to pass, and sometimes so steep, that the ascent was laborious to our animals, the descent perilous, to any but horses accustomed to mountain roads. The way was sometimes through forests of the magnificent tropical trees, whose rich verdure is beautiful; shrubbery of every variety forms the undergrowth; the great yellow jasmine is seen climbing to the tops of the highest trees, & fills the air with its delicious perfume; the giant aloe, is seen in the hedgerows; while a numberless variety of lovely flowers of every hue, seem to make one great and magnificent bouquet. Now we are going through a forest whose dense growth, & lofty tops completely shut out the sunshine, and give a chilling dampness to the air; now we come to a cleared space, of more level ground, where the hand of civilization has reared a pretty country seat, and planted groves of golden oranges; a coffee plantation is beneath us, and hedges of the delicate acacia with its yellow flowers, form a barrier against intrusion. Now we have emerged from the thicket, and from the mountain side have such a view, such a magnificent view, of the most lovely country in the world. Look into that cultivated valley which seems to be beneath our feet; the distance gives to everything a miniature appearance; . . . . and all is beautiful; that limpid stream which dashes down the rocks, and rushing through the valley, lends its fertilizing moisture, and causes an emerald greenness to the vegetation on its banks. Now our horses are on the brink of a precipice, where a false step would plunge us over the crags hundreds of feet, but they never miss their foot hold, and we gallop on without a thought of danger, and soon have a fine glimpse of the beauteous bay, with its fleets at anchor; vessels coming and going, and ever busy man, like a pigmy engaged in his toil; we see him at work but he seems no bigger than an ant crawling on the earth, and that great town lying there is the mole hill, from which these busy ants issue to their labour. Let us go on. The sides of the ridge, are everywhere encircled by lesser conduits, which convey the smallest and most insignificant rivulet to the main trunk of the aquaduct, not a drop of water is allowed to run to waste. We have reached a terrace on which is a large reservoir for feeding the aquaduct, and here too stands a pavilion, seemingly for the accommodation of pleasure parties, for there was a merry pic-nic party holding possession as we passed by. A miserable stable is at hand for the horses, and we gave ours in charge of a half dozen noisy negroes, who seemed delighted with the prospect of reaping a harvest of coppers from the "officers". The remainder of the ascent was to be made on foot, and a toilsome walk we had, climbing up the steep sides of the hill, which becomes very abrupt as we approach the summit. The peak was finally reached however, and a most gloriously beautiful prospect, now lay at our feet on all sides, ocean, mountains, valleys, the splendid bay, the town, the luxuriant tropical verdure, which covers the hill sides; all, all were more grandly magnificent, than I can describe. We gazed on the beauteous scene, lost in admiration and wonder, at each turn finding some new object to attract our attention, and excite our feelings of delightful surprise. My sensations were those which are but expressed. "Lord, what is man, that thou are mindful of him?" "Oh, Lord God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done", and this is all given to man, all these great works are for him, here he is placed in a Paradise. The Peak of the Corcovado is about 2500 feet in height, its summit is of granite, and toward the East it appears so precipitous that one might leap to the valley below without breaking his fall, a light iron railing has been thrown around the summit, for the safety of the pilgrims to the rock erected by the Creator as if for the purpose of enabling man to view his great & beautiful designs. We could not tire of looking on the scene around and beneath us, but the day was on the wane, and our time was limited; hunger too admonished us that it was late, for poor humanity will get hungry, place him where you will. So at a "dog trot" we descended to the place where our horses were *stabled*, and mounting started at a rapid pace down the mountain side. The boisterous negroes gave a tremendous shout as we left them and we heard them for some time quarreling about the "spoils" to be divided. We rode on as rapidly as the roughness of the road would permit, indeed wherever it was practicable, we raced, for we were in fine spirits, all highly exhilirated by the charming scenes through which we had passed. In good time we reached the town, and at 5 sat down to a delicious little dinner, which our host of the Hotel d'Europe placed before us . . . We dined sumptuously; we smoked; and having rested sufficiently sauntered about the streets of Rio by night. Some of the shops are quite stylish and many of them lighted up at night, have a pretty appearance. There are no novelties displayed, except the feather flowers; which are really beautiful & well worth seeing. The largest establishment had extensive ranges, exhibiting every variety of flower imaginable. Some of them, made from the wings of the beetle are very rich, and have a most brilliant appearance at night. The feather flowers are most delicate, and exceed in beauty and their close imitation of nature, the best French flowers, and exceed *them in price too.*

The City of Rio de Janeiro, has no fine buildings; there are a number of Churches, Convents & Monasteries, but none of them are imposing structures; the Palace is extensive, but in exterior is quite plain. The Empress is daily expecting an addition to her Royal responsibilities, and the guns of the batteries & shipping are loaded & ready primed to announce the fact.

On Wednesday the 22d [sic] at about 8 o'clock in the evening, a brilliant and beautiful rocket, shot up from the signal tower above the town; it was quickly followed by a splendid display of fireworks, and then pealed forth the thunder of artillery from every fort and ship in the harbour; the bells chimed merrily and the bay was fairly illuminated by the discharge of the cannon. The accouchement had taken place. A young princess was born to this world of trouble. At daylight in the following morning the Brazilian men-of-war again fired their feux-de-joie, and the rejoicings were continued throughout the day. Thus commences the life of the Princess "Julia"[7] [sic]. These same guns which are now booming o'er the waters their noisy token of rejoicing, may at some future time, be howling the discord of civil war, on her account, these same bells may soon be sounding the alarm note, and again, the guns & bells may together sound her funeral knell. Truly life is a vain shadow.

II

Cape Horn, Valparaiso, Callao, Lima, 1846

At sea August 10th. What a change has within these ten days been wrought in our circumstances. We who a week since were enjoying summer weather, are now wrapped up in winter clothing, and striving to keep out Jack Frost, perhaps the venerable gentleman goes by some other cognomen, in these Southern regions, but as I only know him by the familiar name taught me in youth, it must needs be, that the icy personage, rest content with his nom de guerre. Certain it is, that his visit to us is most unwelcome, and that is not the worst of it, for he will stay on board for some days, and pinch us worse. Approaching Cape Horn, winter with its dreary storms is upon us, already have we been contending with the furious Antarctic blasts.

A most laughable scene occurred in our mess on the last night of our stay at Rio. I had nearly omitted it, but a good joke will not be out of place here, and it is a matter of regret to me, that I cannot dress the story in such way, as might do it justice; in the hands of Marryatt [*sic*] it would be thought a picture of fancy, but it is a true story though you may scarce credit it. A gay young widower of our mess fell in love with a fair maid of Brooklyn before we sailed. On the passage out, he has come to the determination to prosecute his suit, & on his return promises to invite us to *his wedding;* meanwhile he "sends presents." An opportunity offers itself at Rio, and he purchased some of the most beautiful of Mme. Finot's feather flowers. A *bridal wreath* was selected by some of us and the assortment being ready he must needs prepare a letter. Several pages were soon filled with the outpourings of his heart; his effusions being interspersed with liberal quotations from *Byron* & *other* authors of celebrity; the letter ready, it was submitted to the inspection of the mess, for criticism & correction, and there sate the critics, one reading aloud, the others commenting upon this passage, altering that, & expunging a third. He was then set to work at the *fair copy*, which he transcribed and sent to its address. I enjoyed the scene more than I can express; the serio-comic manner of the lover, his singularity of ideas, and eccentricity of expression, are such as entertain us vastly.

The weather is chilly, raw, biting, cold and uncomfortable, miserable. Oh, what a dog's life is this of the sea. What an unnatural, entirely artificial and quite unreasonable life. Our dear friends at home are now suffering with the Summer's heat while *we* are biting our fingers with the cold off Cape Horn in its last winter month, & that is not all; the wind is ahead, and has been so for the last three days. How long it may continue to oppose our passage to the Pacific, is a matter of anxious inquiry in our minds.

How often have I looked on the Jack Tar with mingled feelings of wonder & pity. Wonder that a rational man should make an amphibian animal of himself, and expose himself to dangers and hardships, that shorten his life one third; pity that the life of the noble seaman should be so hard, his comforts so few. By a computation of mine, I judge that the Tar does not on an average, spend *one twelfth* of his time on shore, the rest of his life is passed in close imprisonment within the wooden walls of his ship, seemingly with no ties, he appears to care for little beyond the present moment, and with a happy unconsciousness of the tranquil enjoyments of life, he seems content with & quite proud of his condition. Aye he looks with contempt upon the "poor landsman" who is compelled to drudge away his life *on shore;* truly in the seaman's case, "ignorance is bliss".

August 11. Tonight we had a "print of butter" on our supper table, really a very respectable print, though not "fresh" from the dairy, it was very good indeed. Truly there are some good things to be had off Cape Horn in the winter; butter hard enough to print, & water icy cold. Why our butter has been like oil, and the water not *quite lukewarm,* but near enough for anyone. I cannot write legibly in such weather & must tumble in to my berth. . . . .

August 18th, 19th, 20th. Oh, what *bitter, bitter* weather; a tremendous gale has raged these three days, with its wintry accompaniments of snow and hail, and biting frost. The sudden change from the tropical sun to these icy regions, has had a most painful effect upon us; my limbs are swollen and slightly frosted, my hands are really immense, and though the sensation is disagreeable I have not experienced much inconvenience from it, though some of my messmates complain a great deal. How little can our dear friends at home realize our situation at this moment; they are shrinking before the summer's sun, and covet the shade and cooling airs, while we unfortunates, are enveloped in wintry clothing, and shivering, with the winds from the pole; these regions are with justice called the Court of Aeolus, for here he seems to hold his revels.

Saturday August 22d. "Land ho!" is the cry from aloft and at the sound, usually one of cheering import, all crowd on deck, not to see our expected port, not to see some green spot in the ocean, but to gaze upon a desert, frozen, desolate island. "*Staten Land*" with its snow clad hills and rock bound shores is in the distance; a pretty background to the picture of inhospitality and desolation which surrounds us.

Sunday August 23d. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." We had a most narrow and providential excape this morning, in my watch. The latter part of yesterday, we were becalmed; but in the evening a light air sprung up, which wafted us along pleasantly through the night. At 4 A. M. I took the deck; from the course we were steering I felt some apprehension about beeing *too near* the land seen yesterday, and in my anxiety enjoined additional vigilance on our "look-outs". My own eyes are so defective that I am obliged to see through the eyes of others. A *treacherous current* was rapidly setting us on to danger, while we were all enjoying the rest of security; day was just dawning when the "look-out" reported, "*Land on the lee bow, close aboard*" a startling cry enough when one is in the dark and gropes about without knowing whether he may run into new dangers. With no more time for reflection than a sailor may take for himself, I put the ship's head right "*about*", at the same time summoning our worthy Captain on deck. As you may suppose, he came in an instant, en robe de nuit almost, for he had only thrown on his overcoat. "Where's the land?" said he. "I don't know sir. I have not looked at it."

"*Haul, men, haul*, away with those braces". "I am getting her round sir, I did not stop to see the land." "Ah here it is" said he "how strange, how can we have come in here." The ship safe, I looked for the land and through the dim twilight could well discern its gloomy shores, rendered more distinct by their snowy covering. What an escape! One hour more of night and darkness, & what a fearful doom would have been ours. What a dreadful fate we were preserved from, by a kind Providence who watches over all our ways, and guards us when we sleep & dream of security. The bleak desolate & snow covered sides of the Island, wore a more dreary aspect, when we thought of our escape; an uninhabited, unfrequented island whose rocky cliffs frown defiance on the waters, and seem the very picture of frigid inhospitality, is presented to our view by the rising sun, and all must have felt grateful to Him who saved us from its barren shore.

Sept 3d. A fine fair wind wafted us beyond the cold and dangers of Cape Horn, and we have for several days been approaching our port with hearts made each day lighter by the increase of comfort experienced in the more moderate weather. Last night I saw one of the rare phenomena, a Lunar Rainbow, the first I have ever seen, it was very brilliant and formed a perfect arch, its duration however was very brief, like all other beauties it soon faded from view, and was lost.

Sept 5th. My little Gussie's birth-day![8] God help him; my heart almost sickens with despair when I think of home, and the long exile which must be passed ere my return to wife & children so dear to me.

Sept 9th. Valparaiso. We arrived here yesterday and the comfort, the real pleasure of reaching a port after a tedious and boisterous sea voyage is only appreciated by those who have experienced the privations and hardships of a sea life. For a day or two before our arrival, we had more moderate and pleasant weather, and began to enjoy ourselves after all the storms & frosts were left behind. My frosted hands are becoming more comfortable though still as red as beets, and still rather tender. Yes! though the port be ten thousand miles from home; though it be Valparaiso; the satisfaction of reaching an anchorage, seeing new faces, rambling on Terra firma, and last though by no means least, in the scale of comforts, fresh provisions, milk butter & good bread. The appearance of Valparaiso, though somewhat picturesque, is not altogether agreeable to the eye. The City is built at the foot of some lofty hills which abruptly rear their craggy peaks on every side of the bay, no luxuriant forests cover their nakedness, none of the beautiful verdure of Brazil is seen here, a scanty growth of cacti is the only object which relieves the roughness of the surrounding scenery. Here and there on the sides of the hills, where there is a sufficient level spot, neat villas are seen, and their pretty gardens seem quite inviting; but we have no time for looking into all of these comfortable retreats. Our stay is to be short, and we must take but a hurried glance over the place. The snow capped tops of the Andes are seen in the distance proudly raising themselves toward the heavens, and the inland scenery must be magnificent and I hope some of these days to be enabled to view it for myself. The population of the city is somewhere about ten thousand; and the climate is said to be the finest in the world. The natives seem to be most commonly tinged with Indian blood for very few, are seen who are purely Spanish in appearance and these only of the upper classes.

We sailed from Valparaiso on the 10th and had a passage of fourteen days to Callao, during which we had a continuation of charmingly comfortable weather. On the passage, I had for the first time in my life a *good view* of a whale, though I have frequently seen them "spout" in the distance. Such sights are but unsatisfactory. On this occasion however, one of these huge monsters was quietly playing about our ship for more than an hour, sometimes, throwing himself half out of the waters, at others plunging into the depths of the ocean he would disappear for ten minutes, and then gently rising would "blow" directly alongside of us.

Sept 22d. Callao. At anchor in Callao harbour. The country in this vicinity is of very singular formation, an extensive plain borders on the sea, having a most gentle inclination toward the shores; the distant view is bordered by the mountain ranges. Lima, the once proud "city of the Kings" stands on this plain at about six miles distance and is fully in sight from the bay, presenting quite an imposing appearance with its spires and towers rising above the verdant plain. The town of Callao stands on the bay side and being on a sandy tongue of land is about as miserable a town as can be met with, filled with wretchedness and filth. The houses mostly of one story, are built of bamboo and plastered over, as this affords a cheap and substantial style of building in a country where the constant earth quake shocks, would shake down the more solid architecture in use at home.

On the 24th I visited Lima. It was a holiday, the festival of Saint Mercedes the Patroness of the Army and the turn out on the occasion was quite imposing, and was doubly interesting to us as "all of Lima" was in the streets, and we thus had an opportunity of seeing the novel and varied costumes & customs of the gay Peruvians. Let me first speak of our ride in the stage; a stage in Peru, with such a motley set of companions de voyage, for it is a gala day and Callao seemed to be pouring all of its population toward the Capital. Men women & children crowded into the stage until its insides, which proclaimed to the world "Seats for fourteen", could hold no more than the *eighteen* who were thrust in on top of each other but all were merry, and the confusion of tongues was as that of Babel, the road was dusty & almost suffocating, for *it never rains here*, and for the most part lay through a well cultivated country. The most remarkable production I observed in the gardens, was the orange tree, which attains a size beyond any I have before seen, many of them being some forty feet in height. As we approached the city our elevation enabled us to look back towards the sea, and the prospect was beautiful.

The streets of the city were filled with troops, and the populace all in their best array. At 11 o'clock the Cathedral bells began to sound, the procession formed at the palace, and marched to the church which was already so crowded it was impossible for us to get in. At 12 the religious services were over and the procession with its reinforcement of *churchmen* in the shape of priests, padres, incense bearers, banners and images, swept through the square, with the martial music of a fine band filling the air with its delicious sounds. Women, with baskets of beautiful flowers tastefully arranged, walked at intervals in the crowded train, the smoke of incense ascended and perfumed the atmosphere, and there too were the *images*, the idols of Papal Superstition. First of all was the image of Saint Mercedes, in a dress gorgeously spangled with emeralds & brilliant diamonds, a crown of pure gold decorated the head of this *idol*, in her left hand she carried a pair of golden shackles & in her right a bouquet or rather, wreath of beautiful flowers, as if to offer us on the one hand the shackles of sin & on the other the flower strewn paths of virtue. This "*Saint*" was mounted on a throne, borne on the shoulders of eight stout negroes whose black legs stuck out beneath the finery of her ladyship in rather a ludicrous manner. And this is Romanism! Alas for the intellect, the heart, the honesty of man, who thus corrupted, strives by pomp & show & image worship to appear before *the world* as religious. This cortege swept on, and left me absorbed in reflection as to what should be the end of this idolatry, which has so widely spread over the world. The streets were crowded with people of every description, the squalid Indian of Peru in his tawdry finery, with his ugly & misshapen wife, and the proud, graceful, descendants of the Spaniard, were alike to be seen, as well as all of the various castes from every part of the country grouped together without regard to rank or appearance. The costume worn, by the ladies of Lima, in the streets is one of the most remarkable things to be seen here. A skirt of silk closely gathered from the waist to the hips falls in graceful folds to their feet, (formerly it was gathered all the way to the ankles,) this is the Saya. Their "upper works" are clothed in a silken hood generally black, which is gathered about the waist and is drawn up over the head and shoulders concealing all but one eye, which peers out & strives to do all the talking of two common eyes, assisted by a smiling mouth, and this hood or shawl more properly is called the manta. What could have given rise to so strange a dress I know not, unless the early inhabitants of this place had cause to watch their gentle ones and guard them from the rude gaze of man; but certain it is, that Lima is one of the most licentious places in the world, so the women may be assisted in their intrigue, by a dress which enables them to walk the streets incognita. In former days Lima was proudly termed "the city of the Kings" but the dreadful earth quake of 1746 reduced it to a heap of ruins and from the desolation, which then swept over it has never recovered. The houses in the principal parts of the city are of two low stories, and are built of unburnt brick, the external appearance being simply that of a Spanish town with narrow streets, paved with small round pebbles very hard to walk on.

In the morning we went into the Cathedral which is a rather imposing building with two fine aisles, but there is always so much of tawdriness in the coloring & gilding of these Spanish Churches that the designs of the best architects are in a measure destroyed [by the] flimsy finery which is meant for decoration. In the aisles are the sundry niches or Chapels dedicated to the various Saintly persons worshipped in this Holy place. I had the curiosity to read some of the Spanish notices which are posted on the gateways (for they all have an iron gateway) of these chapels. In one of them was a female figure badly carved of wood, and dressed in gaudy colors, and on the gateway was a notice to the effect that "His Excellency the Arch Bishop of Lima, hereby granted and [sic] indulgence of eighty days to any one who would contribute candles sufficient to supply this chapel for one month, for the Sake of Santa Rosa." Santa Rosa is the patron saint of the City of Lima, and a boy, one of the attendants, came with his silver box to beg for a shilling for Santa Rosa. I told him to get out of my way or I would kick him, but he could not be shaken off, changing his tone most piteously, but without effect on me. My disgust for the revolting practices of these Romanists knows no bounds, and I came very near telling a priest who came to beg for Santa Rosa to go to the D——. Out of the main building I went into a side chapel where they were chanting a funeral service over some unfortunate body, who had died, in ignorance. In the midst of their chant one of the priests would turn around & say sharply to a negro attendant "Why don't you ring the bell louder." Then chant he would go, while the negro would run out & ring his little bell, & coming in, would again be sent off in the same manner. I could not restrain my laughter & walked out. In this Cathedral repose the remains of Pizarro the bold adventurer who first planted the standard of Spain among the Incas. . . . .

The population of Lima is estimated at about 60,000, the city is surrounded by a low wall, built in the last century against sudden attacks from the Indians; through the centre of such streets as run from E[ast] to W[est] there runs a canal or drain of about three feet in width, into which all the refuse & filth of the city is thrown. The atmosphere is mild & the climate considered generally very salubrious, the heat of the summer being less than one would expect to find so near the Equator; the average range of the thermometer in summer does not exceed 82° in the shade. This may in some degree be attributable to the manner in which the city is built, that is with the streets running from N.E. to S.W. and from N.W. to S.E. thus they are shaded at all hours nearly.

I left Lima on the morning of the 25th mounted on a tolerably good horse, and arrived at Callao without accident, finding the saddle a much more agreeable mode of conveyance than the heavy and crowded omnibus.

Sept 27th. Sailed from Callao at 7 P. M.

III

Paita, Mazatlan, San José del Cabo, Monterey, 1846

Sept 30th. Arrived Payta [sic]. As wretched a town as the eye of man may rest upon. Here we wait for news from the United States, by the steamer from Panama which may be expected on the 2d of October.[9] The small town of Payta, (which is the sea port of Para) is built at the head of a capacious roadstead; and has a neighboring country which affords the most perfect picture of desolation that the world can produce; not a blade of grass, nor a stunted shrub is seen. On all sides as far as the eye can reach, nothing is visible, but a sandy & barren plain, broken here and there by ravines, caused by some convulsion of nature, for "*it never rains at Payta*" and the fissures in the sides of the hills are therefore not caused by refreshing showers. No, the earth is parched by a continued and unsparing drought which forbids everything like vegetation. The water used by the inhabitants is brought from the distance of nine miles, and a regular trade is carried on in the commodity by negroes, with the patient ass, laden with small breakers of water. The roads of Payta are much resorted to by Whaling vessels, as fresh provisions & vegetables are quite cheap here, though brought from a distance.

On the morning of the 3rd of October the English Steamer arrived from Panama, bringing news from home as late as August 8th. We of course expected no letters from our beloved friends, but the mere sight of newspapers afforded us much gratification and the account of sayings & doings in one's own country must to the absent always prove a source of pleasure.

We learn that the war with Mexico still continues and that extensive plans are proposed against those insignificant and powerless people. We learn too that California has fallen into our hands, and is already taken possession of by our squadron, but oh for a line from my dear wife, a single word of love and assurance of health, the mere repetition of the words "all's well" would give me greater pleasure than all the political news in the world. On the afternoon of the 3d we left Payta with a fine breeze for the Coast of Mexico.

Oct 9th. *Death*, has come among us, & most suddenly has taken away one of our crew. While at breakfast one of the men came hastily for the Dr. saying, "The old cook has a fit." The worthy Surgeon hastened out, and almost immediately returned, saying "He is dead." Poor old Clark![10] A most respectable colored man, who had spent his life in the service, and was universally a favorite, because of his unvarying good humor and cheerfulness, always seeming contented and happy. I had had the morning watch & when he came to the mast at half past seven to report "the tea water ready"

I returned his pleasant laugh, and thought how cheerful he always was. He was then quite well; in one short hour he was numbered with the dead, after an illness of not more than *three minutes*. Death in whatever shape, seems always terrible to the seriously inclined mind; but Death so sudden, Death "in the midst of life", is fearful; and yet how slight the impression made on "passers by." A man falls among us, is dead, buried, and forgotten, the busy world goes on, the thoughtless crowd unheedful of the warning, still follow their various persuits, as carelessly as if they had no part in the world to come, nothing to hope for, nothing to fear. "Oh Lord so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." A burial at sea is always solemn and imposing, the little community on ship board are as if they had lost one of their family; the messmates of the deceased perform the last offices over the body which is sewed up in canvass with one or two shot[11] at feet to make it sink; the Boatswain calls "all hands bury the dead" and when the officers and crew are assembled at the gangway the body, covered with a flag is brought on a board, and there amid the silence of the ocean the prayers are read and the body committed to the deep; the plunge is heard, the waters close over, the ship passes on, none but the eye of the Almighty can point out the spot where, embosomed in the oceans wave rests the body of the deceased. This seems like eternity. Seamen seem habitually indifferent about death, they have no ties; and lead a life of hardship and exposure to toil & danger. So accustomed do they become to the sight of Death in all his horrors that they are sadly careless of the future; they are more like children than men of mature years. They are as thoughtless, as gay, as cheerful, their comrade dies and is committed to the deep; and the fiddle is as usual, heard on the forecastle when the shades of evening fall; the dance, the song, the sounds of mirth & jollity are uninterrupted.

Oct 22d. Nothing of interest has occurred during the past two weeks, which have been only remarkable for calms and light airs, but today we had another death on board, one of our seamen who has been for several weeks struggling against an attack of dysentery, has at last sunk under the disease, and gone to his final account.[12] The poor fellow was one of our best men, he had been more provident than seamen are in general, and had saved a small amount of money which is deposited in a New York Savings Bank. With a feeling of gratitude toward our excellent Surgeon, who had given him most unremitted attention during his tedious illness, he made a will, in which he declared the Dr. his heir, leaving him all that he possessed. He was Swede, had been for years a wanderer, and for a long time in our Naval Service, said he had no relatives in the world. What a world this is, and what a frail mortal is man, "vain man," he passeth away and is straitway forgotten by those who were most closely connected with him. Sailors are proverbially, a thoughtless set of beings, and more difficult of receiving serious impressions than perhaps any other class of men in the world; gay reckless and daring they live only for the present & have no idea of a future, yet they are kind, warm hearted and true to the friends of the moment, for whom they are capable of undergoing any sacrifice.

October 26th. For many, very many days, we have been suffering with the intense tropical heat, which has been rendered more than usually uncomfortable by the continued calms or light airs of the region through which we are passing. For ten days past we have scarcely moved one hundred miles, having scarce air enough to blow out a candle, and now we are on a short allowance of water. Oh ye "who live at home at ease" how little do ye know of the suffering and privations of those whose lot is cast on the oceans wave. Think of a poor fellow, or a set of poor fellows, penned up in the wooden walls of a ship in the midst of the ocean, deprived of most of the comforts of life, mostly under a vertical sun & without air enough to breathe, or water enough to allay the parching thirst—and such water as it is. Why the lukewarm brook would afford a more agreeable drink. To be sure, our water is neither putrid nor slimy, but it's warm, and not enough of it. Oh for a pull at a stream of ice water, oh for a mountain of ice.

However there is little use in repining, at the petty grievances of life. So long as we are spared in health and friends, we have no right to complain. I would willingly be on a short allowance of water all my life, could I be at home with my sweet wife and children; but we cant have all of our desires gratified, and perhaps 'tis as well, for short sighted man knows not what is for his good. I pray that all at home may be "well", that all may be in health, peace & prosperity, and then indeed my wishes will be granted.

October 30th. Still becalmed, still suffering with heat, still crying for water. The vicissitudes of climate, the sudden changes of season, the toils, the suffering, the exposure undergone by the mariner may justly be thought enough to break down a constitution of iron, and so indeed it is. Sailors are dissipated when on shore, for the delightful pleasure felt by those who have just returned from a long sea voyage, the comforts now placed within the reach of those who have been so long subjected to privation are greater than the weak mind of man is able to resist, and as the famished man will surfeit himself when food is placed before him, so will the Seaman, wholly give himself up to the persuit of pleasure when on shore, and I do not wonder at it. A man without ties of home or kindred must be made of sterner stuff than belongs to me, if able to resist the charms of dissipation, when thrown on shore and amid scenes of debauchery & vice. Sin is alluring, and who can withstand its attractions unless restrained by strength of principle and resolution to do good, which graces are received from Above only? So with the poor sailor; his sufferings at sea, are *never* trifling no, not when his time is most easy; and so he thinks it but right that he should "frolic" when on shore, these combined evils, shorten poor Jack's life most sadly, and it is consequently a rare thing to see a seaman over fifty years of age. Some few "*steady fellows*" may be met with who have survived that age, but how many fall before the prime of life is reached, alas how many.

Scarce six months have passed since I joined this ship; hardly five months have elapsed since we sailed from home, & yet we have passed through *all of the seasons of the year*, and are now in our second summer's heat. We left New York when the sun of June was high, we crossed the Equator when it was winter there (although warm enough for us,) at Rio Spring was approaching, off Cape Horn the blasts of winter were right rudely Sounded in our ears, Spring had come when we reached Callao, and Summer too before we again crossed the Equator, and we now have the autumn of the northern tropic. You must not associate with all of these changes the bleak hills & leafless forests of our own winter. Verdis perpetually reigns in all of the places we have visited, and desolate winter's snows have only been seen by us off Cape Horn with its ice clad hills, but nevertheless the winter to the people low within the tropics makes itself manifest in the chilling days of one place, the frequent rains of another, and as we insensibly adapt ourselves to the climates we are in, we necessarily feel the "cold" of such places, though the weather be what we call fine summers weather at home. These changes of climate, are sadly trying to the poor voyager, but Heaven has so far been merciful in preserving our health and strength, and I pray that it may be continued to us, that a speedy & happy reunion with our families be in store for us. . . . .

Nov. 8th. Last night we were again mercifully preserved from a great danger. For several days past, having been favored with light winds & pleasant weather, we have made some progress toward our port and have just entered the mouth of the Gulf of California. We were running in for the land last night, with a light wind, and all unconscious of dangers near, the friendly moon cast her pale silvery light over the bosom of the deep, and enabled our "lookouts" to see a *rock* lying directly *ahead* and *very near* us, the course was altered, and thus were we again saved from wreck by Him who watches while we sleep. May he continue to watch over and preserve us through all dangers & troubles & may he conduct us in safety to our homes & friends.

Saturday Nov 14th. This afternoon we "looked in" upon Mazatlan. Our ship anchored at about three miles from the town which presents quite a pretty appearance from the water, but as sundry hostile demonstrations were made by the "magnanimous Mexicans" we of course held no communication with the shores. Our object in touching here was for the purpose of obtaining news of the squadron and we hoped to have found some of our vessels here, but in this were disappointed; there were no men-of-war here except three Englishmen; to one of which I was despatched in a boat. We could plainly see from the ship that there was a considerable "excitement" on shore on the occasion of our appearing off the harbour, and as I had to pull within range of gunshot in approaching the British vessels, I expected every moment to see an iron messenger sent after my boat from the town, but nothing occurred to give excitement to the trip, no incident to note, no adventure yet to relate. I returned to the ship without any interruption and, without news of our squadron, so we sailed immediately for the westward.

Monday Nov 16th. This afternoon, we came to anchor off the Bay of San Josephs,[13] a small village of Lower California about 20 miles to the N[orthwar]d & E[astwar]d of Cape St. Lucas. Before the ship anchored, I was sent in an armed boat to effect a landing, ascertain what was the disposition of the inhabitants, and endeavor to procure supplies of fresh provisions & *water*, for we were getting so low in this last article that today we commenced our allowance of *two quarts per man* so you may imagine the desire felt by all, to get an increased supply of this most essential article. As I approached the beach, I saw the people gathering from all directions, and forming a small squad, at the only place where I saw any chance of landing, through the surf, which was running very high. Without knowing what might be the feeling of this part of the Mexican people, toward us, I thought that some trouble was in store, but as I could see with my glass, that they were not in much greater force than my own party, we counted fifteen fully armed, I pulled on, & ran through the surf, jumped out, waded on shore, & was glad to find that we should be able to procure all the necessary supplies without bloodshed. I found on the beach an American gentleman, one of the resident Americans who had been expelled from Mazatlan, on the commencement of the war. He assured me that the Californians were all *friends* of ours, and that the people of San José were his personal friends. He had brought his horses to the beach & I mounted one of them caparisoned in the most gay Mexican housings, & off we rode for the village which was about two miles distant. Our worthy purser Mr. Buchanan,[14] was in company and I left him there to make his arrangements for supplies of all kinds; having only remained myself for a few moments to say "how do you do" to an American lady, and kiss her pretty little daughter. Home and its dear ones were thus forcibly presented to my mind, but I staid [tried] not to think of my exile, and soon found myself on my way off to the ship. We gained here the first news of our vessels, the *Cyane*[15] had visited this place only three days before us, and had gone on a cruise again; and we hear with infinite satisfaction, that some of our officers out here have had opportunities of distinguishing themselves in sundry gallant "cutting out" affairs; but for the "*Dale*," I fear there is nothing of the kind in store, 'tis hard, "to come so far to learn nothing."

Friday Nov 20th. Sailed from San Josephs for the Westward, and the California Coast.

Thursday Dec 3d. This day completes the sixth month since leaving wife & home. Six weary months! and yet how many more must be told ere I may hope to be again united with them all. We count the day, weeks, & months, rejoicing in any event which may serve to make the time pass more rapidly away.....

Sunday Dec 6th. Six months from the United States. Six months at sea; one hundred & eighty three days, all of which except twenty have been spent on the deep; that is a long while to be spent on the waste of waters, and what a distance has it placed us from home, *17,000 miles have we sailed*, during those tedious months of absence, and we have at least a half month longer to be at sea ere we may expect to touch a port where we may rest awhile. What changes may have occurred during this half year, and how tediously must pass the time ere we can have news from home. With us on board, little has transpired worthy of note, two out of our number have gone to rest, their bodies have been committed to the mysterious deep, and now our Captain's health seems rapidly on the decline. He has been for several months an invalid, but of late his disease has apparently gained upon him, and I see little hope of his recovery, but hope indeed that he may be enabled to reach home before the final summons comes. He seems to be a true good man, and one who has gained the kind feelings of all on board; though I shall regret to part with him, I am impatient to see him on his way home to his family.

Dec 21st. Bay of San Francisco. Before saying anything of this place I must go back a little and speak of occurrences which passed since my last date. On the 12th we made the high land off Monterey, and ran in to that place the same morning, the wind blowing nearly a gale, but as we saw no men-of-war there we did not come to anchor. In standing off to the North & West from this place, the weather being very thick and the rain pouring down in torrents, we came very near running on to a low point of land forming the north point of the Bay, but fortunately it was seen in time for us to save the ship. We were obliged to haul by the wind which by this time increased to a gale and suddenly shifted to the S.W. blowing very heavy, our situation now was one of extreme peril, on neither tack could we clear the shore, night came on & we could not regain the port. The rain poured down in violent squalls and the wind at times, raged furiously, the lee shore was by our calculation not more than nine miles off. We could not carry much sail, and were obliged frequently to reduce what little we had, on account of the violence of the squalls, a tremendous swell set in from the S.W. and we felt that it was fast driving us toward the fatal shore; but the Almighty rendered us assistance and extricated us from the danger, where the hand of man was powerless. At 8 p. m. I took the deck for the first watch, it was pitchy dark, and the ship under a press of sail struggled against the storm—Man, I felt could do nothing here; but a Gracious God "Stilled the tempest." Soon after I went on deck I found that the wind was moderating, though the sea ran so high, that we could make no way against it; my watch was one of much anxiety and care, but the wind gradually changed, and during the mid watch we were enabled to haul off shore; and our ship was soon bounding off before a gale from the S.E.

San Francisco Bay On Monday the 14th we arrived at this place and were just congratulating ourselves on having made so long a voyage without accident, when in standing for the anchorage—we *ran ashore*. Here was work indeed, fortunately no rocks were under us, but a soft mud bottom. Our boats were got out but the exertions of our crew were not sufficient to relieve the ship; the boats of the squadron however soon reached us and after about two hours work the *Dale* floated once more and proceeded to the anchorage; we found here the frigate *Savannah*,[16] sloops *Cyane* & *Warren*[17] all heartily glad to see us, and all sick enough of this part of the world, but I must make the California question one of a separate *Chapter*.

IV

San Francisco, Santa Clara, Sausalito, 1846

In the month of July last,[18] a revolt took place in California, and a party under Capt Fremont calling themselves the Bear party (being mostly settlers in the neighborhood of Bear river) marched against the authorities of California; various outrages were committed by both parties the one desiring to overturn & the other to retain the legitimate power. At this time Com[mo]d[o]re Sloat[19] being here with the Squadron, supposing that the mass of the Californians were ripe for revolt, and ready to throw themselves into the arms of the United States, hoisted the American flag & proclaimed the whole of California to be under American jurisdiction & protection.[20] His movement was premature and ill judged. At this time he was relieved by Com[mo]d[o]re Stockton,[21] who within ten days of the first proclamation, by Sloat, issued *another* in his own name, desiring to have a share of the eclât.[22] Liberty was promised, and also protection to private property, the religion, and municipal regulations of the people were to be respected, and in short nothing was to be required of Californians but to become a part and parcel of the United States.

Much to the disgrace of our *authorities*, the promises held forth in the "proclamations" were outrageously violated. A party of volunteers, broke into the church at San Juan, robbed it of whatever was valuable and maltreated the priest. In another place women had been barbarously & brutally treated; horses & other private property was seized, as was said, for the use of the Government. A paper published in Monterey by Colton a Chaplain of the Navy (and by appointment Alcalde of Monterey) came out in violent terms against card playing, fandangoes & horse racing; heavy penalties were threatened against those *guilty* of the above "*crimes*" a heavy excise duty was also imposed by the said Alcalde.[23]

All of the above circumstances aroused the indignation of the people who could not tamely see their rights thus invaded, & themselves stripped of their possessions. Previous to the organization of the Bear party, there existed two parties in the country, the stronger one was in favor of asking English protection the other desired American, and the "Bears" by making a first move hoped to anticipate & settle the matter. There also existed a small but very respectable party, consisting mostly of those in power, who desired no change; but all seemed in a state of tranquility under American domination, until the various acts spoken of above very justly aroused the indignation of both of the parties who were opposed to the "Bears" and their friends of the American Squadron. While all was thought to be quiet throughout the province a deep rooted & bitter feeling of hostility was fastening upon the minds of those who thought themselves outrageously wronged. An insurrectionary movement commenced at the South, and while Comdre Stockton was here making speeches and appointing "military commandants" over the *Conquered* provinces, he received intelligence that the garrison at Puebla [Los Angeles] was in danger and that the forces landed at San Pedro by Capt Mervine[24] to protect & hold that place, Puebla being evacuated, had been driven off. The spirit of resistance rapidly spread throughout Upper California; and small parties were everywhere in arms against the Americans. The military posts were threatened, and horses & cattle were driven into the interior, in order not only to cut off our supplies of fresh provisions, but deprive our men of means of persuit, in a hilly country which can only be traversed on horseback. A formidable tribe of thieving Indians were also giving trouble & must be gained over to our side. Purser Fauntleroy[25] with 50 mounted men was dispatched on this business and after one or two skirmishes with them brought them to terms of alliance. Comdre Stockton in the *Congress*[26] departed with haste, for San Diego where troubles had also commenced. The *Savannah* returned to San Francisco, and *Mervine* becomes the "military Commandant of the Northern Department of California". What a title, let us see how he makes use of the authority reposed in him. Capt Mervine is an officer who has never enjoyed any degree of favor among officers who have sailed under him; and I know but little of his character except from hearsay. In my occasional interviews with him, officially, I should judge him to be a man little fitted for the office denoted by the high sounding titles affixed to his name; he seems hasty, & without much judgement, exceedingly suspicious and impetuous, and withal so much puffed with conceit & self importance, that he can hardly sit still in his chair, but assumes a most theatrical style, & reminds me constantly of an inferior actor playing *King* on the stage. Such airs & flourishes, as he practised off on my dull understanding, he "did amaze me."

The above brief summary will bring me to the time of our arrival here in the *Dale*. We found the little town of Yerba Buena, in possession of the Americans, garrisoned & fortified; a post was established at San José about

50 miles to the S. E. and another at Sonoma on the Sacramento. Capt Sutter's fort on the Sacramento had also been garrisoned. These garrisons are composed of seamen & naval officers; the one at San Jose being under Lt Robt Pinckney[27] with 60 men; that at Sonoma under Lt Maury.[28] Lt Bartlett[29] of the Navy had been appointed *Alcalde* of Yerba Buena & Commander Hull,[30] commanded the port. Such was the position of matters when we arrived. The *Alcalde* held his courts, unmolested & decided upon the most intricate & difficult questions of Spanish law; disputed land claims were settled by him and his decision was in all *matters final*. A naval officer may be at home on the Quarter Deck, he may understand his own profession, he may also understand so much of *international* law, as is required in the performance of his duties, but when he is transformed, and from the Deck of the ship, is suddenly transferred to the Court, to the *Bench*—as *presiding judge*, how ridiculous his position, what knows he of law to be *brief*. Lt Bartlett gave much offence by some of his legal decisions, and he also when seizing upon some property for "public use" refused to give such acknowledgements as might enable the owner to recover from the government, the price of the articles taken. A man from the country was arrested & thrown into prison because his name was Sanchez and a person named Sanchez, had rendered himself very conspicuous in his hostility to the Americans, so the unfortunate was imprisoned because he bore the same name, & "must be a relative of the other." Having got thus far in the magistracy, the Alcalde one day ordered out his guards, for a foraging party, and rode some few miles from the town for a supply of cattle, taking with him money to purchase bullocks, but the unhappy wight did not carry with him that protection which his office gave him while in the growing village of Yerba Buêna. He fell into the hands of the Sanchez family and the[y] measured out to him the same justice which he had been meting to them and their countrymen. He is closely detained as a prisoner, and they have refused to exchange him on any account.

Whilst affairs are in this state the squadron are [sic] sadly straitened for provisions, our supplies of stores are nearly exhausted, and of bread our stock is so short, that the men have been for some time on the daily allowance of but ten ounces. A contract had been made with a Frenchman at Santa Clara, to supply a small quantity of hard bread, some of which had been delivered; intelligence was received that the rest of this bread was ready and the senior officer assigned it to the *Dale*, as that ship was ordered to get ready for sea. Santa Clara is a small village about 50 miles from Yerba Buena, situated on a small river of the same name, which discharges itself into the South Eastern end of the Bay of San Francisco. I was detailed for the duty of bringing off this bread. On the night of Thursday the 17th of Dec. left the ship in the Launch of the Frigate *Savannah* with two Mid[shipme]n and a party of marines & seamen numbering thirty men, all well armed. It was reported that a strong body of Californians were lurking in that neighborhood, and we apprehended that an attempt would be made to intercept the bread and cut off our party, so I left the ship with full expectation of an adventure, and some interesting anecdote to relate on my return. I determined at all events not to *be taken* alive, and to bring off the bread if possible. We left the ship at 7 o'clock in the evening and pulled down the Bay until 1 AM, when the tide making strong against us I anchored. In an open boat, crowded with men and various stores thrown in in the dark, sleep was out of the question, nor did I desire to sleep being too much occupied with busy thoughts, and anxious too to be ready with the earliest change of tide, so I wrapped myself in a boat cloak & laid down, to await patiently the coming of day and the flood tide. My worn out crew were soon asleep, and the tired Midshipmen, soon added their harmonizing snores to the rest of the party; I permitted them all to indulge in rest until the first peep of day. The grey light of morning had scarcely appeared, when I called "all hands" to ply again "the lab'ring oar." The tide was just turning, and as we still had a long distance to pull it was important to make the best use of our time. The day soon shone out beautifully and our cook managed with dexterity to give us a good breakfast, that is, a hot cup of coffee, cold meat & bread. After pulling about 45 miles from the ship, we enter the creek of Santa Clara, which is so very crooked, that, it is fifteen miles from the entrance to the landing tho' not more than one third of that distance across the low land through which this creek runs. These low lands are perfectly level, and are not overflowed by the tides although so nearly so, as to be quite wet. Their extent in breadth is at least six miles, being bounded on either side by high ranges of hills or rather mountains; and as far as the eye could reach to the Southward this flat plain seemed to extend itself. The creek is filled with water fowl of every description, I never in my life saw them so abundant or in such great variety, geese & ducks actually covered the water, and when they rose their noise was really startling, it was like that of an army shouting in battle, as they did in olden times; it was sometime before I became accustomed to it; the banks of the creek also were filled with curlew, plover & snipe in variety, while black birds in immense flocks were feeding in the plains, & reed birds in abundance hovered in the thick grass which fringes the edges of the creek. I had my gun with me, and could not resist the temptation of killing some game; but in my large boat swept on by the rapid current, it occasioned so much loss of time to pick up a duck, that I would not fire again, considering it too great an interference with my duty. At half past 11 AM I reached the landing, and making a kind of encampment on the bank of the stream, with muskets loaded, and stacked for instant use, we went to dinner. I had scarcely sate down to my roughly prepared feast, when my look outs called out, "a troop of horsemen coming down Sir," and sure enough, there they came at full gallop, and not more than a half mile off; "to your arms men," "form," were the only orders; and in less time, than I have taken to say it, we were ready, and presented a very respectable front of thirty five well armed infantry. I with my double barrelled gun, loaded with ball, felt quite sure of bringing down two horsemen; and now had leisure to look at the approaching troop; they dashed on, until within about 80 yards. I was beginning to expect a charge of cavalry, and was confident of success from my superiority to them although mounted; in force they numbered about 12 men well mounted & armed with rifles, but at proper distance they halted, and their leader alone rode up to me. I now found them to be friends, not enemies; they were a party of volunteers, who were scouring the country on a scout, and happened accidentally to be in that neighborhood; so we sate down again to feast without fighting. Dinner over I despatched a messenger to Lt Pinckney, whose party lay nine miles off, to request him to send the bread, and then prepared to make my party comfortable for the night. I made a tent of one of the boat's sails to keep the arms dry, and stationed two sentrys for the night, to guard our camp, collected a large quantity of wood, for our camp fire, got our supper comfortably, & when 9 o'clock came, laid down & tried to sleep under a tarpaulin in the boat; but the cold was too piercing, and after fruitless attempts to get to sleep in spite of my freezing feet, I crept out and got by the camp fire; where most of my men were collected, to keep warm; and thus passed the night tediously enough. I listened to the yarns spun by the men, and patiently waited for day. The stillness of night, was broken only by the careless laugh of the seaman, the howling of the prairie wolf in search of his prey, or the tremendous noise of the geese as they rose disturbedly from their midnight roosts. Daylight at length came, & with it a warm & cheering sun, the chilling blasts of the night were soon forgotten, before a comfortable breakfast, & the prospect of a fine day. At about 2 P.M. the slow moving oxen came along, dragging a rude wagon with the bread, and driven by three or four noisy Indians; we made quick work of taking in the bread, and getting ready for our departure, and at 3 P.M. left the landing with a strong ebb tide on our return to the ship. I hoped to get out of the creek before night, but in this was disappointed; at 6 we grounded, and were soon left high and dry, the waters had all run out, or rather there seemed to be a kind of bank extending quite across this part of the creek, which was left entirely bare. After making arrangements for my men for the night, I lighted my pipe, & looked out for the tide; at 11 the boat floated again with the flood, and without loss of time I roused the men up, in order that we might make the best of our way out. This was not an easy matter, the night was very dark, we could see with difficulty, and frequently grounded on the flats. Long before daylight [we] got clear of the creek; it began to rain, the morning was very dark & our prospects gloomy, fifty miles from the ship, so much fog that we could not see the shores, and therefore did not know how to take advantage of the favorable currents. I had a compass, fortunately and by its aid succeeded in making a tolerable course; it cleared up before noon and we had the satisfaction of discovering the shipping at anchor and by 1 o'clock got alongside of the *Savannah* after the shortest trip that had been made to the Santa Clara landing and without having seen an enemy.

I found that the good ship *Dale*, had dropped down to the anchorage at *Sausalito*, to water & prepare for sea; so I had to go on, about seven miles farther, before finishing my expedition, and reached the ship in safety at about 4 P.M.

Christmas day '46–The anniversary of the Saviour's birth, a day of rejoicing among all Christians; a day always hailed at home, as the day of family gatherings, and rejoicings; the children, too, most eagerly await Christmas morn, full of anxious desire to see what good gifts have been placed by their bedside. What a happy day for them, what a happy day, for all, who can together group around the cheerful fire, and think of naught but the blessings of health, peace, & good will. They think too of the *absent*, they, at home, will talk of him who is far far away, and whose absence is the only thing to interrupt their general pleasure, they hope & pray that he is well & may soon return; but where is that absent one? how is he engaged? how goes the world with him? He is thousands of miles from home, nearly twice ten thousand miles of the two great oceans have been traversed by him and must again be passed ere home can be reached, 'twould take him six months now to make the voyage–where is he? *At Sausalito* Bay, an anchorage & watering place (not a place of fashionable summer resort, but a place to water ship) in a lonesome part of the great and beautiful Bay of San Francisco. There the good ship *Dale* is riding at her anchors; the wind blows a violent gale; the rain pours down in torrents; the absent one has the weary watch to keep, from 8 AM to 8 in the evening of Christmas day; but little thinks he of the furious blasts of the rude winds, little cares he for the deluging showers of cold rain; his heart is at home, with those more dear than self, and as he paces the deck under the partial shelter afforded by the awning, he indulges in a train of thought; visions of his happy home are before him, and many a prayer is uttered in behalf of those whom he has left, those whom he may not see for years. Christmas day, was kept by our mess as well as circumstances would permit, there was no merry making, no feasting, no punch drinking; but a very good dinner (for this part of the world) with our good Captain as our guest, and a glass of good wine to our absent friends, were the three good things of the day and we wondered how many more Christmas days were to be passed ere we should be restored to our friends.

V

Monterey, 1847

Monterey—New Years day—1847. We have commenced another year, and in a new place. The year '46 has gone, but cannot be forgotten, how happily did the past year open upon me, home, wife and children, were around me, all that a man could possibly desire, ... were then enjoyed by me—the companionship of a most charming wife—the society of sweet children—these to me, with health & peaceful home, are the only delights of life; and thus passed the first part of the year, in the bosom of my family—but a change, a sad "change has come o'er the spirit of my dream" & I am an exile to a distant and dreary part of the world—and have not even heard of my home for nearly seven months, and almost despair when thinking of the remoteness of the time when I may expect a letter from home. . . .

I find my journal rapidly filling, but with [much] useful information collected by the wayside? Truth, but with an illy digested train of reflections which may scarcely interest her for whom these pages are intended—but there I fail of my mark—these to her be of the dearest, tenderest interest, my heart tells me where I may find sympathy in all of my feelings, and it is from her who is to me, more dear than language can express, more kind than can be imagined, more devoted than *woman's own self* to her then my scribblings will be valuable, and to her instruction—for her happiness is nearer & dearer to me than aught else in this vain world.

Monterey, Saturday, Jany 23. Yesterday at early morn we were cheered by the appearance of a "sail" standing into the Bay. Some variety was thus added to the dull monotony of this dullest of all dull places; but the stranger soon proved to be a small coasting Brig from San Francisco with a very acceptable supply of bread for us, an article that is getting so scarce in these parts, that flour is at 28 dollars per barrel and none to be bought even at that price. Our eyes were soon gladdened again by the approach of another "sail" which we ascertained to be a man-of-war. She fired a signal gun, and all eyes were strained all glasses in requisition in order to discover who the stranger might be. "She is a frigate" and we concluded it must be the *Congress*, the broad pennant was made out and thus we knew she had a Commodore on board. Some thought it might be the *Independence*[31] and various were the speculations on the subject, as the stranger slowly approached, the *Independence* it *really was* and our hearts beat high with thoughts of letters from *home*, dear home. None were so elated as myself, none so sure of letters *without number*. Slowly and magestically the proud ship came in, and when at length our boat returned, the excited fellows crowded around in eager impatience to seize the letters—but what was my anguish, my bitter disappointment! There was *none for me*—not a line of cheer. I know not how to express my deep sorrow—when finding nought but a bundle of newspapers for my portion—no letter for me. I cannot I will not believe it—the sad reality was not forced in truth upon me, until I myself visited the ship to make more particular search. It was too true; by some mistake my letters had miscarried, and I turned in silence to my package of papers hoping there might be a letter in some of their folds, but there was none there—& the papers were not then readable—but in turning over an "Albion" my eye rested on some verses which were marked by a pen—my sweet wife had marked she had read them, that was enough to bring tears of joy to my already well filled eyes, and I thought the verses invaluable—they are transferred to my journal and my heart responds to their sweetness, but is too full to dwell on its disappointment.....

Jan 28. Last evening the *Lexington*[32] arrived from New York & Valparaiso, and brought us letters from home. What a pleasure it is to hear from home, to know that the dear friends left so far behind were all well even though it were *six months* since the letters were written. aye, nearly *seven* months—yet all were then well....

Upper California

As yet I have said nothing of California, a country at present so full of interest to us all in the United States. *California*, was discovered in 1534 by an expedition sent by the famous Cortez. The vessels commanded by Grijalva only extended their observations as far as the Eastern shores of Lower California (at that time supposed to be an island) discovering the harbour of La Paz and making some other unimportant surveys returned to Mexico.[33] The Gulf of California was at this time called the Sea of Cortez also El mar Rojo, (the Red Sea) from the discolored appearance caused by the waters of the Colorado River which discharges into it on the North.

In 1602 a new expedition was fitted out, for exploring the Coast of California, by Vice Roy the Comte de Monte Rey. This squadron penetrated as far north as the harbour to that which was given the name of the Vice Roy, and returned to Mexico having met with many obstacles & much bad weather.[34]

In 1697 the first settlement was made by the Jesuit Mission of San Dionisio in Lower California, in 1720 La Paz and in 1730 the Mission of San José were established.[35] At about this time a most desolating hurricane is said to have swept over the land, destroying every thing in its way rooting up forests and laying barren the fruitful land. From the effects of this tempest Old or Lower California has never recovered.

The Indians according to the early discoverers were mild & friendly, but living in a state of most abject misery and barbarism, being far different from their neighbors, the civilized tribes of Mexico. Vessels of clay were found among them, but no other utensils. The men were found in a state of entire nudity, and the females not much better off. The pearl ornaments worn by the Indians attracted the cupidity of the Spaniards, and many adventurers soon resorted to the Western shores of the Gulf in search of these valuable ornaments. The Indians were pressed into their service and employed as divers, being most cruelly & barbarously treated by the Whites, but little was done for many years in the advancement of civilization, until at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Mexico in 1769 some of these persecuted men fled to California and there established the Mission of San Diego.[36] One year afterward the Mission of San Carlos was founded at Monte Rey and the course adopted by these fanatics, in the persuance of their ostensible object, the civilization of the Indians, can not fail to excite the astonishment and disgust of all who view Christianity in its proper light. The Jesuit priests were well received by the Indians and soon acquired over them that influence which superior minds invariably gain over those without intelligence. The lands became the property of the Mission, the Indians by an ingenious change of term, were the *slaves of the priest*, and the produce of their labour was for the priesthood. They procured from their Gov[ern]m[en]t. in Mexico the exclusive right to the soil. No settlers were allowed except by permission of the missionaries, through whom grants of land were with difficulty obtained, by minions of the priests only. The few soldiers who were sent by the authorities to serve as guards for the missions, were not permitted by the priests to marry, & thus were prevented being identified in interest with the land. By the severity of the priests, such a state of activity was aroused among the poor savages that the produce of the fertile soil was most extraordinary, and the cattle brought by them increased with such rapidity that the revenues of the Missions were beyond measure in value. All of this while a mock religion was enforced among these Indians, who were compelled, under penalty of being whipped & imprisoned, to attend the religious services of the church at the stated hours, *Converts* (?) were in attendance there too, with rods, to flog those who were inattentive during the prayers, so that the chanting of the priests was accompanied with the scourge of the overseer, and the cry of the tormented, and this state of affairs was permitted to exist until a very recent date. The Indians thus practised upon were called *converted Indians*, and parties of them were sometimes sent into the interior to bring in *captured* "*gentiles*". These were forcibly brought to the missions, clothed in blankets, made to kneel, & when taught to repeat the names of the Trinity, in a language never before heard by them "Santissima Trinidada, Dios, Jesu Christo, Espiritu Santo", they were pronounced "holy" and baptized. Some would watch their opportunity and fly from their cruel persecutors, but were always pursued, brought back & loaded with chains until finding no escape they passively yielded to their fate–a slavery worse than death. Those exhibiting any reluctance to attend mass were imprisoned and thus brought to their senses.

The Indians of California were found in the most wretched condition of savage life, wanting in every thing which makes man rational, tractable and useful; they are described as stupid, inconstant, impetuous, gluttonous, slothful and sensual, wandering in their habits & living in miserable huts. Their food consisted of seeds & herbs made into a gruel or sort of bread. The seed of the pine was an important article of food & is still much used, fish, game, strawberries & blackberries are also used, and a bulbous root called "Amole" in appearance like an onion, is eaten, and used too for soap. Marriage among them was a singularly observed ceremony, for here a man literally married "*the whole family*" as the mother & sisters of his wife most frequently became his concubines. The tribes in the Northern parts were in the habit of burning their dead, those at the South buried the bodies. Their religion was paganism in its worst forms, though no human sacrifices were made by them.

The country abounds in wild animals. The American Lion, ounce, buffaloe, stag, roe, catamount, fox, bear, polecat, jackall, hare, rabbit, field rat, and the argali (an animal between the goat and sheep) are found here, as well as the otter & beaver, valuable for their furs and in great abundance. Vultures, Eagles, falcons & a great many other birds are found in the woods, and fish are abundant in the waters of the bays.

Since the revolution of Mexico the property of the missions has been in a great measure appropriated to public use, and the land has been distributed among the people . . . . The settlers who have at least ¾ of Mexican blood are called "gente de razon" or (rational people) while all others are classed with the poor Indians as beasts; but the condition of the "*rationals*" is little better than barbarism, they are ignorant, vicious, slothful, & treacherous, without any stability of character or purpose, turbulent, & prone to disorder and revolution, barbarously cruel in their treatment of the Indians. An instance of this last mentioned trait of their character was exhibited a few months since by a military party who on an excursion to one of the Northern provinces visited an island occupied by a small portion of a neighboring tribe. The Mexicans were hospitably received and kindly treated by the Indians, & in return for this kindness the Mexicans on some trivial pretext atrociously slaughtered the whole of them to the number of nearly one hundred men women & children, all were inhumanly butchered[37] . . . and again since the outbreak here with the Americans, two of our countrymen who fell into their hands were most horridly mutilated and tortured 'till death released them from their ferocious captors.[38] Such are the men who have by a series of outrage and brutality been *governing* this fair portion of the Earth. It is devoutly to be hoped that in the hands of the Americans to whom the scepter has now passed, California may ere long rise to its proper place among the nations of the earth. Revolution and anarchy have been heretofore but daily occurrences in this land stained with crime and bloodshed. In 1836 during one of their insurrections against the government they called in the aid of some of the foreign residents who led by one [Isaac]

Graham cheerfully assisted Don Alvarado in overturning the legal authorities, but when placed in power the Don thought his Yankee sattelites [*sic*] too "free and easy" and they were *proscribed*.[39] From that time there has been a struggle between the immigrants, who then began to feel their power, and the Mexican settlers, which has now terminated in the occupation of California by the Americans.

I must not omit to mention some of the prevailing vices. The besetting sin is gambling which among the Indians in particular prevails to an alarming extent, and forbids all advancement. On Saturday night & Sunday the Indian will gamble away his weeks earnings, & frequently they have become so absorbed in their game as to stake their clothing, beads, baubles, and then their wives & children; the better classes also are sorely addicted to this vice. The carnival or "Carnes tolendas" is celebrated for the two and a half weeks preceding Ash Wednesday, during which time they indulge in fandangoes & all kinds of frolic. Their favorite pastime however consists in "breaking eggs." For this purpose the eggs are blown, and the shell filled with ribon and tinsel cut into most minute pieces. Cologne or other perfumed water is then poured in and the aperture in the shell is stopped with wax. Thus armed people of both sexes may be seen watching opportunities of breaking the egg over the head of the unwary—a scuffle sometimes ensues. The maid may be detected in her approach, and the young gallant has the privilege of disarming her if he can, and in this struggle he may *search* the damsel pretty thoroughly without giving offence. One of our Mid[shipme]n had a curious game of this kind, with a young lady, who finding herself reduced to extremety, unceremoniously thrust the egg in a place I *sha'nt mention* just now. Suffice it the gentleman was baffled & the lady & her sister laughed heartily at his defeat. These were, for aught that is known, virtuous ladies too. I also heard of an anecdote of a lady at whose house an officer was visiting one evening. Her brother was present, & he had been one of the officers present, when General Castro performed the cruel outrage on the two Americans spoken of above; our officer asked him some of the particulars, and in describing, the Mexican could not make himself be understood, but by throwing open his "Serape" (blanket) explained by signs that could not be mistaken that one part of the torture made the unhappy men eunuchs; his sister laughed at the *capital joke*. And yet these women are said to be chaste, and I doubt not they are so; their coarseness is attributable to want of education, & from association with the vicious and unprincipled men, who have always been the men of power in this country, for Mexico by some blind mistake in her policy has long been in the habit, of sending the worst & most troublesome, of her public servants, to California; convicts too, have been sent here from time to time; so that the society has been of the worst order. Chastity among the *unmarried* women is expected to be most rigidly observed, but with the married less reserve is thought necessary.

I could even tell of a spy who came into the town of Monterey while I was there; the commandant of the fort through a secret agent heard of him and his whereabouts, and proceeded to the house to search for him. It was early, but the ladies had *retired;* the officer asked to look in their chamber, assent was readily given; two ladies were in bed, one of them sate up & talked with the officer, "who is that between" said he to *the husband.* "It is Juanita" (little Joanna.) "Good night" said the officer, and the next day he was informed, that the spy was the *happily situated* individual, concealed in the bed between two ladies, both young and one of them beautiful. But enough of the society. There is a picture, which needs no further embellishment.

A very small portion of the soil of California is fit for agricultural purposes; it is estimated at not more than one tenth of the face of the country which is every where cut up by the mountain ridges, but the valleys are of surprising fertility the yield of grain being almost incredible, one hundred fold [being] the common return of the rude labor of the husbandman. A fine variety of wild oats abound in the uncultivated regions & on this and the perpetual grass of the mountains the wild horses & cattle thrive astonishingly well. In the neighborhood of San Diego the greatest variety of fruits are produced, and excellent wine is made there. To the South the country becomes more sandy and, but little attention is given to agricultural pursuits; small quantities of sugar cane may be found near the Cape St. Lucas and a rough sugar mill was in operation there when I visited that place.

VI

Panamá, Taboga, 1847

April 11th 1847.[40] What a length of time has elapsed since the last records of my Journal, but I have little to recount, nothing to interest you my fair friend, and the sketch of this short period will pass into your hand too, in the long letters recently despatched from Panama. We left Monterey on the 29th January for Panama via Santa Barbara, San Pedro & San Diego, three small ports on the Coast of Upper California, into each of which we peeped, & in none found anything of note, save at the last named place, where was the Frigate *Congress* lying at anchor, & from her com[man]d[e]r I learned many anecdotes of the Stockton Crusade that would only disgust you, and serve to turn the great Commander into ridicule & contempt. The Coast of California has a most uninviting aspect, rugged hills border the sea shores, whose sides present one uninterrupted picture of barrenness, no verdure relieves the eye, no beauteous forests adorn the mountain sides—here & there only may be seen a few straggling trees, & occasionally a patch of herbage, seems to say, "it is not quite a desert"—but in the valleys of the interior it is different, there I am told, vegetation is luxuriant and crowned with beauty.

A long & tedious passage had we to Panama which place we reached on the

15th March & found to our dismay that the letter bags had been forwarded about two weeks previously. What a grievous disappointment, but I have become accustomed to disappointments. Nothing transpired on our way down to relieve the monotony of our passage. Life at sea is not very irksome to those engaged in a round of constant duty, with minds occupied & with bodies fatigued when the time of rest comes with its irregularity.

My Little Robin's[41] Birthday passed and was kept by me with due observance in drinking his health.

Panama is a most wretched old Spanish town, well built indeed and formerly I doubt not a place of some note, but under the miserable Freedom!! of these South American despots, everything withers, and here the touch of Freedom's lance seems to cause a blighting disease; before which all of those arts, which are the ornament [of] civilized mankind, & raise men above the brutes, are suffered to perish.

In the constant strife for power here little regard is had to the good of the state. Individual aggrandisement, appears in S. America to be the only desirable object; and on its shrine are sacrificed virtue, patriotism, honor & fidelity.

Panama has of late acquired some little importance from its situation, and the communication by steam from the Pacific Ocean, through the old Atlantic, is carried on, through Panama, where the land carriage is very short, the distance from the city to the river Chagres being less than 20 miles—and the time occupied in this jaunt & the descent of the river being about 36 hours, so that in this short time one may be transported from the one ocean to the other—& yet we are so far from home.

The manners of the inhabitants are as those of all other Spanish places. Virtue is among the fair ones an unknown gem, chastity most shockingly perverted, an illustration of this fact may be seen in a marriage, which took place a day or two after our arrival—that of the American Consul. One of our officers, the day of the marriage congratulated him on his change of condition, "oh" said he with greatest coolness, "oh 'tis no change, I have lived with her for several years, & find that she suits me very well, is very chaste (?) and we have had two or three children, so I have married her" and so of another merchant there, a European; he was shortly to marry his "woman", and this is "the custom of the country" they always say in explanation of their irregularities.

A few days after our arrival, we dropped down to the island of Taboga, one of a small group about nine miles below Panama—a rich and beautiful isle covered with tropical verdure in all of its luxury and stately elegance. A small village is here containing about one thousand inhabitants living in a state of great simplicity & *filth*, in their bamboo huts some of which more comfortable than their meaner neighbors are plastered on the outside. The only remarkable matter that struck my eye here is a custom regarding the skulls of persons cast on the beach–as in their intercourse with the main land the males are all boatmen, & most of them fishermen, navigating the bay in their frail canoes–the interest of the people seem to be closely identified with the sea. When the body of some drowned person is cast on the beach, the skull is preserved as a sacred relic, the property of the people, and is deposited in an appropriate niche on the outer wall of the little church, & sometimes an especial monument is erected, on the summit of which a skull is placed as the conspicuous ornament. On occasions of great storms those who have friends on the water, resort to these relics & offer up their prayers to San Antonio (the sailors patron) beseeching his help for the tempest tossed father, husband or brother, and promising if they return safely a whole pound of candles, to be burned at the shrine of the skull before which they pray. This is one of the vagaries of Romanism! The seaman too while tossed by storm, or detained by head winds offers his prayers to San Antonio, & is full of promises of penance & candles–but if San Antonio do not soon listen to his prayer, the unfortunate Saint straitway gets *cursed* at the most outrageous rate.

With a fine wind we left Taboga on the 29th March for the coast of California again, and in a few days after my sweet daughters Birth day comes round.

April 3d. My little Mary[42] eight years old today. God bless her–and all at home.

April 25th. What a life this is: of the sea; What an unnatural, artificial, sort of existence it is. Yet some one must go to sea, there must be ships and they must be manned, and thus one may in some degree reconcile himself to his lot, by the idea that a portion of mankind are destined to plough the ocean's trackless path, and Providence has selected each of us for this part of the worlds machinery. Our fate might have been otherwise, it might have been infinitely worse, and we are therefore bound, to yield thanks to Him who rules wisely the universe, and vouchsafes to guide & guard us through the trials of life's toilsome & troubled seas. . . . .

April 29th. . . . . Our ship like some patient & unwearied animal goes steadily on, now setting winds & waves at defiance, now dashing off gallantly before the favoring gale, and again, rol[l]ing & tossing in the sluggishness of the tedious calms–these long passages are–not agreeable. Month after month on the broad ocean, is by no means a pleasant pastime.

Sailors are curious beings, one can always find some interesting trait in Jack's character; or the recital of his yarns may be listened to with pleasure as affording amusing illustrations of the roving life of adventure & recklessness persued by the Son of ocean. I called an old Bluejacket the other day, and asked him what he knew about the boy "Haulaway." In some surprise he replied, "Me Sir, I know nothing about that boy." (Jack is very cautious sometimes if his suspicions are aroused.) "Yes" said I "you have given him good advice occasionally, & I want to know what led to it." "Oh yes Sir, you see as I'm his *God father*, and his "*Guardeene*", bikase [*sic*] I picked him up in the streets of New York, a ragged fellow he had no crown to his hat; well, as I knowed his mother Sir, and she was dead, and his father was dead too, I took pity on the boy and tuk [*sic*] him to my boarding house Sir, and paid his board for a few days, then my money gav [*sic*] out sir, and I had to ship again, so I advised him to ship in the service too Sir; so I tuk [*sic*] him to the "Rondyvous" and the officer axed [*sic*] who was his *Guardyeene;* then I steps up & stands as Godfather to him sir, and told 'em I was him sir; bikase [*sic*] you see sir, if a minyor [*sic*] comes & ships without the consent of his parents and *Guardyeenes*, the Lawyers gets out a "*hacky his corcus*" sir, and comes and takes him right out of the ship, and that's why I keeps an eye to the boy & try to make him behave himself bikase I'm his Godfather you see sir."

May 1st. Another month has passed away, weeks and months pass without change at sea, indeed scarce a note is made of time, save in counting the "days out" and calculating the probable time of reaching port. This last passage seems daily to become more tedious; my impatience and anxiety to hear from home is so great that the days seem to wear away but slowly, but each day brings us nearer to our port, and then, when we arrive I earnestly trust in finding a good store of letters, with cheering news I hope. . . . . Would you believe that we are complaining of the chilliness of the air, with the thermometer at 75°? So indeed it is; the change to us is very great. We are so rapidly running into the cold northern Pacific, and approaching the dreary shores of California, that we are really complaining & have been obliged to put on our winters clothing though the temperature indicates that it is *summer*. Well, be it warm or be it cold I care not where I have to go so I can hear from home; 'tis in all my thoughts. . . . .

May 13th. But little to say, except to record the disappointment, attending our still being at sea, still as far from our port as we were a week since though perhaps in a more favorable position, & ready for a change of wind when it comes, for it has been most perseveringly contrary for the last seven days, seeming to be constantly "in our teeth", but it will change by and bye, and we must get in & get our letters, & then—— . . . .

[May 22.] We are still at sea, eight long weeks at sea, but are at last near our port & may reasonably expect to get in tomorrow, and we are bounding along with the speed of a racer, before a gallant breeze. Tomorrow's sun may show us the barren cliffs of California, and strange that a land so far away from home & kindred, should be so gladly looked upon by us, but poor wanderers, this California will seem like our ocean home, our home on this side of the great continent. Here we may meet friends, learn all the news, but far better than that, may hear from home. Heaven grant that we may all have tidings that may gladden our anxious hearts.

Eight weeks at sea, what a time to be penned up in the wooden walls of a ship, with a plank between you and the dashing waters, whose gurgling is your lullaby as you turn in to your narrow bed at night. Yes the waters rush past your head with incessant ripple and the more noisily they go, the more agreeable their voice, which with increased speed, becomes quite *chatty*. In the wakeful hours of the night, the everlasting rush of waters tells you how fast the ship is moving; the tramp of the watch on deck, the howling of the wind, the rolling of the ship, straining & creaking in all of her timbers, tells you of bad weather, or if these are comparatively quiet, & the hoarse voice of the officer is less frequently heard, you know that gently she glides along—these sounds are our music, these the notes always listened to with attentive care. As for the time, does one get wearied & worn out with ennui? Wearied indeed, but as for *ennui*, I seldom in life have felt its baleful influence, as in tolerably good weather I can always find some employment to amuse me, & in gales, why I make the best of it & that's but poor business. Then what do you live on? Why for these fifty-six days, our daily fare has been varied with roast pork & chickens, save four poor turkies [*sic*] (which were slaughtered early as unfit for life at sea) no other food has graced our board. To be sure, an occasional side dish of salted pork, with its accompanying soup of hard white beans comes in to give variety to the *scene*, but chickens roasted, boiled, *fried* (old fowls!) fricasied, curried, stewed, or made in a pie, have answered for seven days in the week; sometimes a little roasted pig has jumped in to interrupt this rapid succession of poultry, & with his head made into mock turtle soup has given us quite a dinner. Vegetables? Why as for that, Madam, "the least that is said," you know the rest. 'Tis true we had some fine yams when we left Panama & they kept pretty well for four or five weeks; we had some small pumpkins too but these latter I never eat; a dish of rice is now our vegetable & *that* I *can't* eat; maccaroni we have occasionally, but can't afford it every day, or 'twould soon be gone and I dont go for "a feast & a famine"; so I eat bread with my chicken in all its forms; bread with my pig, come as it may, and am thankful that we have good fresh bread every day, leavened bread, so if I were a Jew I suppose I ought *not* to eat *that* all the time. But a truce to my nonsense & let me to my shelf. . . . .

(To be continued)

EDITOR'S NOTE

Portions of the Craven Joural were published in the *Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute* in 1888 (Vol. XIV, Nos. 1 and 2, whole Nos. 44 and 45), and it was there that the editor first encountered it. Since copies of that publication are rare, it seemed worth while to arrange for a reprinting of the Craven notes. Before this had gone far, however, it became apparent that the original manuscript was still in existence in the hands of Mrs. Ellin Craven Learned, daughter of the author of the journal. Mrs. Learned very generously presented the manuscript to the Office of Naval Records and Library of the United States Navy Department, and it was from that manuscript that the present edition has been made.

In editing, almost the entire original has been retained. Some passages of an entirely personal nature have been omitted, but enough examples of this have been retained to give evidence of Craven's habits of serious religious thought and of his strong attachment for his family. So far as possible, the spelling and punctuation of the original have been retained. In those instances in which Craven's intentions were not clear, or the punctuation used made reading particularly difficult, standard modern usage has been followed. These doubts have not, with one exception, affected words or meaning. The first eleven pages of the second manuscript volume had been badly mutilated along their outer edges, and it was necessary there to supply missing words and even phrases. This has been done as carefully as possible, and all interpolations have been enclosed in brackets.

The account of the *Dale's* voyage as written by Craven is supplemented by two other sources. Thomas Crosby Lancey, an enlisted man aboard the ship, kept an elaborate journal, in which he later inserted additional material such as official reports and documents which related to the activities of the Navy on the Pacific coast. The Lancey Journal is contained in three manuscript volumes, in the library of the University of California at Los Angeles. Using his notes as a foundation, Lancey in later years wrote a history of the war in California, which was published serially in the San Jose *Pioneer* in the years 1879-81 under the titles, "The Cruise of the Dale" and "The Bear Flag War." Lancey's viewpoint was much more objective than that of Craven, and his account was more an attempt at serious history, and a rather good attempt at that, than the very personal narrative which Craven penned for his wife.

Also aboard the *Dale* on her Pacific cruise was Gunner William H. Meyers whose lively drawings of the events during the Mexican War along the Pacific Coast have been published with a descriptive text by Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N. (Ret.) in *Naval Sketches of the War in California* (New York: Random House, 1939). Although Meyers was not a witness of all the scenes which he sketched, his drawings of events described by Craven were almost certainly based upon personal knowledge, and this collection is therefore of importance in supplementing the Craven Journal.

Throughout the period of editing, until her death in January 1940, Mrs. Ellin Craven Learned was a source of enthusiasm and assistance. A gallant lady, worthy daughter of a distinguished officer, she gave unstintingly of her time and knowledge toward making the edition of Lieutenant Craven's Journal as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The gratitude of the editor is also due to the Office of Naval Records and Library in Washington, and to its able officer-in-charge, Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N. (Ret.). It was only through the hearty cooperation of Captain Knox and his efficient staff that it was possible to transcribe and edit the journal in satisfactory form.

Miss Ada Clarke and Miss Jane Elderkin, secretarial assistants at Pomona College, were of material aid in preparing the manuscript for publication. My father, Ira Oscar Kemble, gave generously of his time in the task of proof reading.

John Haskell Kemble

NOTES

1. Based upon the Journal, *Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute*, Vol. XIV, No. 1 (1888), pp. 1-2, and Charles Oscar Paullin, "Craven, Tunis Augustus Macdonough," *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930), IV, 518-19.

2. Marie Louise Stevenson Craven (1817-1905), second wife of Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven.

3. U.S.S. *Dale*, third class sloop of war, was built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1839; tonnage 5,566, length 117 feet, beam 32 feet, depth of hold 15 feet, maximum draft 15 feet 6 inches; armament 16 32-pounders; complement 150 officers and men. It was in active service from 1840 to 1865; a practice ship for cadets, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, 1867-84; the receiving ship, Washington Navy Yard, 1886-94; used by Naval Militia and Coast Guard at Baltimore, 1895-1922; renamed the *Oriole* in 1904. The vessel was sold at Baltimore for $213.30 in 1922. This and subsequent notes on naval vessels are based on manuscript materials in the Office of Naval Records and Library, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

4. William Wister McKean (1800-65), commander, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

5. Midnight to 4:00 A.M.

6. Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel* (New York, 1845).

7. Isabel, Princess Imperial of Brazil, born July 29, 1846.

8. Augustus Carter Craven (1840-63), son of Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven and his first wife, Mary Carter Craven.

9. The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., a British concern which had operated steamers between the ports of Peru and Chile since 1840, extended its service north to Panama in 1846. At the Isthmus, connections were made with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., which brought mail from England and the United States by way of the West Indies. See Arthur C. Wardle, *Steam Conquers the Pacific; a Record of Maritime Achievement, 1840-1940* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1940).

10. Joseph C. Clark.

11. Author's note: "Cannon balls—ones are 32 lbs."

12. William Brown.

13. San José del Cabo.

14. McKean Buchanan (-1871), purser U. S. Navy in 1846.

15. U.S.S. *Cyane*, second class sloop of war, was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1837, and replaced the ship of the same name, which was broken up at Philadelphia in 1836; tonnage 792, length 132 feet 3 inches, beam 35 feet 3 inches, depth of hold 15 feet 9 inches, maximum draft 16 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 4 8-inch, 16 32-pounders; complement 190 officers and men. It was in active service 1838-71, in ordinary at Mare Island Navy Yard, 1872-87, and was sold in 1887.

16. U.S.S. *Savannah*, frigate, was laid down at the New York Navy Yard in 1820 and was launched in 1842; tonnage 1,708, length (over all) 206 feet, beam (moulded) 45 feet, depth of hold 14 feet 4 inches, maximum draft 22 feet 8 inches; armament (1850) 8 8-inch, 42 32-pounders; complement 480 officers and men. It was in active service 1843-62, an instruction ship for junior officers at New York 1862-65, laid up and in ordinary at Annapolis, New York, and Norfolk 1866-83, with the exception of a European cruise with midshipmen in 1870, and was sold in 1883.

17. U.S.S. *Warren*, second class sloop of war, was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1825-26; tonnage, 697, length (between perpendiculars) 127 feet, beam 33 feet 9 inches, depth of hold 15 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 2 medium 32-pounders, 18 carronades

32-pounders; complement 190 officers and men. It was in active service 1827-54, a store ship at San Francisco, Mare Island, and Panama 1854-63, and was sold at Panama in 1863.

18. The Bear Flag revolt was organized by a group of Anglo-Americans residing north of San Francisco Bay in June 1846. Sonoma was taken by the body on June 14, 1846. The United States flag was raised over Monterey by Commodore John Drake Sloat on July 7, 1846. Commodore Robert Field Stockton assumed command of the United States squadron at Monterey on July 29, 1846. The Pueblo de Los Angeles was occupied by the forces of the United States on August 13, and was evacuated by the force under Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie on September 29, 1846. After the unsuccessful attempt to recapture the place by Captain William Mervine on September 7-8, 1846, it remained in Mexican hands until recaptured by Stockton and General Stephen Watts Kearny on January 10, 1847.

19. John Drake Sloat (1781-1867), captain U. S. Navy, with courtesy title of commodore in 1846.

20. For Sloat's proclamation of July 7, 1846, see *Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, at the Commencement of the Second Session of the Thirtieth Congress*, 30th Cong., 2d sess., H. Ex. Doc. 1 (1848), pp. 1010-11; also this *Quarterly*, II (January 1924), 351-52.

21. Robert Field Stockton (1795-1866), captain, U. S. Navy, with courtesy title of commodore in 1846.

22. For Stockton's proclamation, see *Message from the President* . . . ., 30th Cong., 2d sess., H. Ex. Doc. 1 (1848), pp. 1035-37; Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), V, 255-56; and this *Quarterly*, III (July 1924), 188-90.

23. Walter Colton (1797-1851), chaplain, U. S. Navy, in 1846. Colton, with Robert Baylor Semple, published the *Californian* at Monterey, 1846-47.

24. William Mervine (1791-1866), captain, U. S. Navy, 1846.

25. Daingerfield Fauntleroy (-1853), purser, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

26. U.S.S. *Congress*, frigate, was laid down at the Portsmouth Navy Yard in 1839, launched in 1841; tonnage 1,750, length (between perpendiculars) 179 feet 9 inches, beam (moulded) 46 feet 6 inches, depth of hold 15 feet, maximum draft 22 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 8 8-inch, 42 32-pounders; complement 480 officers and men. It was in active service 1842-62, lost in action with C.S.S. *Virginia* (ex U.S.S. *Merrimac*) at Hampton Roads on March 8, 1862, raised, docked, and sold at auction to wreckers in 1865.

27. Robert L. Pinckney, lieutenant, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

28. William L. Maury, lieutenant, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

29. Washington A. Bartlett, lieutenant, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

30. Joseph B. Hull, commander, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

31. *Independence*, razee frigate, was laid down as a 74 gun ship of the line at the Boston Navy Yard in 1813, launched in 1814, razeed to a 54 gun frigate in 1836; tonnage 2,805, length 188 feet, beam 50 feet, depth of hold 20 feet, draft 22 feet 8 inches; armament (as razee) 8 8-inch, 48 32-pounders; complement 550 officers and men. It was in active service 1815-19 and 1837-57; a receiving ship at Mare Island and San Francisco, 1857-1912; sold in 1913, and burned in 1915.

32. *Lexington*, store ship, was built as a second class sloop of war at New York Navy Yard, launched in 1825; reduced to store ship after great repair 1840-43; tonnage 691, length 127 feet, beam 33 feet 9 inches, depth of hold 15 feet 6 inches, maxium draft 16 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 4 long 9's; complement 45 officers and men. It was in active service 1826-40, 1843-55; sold in 1855.

33. An expedition commanded by Diego Becerra, with Hernando de Grijalva as second in command, was sent out by Cortés in 1533, the two ships sailing from Tehuantepec on the 29th or 30th of October. The ships were separated, and Grijalva returned to

Acapulco after the discovery of the islands later known as the Revilla Gigedo group. Becerra was murdered, and under the command of his pilot, Fortun Jiménez, the coast of Lower California was discovered, either late in 1533 or early in 1534. Cortés led an expedition to Lower California in 1535.

34. The voyage of 1602 to the coast of Upper California was commanded by Sebastián Vizcaíno. This region was first visited by an expedition in 1542 under the command of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo.

35. Settlements of a varyingly permanent character were attempted for purposes of pearl fishing in Lower California throughout much of the seventeenth century.

36. The Jesuits were expelled from all parts of New Spain in 1767. The Christianization and civilization of Upper California was undertaken by the Franciscans in 1769.

37. This may refer to the battle on an island called Moth which Bancroft believed to be in Clear Lake but which Salvador Vallejo, who commanded the expedition, placed off the coast south of Fort Bragg. Accompanied by Chief Solano, seventy cavalrymen, and two hundred Indians, Vallejo marched from their camp at Huichica on March 5, 1843, and campaigned for three weeks in the region of Clear Lake and the present Mendocino County. The fiercest of the several battles in which they engaged took place on the island, on March 12, and in it some 130 Indians were killed. George Tays, "Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo and Sonoma," in this QUARTERLY, XVII (June 1938), 149. See also Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 362-63, and William Heath Davis, *Seventy-five Years in California* (San Francisco: John Howell, 1929), p. 236.

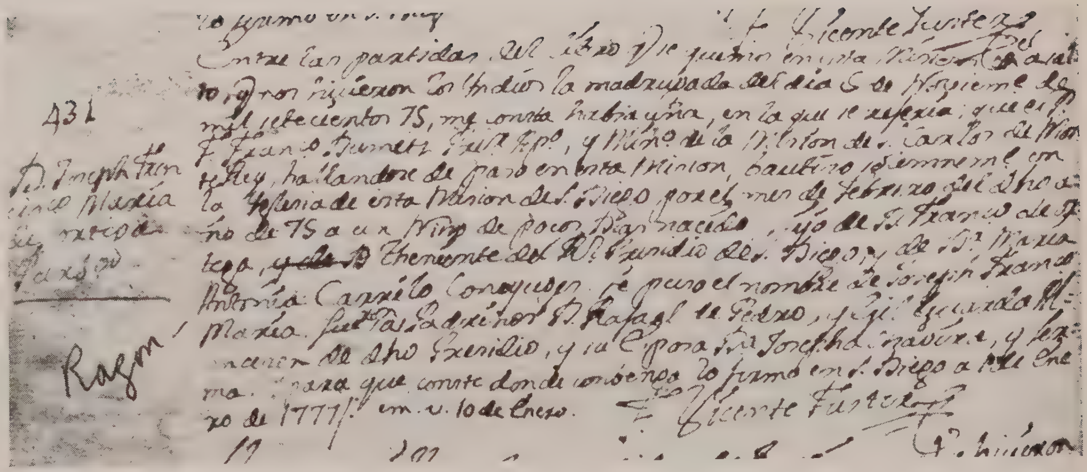
38. Thomas Cowie and a man named Fowler. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, V, 160-61.

39. Juan Bautista Alvarado (1809-82) was governor of Alta California, 1836-42. In 1840, Graham and about a hundred foreigners in California were imprisoned, tried, and some forty were deported to San Blas. In Mexico, at the instance of British and American diplomatic officers, they were released, and many were returned to California at the expense of the Mexican Government. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 1-41; Robert Glass Cleland, *A History of California: the American Period* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1922), pp. 191-92.

40. The *Dale* anchored at Panama on March 16, 1847, and on March 19, Commander McKean left the ship, bound for the United States because of ill health. Command of the ship was taken by First Lieutenant Edward M. Yard.

41. Louis Stevenson Craven (1845-1888), son of Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven and Marie Louise Stevenson Craven.

42. Mary Augusta Craven (1839-1923), daughter of Tunis Augustus Craven and his first wife, Mary Carter Craven.



431

D. Joseph Fran
cisco Maria
[illegible]
[illegible]

Razon

lo firmo en [illegible]   Fr. Vicente Fuster
Entre las partidas del Libro q. se quemo en esta Mision [illegible] asal-
to, y [illegible] hicieron los Indios la madrugada del dia 5 de Noviembre de
mil setecientos 75, me consta habia una, en la que se refiere; que el
R. P. Fr. Franco. Dumetz Predr. Appco., y Minro. de la Mision de S. Carlos de Mon-
te Rey, hallandose de paso en esta Mision, bautizo solemnemte. en
la Yglesia de esta Mision de S. Diego por el mes de Febrero del dho a-
ño de 75 a un Niño de pocos dias nacido, hijo de D. Franco. de Or-
tega, ~~y de~~ Theniente del Rl. Presidio de S. Diego, y de Da. Maria
Antonia Carrillo Conyuges. se puso el nombre de Joseph Franco.
Maria. fueron Padrinos D. Rafael de Pedro, y Gil, Sargento [illegible]
[illegible] de dho Presidio, y su Esposa Da. Josepha Navarro, y [illegible]
ma. Para que conste donde convenga lo firmo en S. Diego a 10 de Ene-
ro de 1777. em. v. 10 de Enero.   Fr. Vicente Fuster

ENTRY IN RESTORED *LIBRO DE BAUTISMOS* RECORDING

BAPTISM OF JOSEPH FRANCISCO MARIA DE ORTEGA

The First White Children Born in California

By Winifred Davidson

EXAMINATION of the restored "First Book of Baptisms"[1] at Mission San Diego shows that the first child of white parentage born in what is now the State of California may have been Joseph Francisco María de Ortega, the son of Lieutenant Don José Francisco de Ortega, the discoverer of San Francisco Bay, and Doña María Antonia Victoria Carrillo, his wife. The baptism of this child in February 1775 is recorded in entry No. 431, which is signed by Father Vicente Fuster.

During the past decade historians have believed, and with good reason, that the distinction of having been the first white child born in California belonged to Salvador Ygnacio Linares, whose birth date was December 24, 1775. No question about the priority of this birth had been raised until the recent discovery of the Ortega entry by researchers of the San Diego Historical Society; and only a few months ago a bronze plaque intended to perpetuate the lovely legend of "California's Christmas Child" was set up near Warner's Hot Springs in San Diego County.[2]

Facts concerning the nativity of the Linares babe are accessible in Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton's translation of *Font's Complete Diary*[3] which records events incident to Captain Juan Bautista de Anza's second expedition "to the port of Monterey by way of the Colorado River, to escort some families with whom to occupy and settle the port of San Francisco," of which Father Pedro Font served as "chaplain of the expedition and of the people . . . ."[4]

References in the diary to the birth of Salvador Ygnacio are these:

> 1. Sunday, December 24.—I said Mass. We set out from the foot of the willow at half past nine in the morning, and halted about two in the afternoon in the same canyon, at a dry arroyo not far from a small spring of water, having traveled some four short leagues to the west-northwest . . . .[5]
>
> . . . .
>
> In the afternoon they called me to confess the wife of a soldier who since yesterday had been suffering childbirth pains . . . . She was very fearful of dying, but having consoled her and encouraged her as best I could I returned to my tent, and at half past eleven at night she very happily and quickly gave birth to a boy.
>
> Monday, December 25.—Because a little before midnight on this holy night of the Nativity, the wife of a soldier, the one whom I mentioned yesterday, happily gave birth to a boy, and because the day was very raw and foggy, it was decided that we should remain here today. I therefore had an opportunity to say three Masses, and after them I solemnly baptized the boy, naming him Salvador Ygnacio.[6]
>
> . . . .
>
> 2. Saturday, April 13 [1776]—I said Mass . . . .
>
> . . . .

> Today I again requested that he [Anza] at least permit me to know the number of persons who had come with the expedition and were remaining at Monterey for the new settlement and fort of the harbor of San Francisco . . . . And so he permitted me to see the list, which was not complete . . . . But from it I learned that there were remaining at Monterey one hundred and ninety-three souls, whose names are included in the following list which I myself faithfully copied on the spot . . . .[7]

THE ROLL OF HONOR

> Basis for a List of the Officer, Sergeant, Soldiers and Settlers, with Their Respective Families, who, by order of His Excellency the Viceroy, Have Been Conducted by Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry and Captain of the Royal Presidio of Tubac, in the Province of Sonora, to the Presidio of Monterey in California Septentrional, to be Delivered to Its Commander, Don Fernando de Ribera y Moncada.

SOLDIERS OF THE PRESIDIO

. . . .

> Ygnacio Linares; Gertrudis Rivas, his wife. Children: Joseph Ramón, *Salvador Ygnacio*, María Gertrudis, María Juliana.—6.[8]

H. H. Bancroft mentions Ignacio Linares as a settler at San Jose and lists his children in 1793: "*Salvador*, Marcela, Francisco, Mariano, Nicolasa, Santos, Antonia, and Rosa."[9]

Here, with his arrival with parents and brethren at San Jose when he was eleven years old, the recorded history of California's Christmas child appears to close. Perhaps in mission records at San Jose or elsewhere may be discovered other particulars regarding him and his family. The fact that he was not the first child of *gente de razon* born in California cannot lessen interest in his story.

The earliest records of births as well as of deaths and marriages at San Diego were destroyed by fire in November 1775. The title page of what is now called the "First Book of Baptisms," beautifully inscribed by Father Serra, explains that this volume is a restoration of that other, which consisted of 376 pages. This title page is signed by the father president and dated August 14, 1776, and is followed by a long *Nota Previa* which begins:

> The first book in which the entries of Baptisms, as they had been administered, were noted with due distinction and clearness; from the beginning of the founding of this Mission of San Diego, the entries had reached, on November 5, 1775, the number 470.[10] It was destroyed by fire along with the rest of the official church books . . . . Among them were also the padrón and other papers with the aid of which, in a general way at least, the lost books might have been restored.[11]

Also in this *Nota Previa* Father Serra explains that, except for "the special providence of the Most High" by which Father Vicente Fuster escaped such a martyr's death as his companion Father Luis Jayme met, most of the entries in the new books might have been guesswork. Of Father Fuster he says: "He is the only one who can give a more complete account of those baptized and thus possibly restore this register down to the day of the fire."

All entries prior to that numbered 428 in this restored book record the baptisms of Indians. This entry No. 428, signed by Father Fuster, is important for it records the birth, three weeks earlier than that of the Linares child, of one Joseph Francisco María de Santa Theresa de Pedro y Gil. It reads:

> On the 3rd of December of 1775 I solemnly baptized in the Church of this Royal Presidio of San Diego, a boy-child born the day before, legitimate son of Don Rafael de Pedro y Gil, native of the city of Baroca in the province of Aragon, the archbishopric of Saragossa in Spain, and of Doña Josepha Chavira y Lerma, native of the place Aguacatlan in the bishopric of Guadalajara in New Galicia. He was given the name Joseph Francisco María de Santa Theresa. His godparents were Don Mariano Carrillo, Sergeant of the Leather Jacket Company of this Presidio, and his sister Doña Ygnacio Carrillo, to whom I explained the spiritual relationship which they had contracted and the obligation to teach the Christian doctrine in place of his parents. And that it may be registered I sign in the said Presidio, the said day, month and year. It corresponds to that which I then entered and I sign it the 9th of January of 1777 . . . .

This December 3 infant is lost to California history. It is probable that he went to Mexico with his parents. His father, we know, was constantly in trouble with Spanish authorities because of bookkeeping inaccuracies[12] and was finally retired, though not without honor.

Whether or not the soldier Linares and his wife, Gertrudis Rivas, were whites (Caucasians) we do not know; but certainly if *sangre pura* was ever the boast of any of California's earliest Spanish families it belonged to the Pedro y Gils mentioned in entry 428 of San Diego's "First Book of Baptisms" as well as to the Ortegas mentioned in entry No. 431. In curious index notes opposite these official entries Father Fuster prefaces the names of the new-born children with "D," an initial often used to signify the Spanish title Don, formerly given to noblemen and gentlemen only.

Entries numbered 429 and 430 in this book record baptisms of Indians. Then comes the last and to modern Californians the most important of Father Fuster's recollections of entries contained in the destroyed *Libro de Bautismos:*

> Among the entries of the book which was burned in this mission in the attack which the Indians made on us at dawn of the 5th day of November 1775, I am certain that there was one in which was reported that the Padre Fray Francisco Dumetz, apostolic preacher and minister of the mission of San Carlos of Monterey, finding himself stopping in this mission, solemnly baptized in the church of this mission of San Diego, during the month of February of the said year of 75, a boy-child a few days old, son of Don Francisco de Ortega,[13] lieutenant of the Royal Presidio of San Diego, and of Doña María Antonia Carrilo, a married couple. He was given the name *Joseph Francisco María*. The godparents were Don Rafael de Pedro y Gil, warehouse guard of the said Presidio, and his wife, Doña Josepha Chavira y Lerma. And that it may be registered where proper I sign in San Diego the 1st of January of 1777. In place of 10 of January. F. Vicente Fuster.

The marginal note opposite this entry, mentioned above, reads: "431. D. Joseph Francisco María de Ortega. Parb^{lo}."[14]

Bancroft's notes indicate that the José Francisco Ortegas were parents of seven children when they came to San Diego: Ignacio, José María, Vicente, Francisco, Juan, María Luisa and María[15] and that there were born at San Diego, besides José Francisco María (Joseph Francisco María, whose birth is here under discussion), three others: Juan Capistrano María Hermógenes, María Antonio de Jesus and José María Martín. Entries in San Diego's First Book of Baptisms reveal three errors in this list of Bancroft:

> 463. October 23, 1776 in the church of San Diego I solemnly baptized a boy born on the same day at about 9 o'clock in the morning, the legitimate son of Don Joseph Francisco de Ortega, Lieutenant Captain of this Royal Presidio of San Diego and his wife Doña Antonia Victoria Carrillo, and I gave for name *Juan de Capistrano Antonio María Atenogenes.*[16] His godparents were Juan Diego Verdugo and his wife María Ignacia de la Concepción Carrillo . . . .
>
> Fr. Junípero Serra

> 697. February 10, 1779, in the church of the Presidio of San Diego I solemnly baptized a little girl born the day before, legitimate daughter of Don Joseph Francisco de Ortega, lieutenant governor of the said presidio and of Doña Victoria Maria Carrillo. She was given the name *María Antonia de Jesus.* Her godparents were Don Mariano Carrillo, sergt. of the company and Doña María Guadalupe, wife of Don Mariano de la Luz Verdugo corporal . . . .[17]
>
> Fr. Fermin Francisco de Lasuen

> 837. March 2 [1781], in the church of the royal presidio of San Diego I solemnly baptized a boy born the same day about 7 in the morning, legitimate son of Don Joseph María Ortega, native of the royal presidio of Loreto and of Doña Francisca Lopez, a native of the south of old California. He was given the name *Joseph María Martin.* His godparents were Ygnacio Albarado corporal de plaza in this mission, and Doña Antonia Carrillo, grandmother of the child, the wife of Don Joseph Francisco de Ortega, lieutenant governor of the said presidio of San Diego and comandante.[18]
>
> Fr. Fermin Francisco de Lasuen

These entries are included here not only to serve as check against the Bancroft list mentioned above but also to call attention to variations of given names of Spanish pioneers as written in the church records. For instance, in baptismal entry No. 431, Father Fuster writes the name of the wife of Don José Francisco de Ortega (whose full name appears to have been María Antonia Victoria Carrillo) Doña María Antonia Carrilo; in No. 463 Father Serra writes Doña Antonia Victoria Carrillo; in No. 697 Father Fermin Lasuén has Doña Victoria María, and in No. 837, Doña Antonia Carrillo.

These entries provide background for Don Joseph Francisco María de Ortega, surely the first white child born in California, unless Father Fuster erred in his statements in entry No. 431. Such an assumption proves baseless when one reads this entry with appreciation of the solemnity behind the words which close that part of the book which was restored largely out of Father Fuster's own memory.

None who has read the early history of California can question that Joseph Francisco María de Ortega was the child of white parents; aristocratic Spanish pioneers, many of whose descendants are still living in the state.

Of our first white child's youth and manhood we have as yet learned little. By correlating dates, events and brief notices of Ortega activities we conclude that his name was shortened to Francisco María and that sometimes he was called simply "Don Francisco." In Bancroft's "Pioneer Register and

Index" Francisco María is mentioned as "son of Capt. José F.; *soldado distinguido* [private soldier of gentle birth] in 1794." In 1794 our first white child was 19 years of age.[19]

In response to the 1822 instructions issued by Governor Pablo Vicente Sola, the *elector de partido* for "Santa Barbara and five missions" was Francisco Ortega.[20] The same name appears in the list of five men named "not only to choose a *diputacion* for the province, but to elect themselves as members of that august body"—the first legislature of California.[21]

In 1824 the *diputado* Ortega is said to have been the only member of the group "who did not regret the choice of [Luis Antonio] Arguello." At this same time the secretary of the *diputacion* was dismissed because, among other things, he was "in favor of ousting Ortega in favor of a *suplente*." Our first white child was approaching his 50th anniversary during these troublous times, and may very well have been, as Bancroft thinks, the balking Ortega of the legislative body.[22] At the meeting of the *junta* at Monterey on January 7, 1824, José Castro took the place of Ortega.[23]

Vital statistics preserved at Santa Barbara may furnish interesting details about the personal history of Don Joseph Francisco María. Perhaps when time has cleared away all questions regarding him a fitting marker will perpetuate the fact that on what old San Diegans still call Presidio Hill was born, in February 1775, the first white native son of the golden west.

NOTES

1. Fray Junípero Serra began this restoration of the "*Libro Primero . . . . de los Bautismos*" in 1776 while in San Diego superintending the rebuilding of the mission. The book is in the museum of Mission San Diego.

2. Ruth Martin Pasco, "Christmas Babe of the California Trail," in *Westways*, XXXII (December 1940), 14-15. The inscription on the plaque reads as follows:

"This plate erected to commemorate the birth of the first white child born in California, Salvador Ygnacio Linares, son of Ygnacio and Gertrudis Rivas Linares of the overland expedition of Juan Bautista de Anza, from Sonora to California. The birth took place at Middle Willows, December 24, 1775, near the Arroyo Santa Catarina in the vicinity of Warner Hot Springs. This plate placed by San Diego County Water Co."

3. Herbert Eugene Bolton, ed., *Font's Complete Diary, a Chronicle of the Founding of San Francisco* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1933), pp. 66, 151.

4. *Ibid.*, p. xix. Font's official capacity is indicated in the diary heading:

"Diary kept by the Father Preacher Fray Pedro Font, Apostolic Missionary of the College of Santa Cruz de Queretaro, during the journey which he made to Monterey by order of the most excellent Señor Lieutenant-General Baylio Frey Don Antonio María Bucareli Y Ursua, Viceroy, Governor, and Captain-General of this New Spain."

5. *Ibid.*, p. 147.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 151. The diarist omits the names of the child's parents. Dr. Bolton has this footnote here: "From the list of colonists printed elsewhere I conclude that this child was Salvador Ygnacio Linares, son of Ygnacio and Gertrudis Rivas Linares."

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 422-23. Elsewhere Father Font complains that Captain Anza habitually refused him information regarding details of the expedition. That their spiritual advisor

did not know the full names of all making the trek to California seems to add point to the inference that many were of very humble origin.

8. *Ibid.*, pp. 424-25. The name of the leather-jacket soldier Ygnacio Linares is thirty-sixth on this list. Inclusion of the name of the infant Salvador Ygnacio Linares indicates that Anza brought his lists of newcomers up to date at or near the close of the expedition.

9. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), I, 672. The child Salvador heads this 1793 list, and from it are omitted the names of three Linares children which were included in the Anza list of 1776.

10. Father Vicente Fuster's note in the restored *Libro de Bautismos* reads:

"Until here [Jan. 1, 1777] are the items of baptism which were administered up to the last days of December 1775 . . . . as it is written in the report, at which time I sent to the Father President Junipero Serra . . . . I told him that the Christian baptisms made up until that time were 470 . . . . Enumerated in the book which was burned; with the few which were administered at the same time at the Presidio San Diego, where they maintained the mission until the new rebuilding of the same; in spite of the great diligence I have practiced I have not been able to verify any more. It is possible that the first ministers that were in this mission baptized some in case of necessity . . . . and I do not know who and how many they are. And also it is possible that some who took part in the attack . . . . they and their families may have died and the truth they conceal from me. . . . .

11. Father Serra no doubt means that the restoration might have been more nearly complete.

12. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, I, 451.

13. Don José Francisco de Ortega. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, I, 670-71, for his biography.

14. *Parvulo*—a child.

15. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, I, 671-73. Repetition of baptismal names José and María was customary during the Spanish period. For instance, the San Diego Estudillos of one generation were José Antonio, José Guadalupe, and José María.

16. In Bancroft, *op. cit.*, I, 672, this name appears as Juan Capistrano María Hermógenes.

17. Bancroft spells the name María Antonio de Jesus, as though the child were male. *Op. cit.*, p. 672.

18. Bancroft lists the child José María Martín de Ortega as the son, instead of the grandson, of the José Francisco de Ortegas. *Op. cit.*, p. 672.

19. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 760.

20. *Ibid.*, II, 454; IV, 760.

21. *Ibid.*, II, 462.

22. *Ibid.*, II, 486.

23. *Ibid.*, II, 510-11.

PROGRAMME.

1. National Patriotic Ode.....The Flag of the Free
2. Humorous Song..........A Chapter on Drawing
   A collection of Puns, from which the audience will perhaps draw comic inferences.
3. Clarionet Solo...Theme and Variations, selected
4. Vocal Trio...Come where my love lies dreaming
5. Sentimental Song..
   Dearest, then I'll Love thee more.
6. Wonderful Skill and Ventriloqual Instrumentation on the Magic Bugle, by the Champion Bugler of America,

RHODOLPH HALL.

7. Comic Song.......................................Selected

◆

PART SECOND.

8. Recitation......Sheridan's Ride to Winchester
9. Vocal Trio (Serenade)..Stars of Summer Night
10. Descriptive Patriotic Song..........................
    The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill."

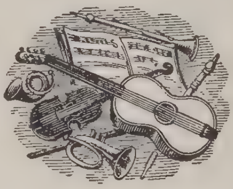
11. An Amusing Solo on.........That Tin Whistle
12. Humorous Song ....Selected
13. Grand Double Concerto, arranged for Two Cornets, presenting a Musical Novelty never before attempted on the Pacific Coast, introducing a complete *Double Echo*, perfectly enchanting.
14. To conclude with a Humorous Descriptive Song, entitled

THE MAGNETIC LECTURE!

Delivered in imitation of a celebrated Lecturer
on this interesting and important subject.

HALL & HAYWARD'S

GRAND



Farewell Concert,

PROMENADE & BALL.

Commercial Steam Presses, S. F.

A New Hampshire Minstrel Tours the Coast

Rhodolphus Hall and His Letters

By Frank Oakman Spinney

NOT FAR BEHIND the first bands of adventurers who came to California as the news of the discovery of gold spread arrived those who saw in this mass movement a special field for their talents. Doctors, lawyers, promoters, gamblers, storekeepers, thieves, and countless others, who felt the opportunities here were wider than at home and the promise of rewards greater, appeared in increasing numbers. Many of these soon learned that gold could be acquired more easily in other ways than by grubbing in the earth. The miners were their El Dorados. The precious dust came to them over their store-counters, across the gaming tables, for advice in litigation, or less subtly with the help of mask and gun.

The life was rough, the hardships punishing, yet the reports were almost irresistibly alluring. There was a vigor, an exciting theatrical quality which appealed to a surprising variety of people in different stations of life. Many heard the call, but did not or could not answer it. Among those who responded, however, were many members of the entertainment world. Actors and actresses, musicians, variety-players, minstrels, ballad singers, and child entertainers were brought to the coast by enterprising managers. Music halls, theaters, even an opera sprang up in San Francisco in those first hectic ten years. Every tavern had its raised, curtained platform, a crude stage where singing and dancing acts struggled against the smoky air and clink of glasses on the bar. Nor were the outlying towns neglected. Bands of entertainers toured the hinterland, enduring rough travel and poor accommodations to bring their talents to the mining settlements which mushroomed into activity at almost a moment's notice. Stockton, Marysville, Grass Valley, Red Bluff, Sonora, and many others formed a circuit played by a constant stream of traveling companies. When the Comstock boom began, the troupers struggled over the Sierras to play against a backdrop of stark peaks and sagebrush, with sound effects furnished by the stamping mills of Carson City, Virginia City, and by the "Washoe Zephyr."[1]

Some like Adah Isaacs Menken were caught up in the feverish atmosphere and responded to it with instinctive abandon.[2] Others more calculating came with a gleam in their eyes for the gold which they had heard circulated with encouraging prodigality. And there were doubtless the "has-beens"—those whose talents or lack of them had palled on the East and who hoped for a renewal of success before what they prayed would be the less critical and demanding audiences of rough miners. Moth-eaten circuses, aged sopranos whose breath came hard in the high altitudes,[3] mechanical comedians, all the despairing "hams" who could obtain the money for passage made their painful way by jolting stage or crowded steamer.

Difficult to classify in this motley crew, whether "ham," hard-headed, or inspired, came in the mid-sixties Rhodolphus Hall, self-styled "Plough-Boy of '44" and "New-Hampshire Minstrel," native of Lyme, a rural hill town of northern New Hampshire, and trumpeter extraordinary. Just entering his forties, a little pot-bellied perhaps, and with hair thinning on his skull, Hall was no matinee idol. In his troupe of entertainers was the ballad singer, William Hayward, young, appealingly slight, who supplied the romantic interest. Hall himself in the advertising was astutely billed as a one-time leader of Kendall's Boston Brass Band. Many in his audiences were New England reared, and to them Hall's association with the outstanding musical organization of the East was a valuable introduction. Others from different sections may have heard of him in the late forties when he toured with Dan Emmet,[4] the famous black-face comedian, in the North American Circus through upper New York State, or during his winter in New Orleans with Spaulding's Circus at the time of the Mexican War and later on the river boats plying to Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio. He had traveled the White Mountain summer resorts in the fifties. Before the War he had had a band at Saratoga. And his concert trip to England in 1861-62 justified his claim to an international reputation as a "champion bugler."

Hall's career exemplified in several ways some of the influences at work in the mid-nineteenth century. In common with the bulk of the population he came from a rural background. The country was full of people who in response to calls of different sorts had struck out from New England farm communities. Once self-sufficient and prosperous, these villages suffered from the progress of other sections of the nation. The railroad, hailed as a boon, undermined their protecting economic isolation and made them unequal competitors with the richer farm areas of the developing West. The rapidly expanding cities of industrial New England attracted many sons and daughters. During these mid-century decades the hill country of northern New England acted as a reservoir. The supply of men and women was not inexhaustible and the populations of these once-thriving centers were depleted to a dangerous level.[5]

Lyme, New Hampshire, just north of Hanover, on the east bank of the Connecticut River, is a typical case of a town that experienced this drain.[6] Characteristic, too, was the history of the Hall family of Lyme. John Hall, father of Rhodolphus, was a farmer of the old school, firmly attached to the land which had supported him comfortably for many years. It is impossible to know with what emotions he watched a sister move with her husband to more promising acres in western New York or two brothers set out for the city, one to become a successful merchant in New York, and the other the proprietor of an iron foundry in Hartford, Connecticut. Many of his neighbors sold out and packed their belongings for the journey to Ohio or Illinois. In his own household the restlessness, the attraction of greener pastures was felt. David, his eldest son, struck out from the farm in the early forties. Working first in his uncle's stove foundry in Hartford, he continued the musical activities which had given him a certain amount of local prestige. Later he made music his sole concern, going to Boston, where in addition to playing he became leader of the Lowell Brass Band, and finally entered upon the manufacture of musical instruments as a profitable sideline.[7] Sarah, the oldest daughter of John Hall, was not content to remain a farmer's daughter and perhaps was not offered the opportunity to become a farmer's wife. She found a method of departure in becoming a school-teacher, first in Hanover, New Hampshire, and then in New Haven, Connecticut. After them came the twins, Lucy and Rhodolphus, born about 1824. Lucy followed the pattern established by her sister, the country school in Hanover, a brief experience in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and finally New Haven, where after a few years she met and married a Samuel Johnson, who had come to New Haven from another small New Hampshire town and was making his way as a builder. David's example was employed by Rhodolphus. Fired by the success of his brother, Rhodolphus went to the uncle's factory, played the clarinet and trumpet in Hartford parades, had a short career as leader of the New Haven Brass Band, and then went to Boston, where he achieved the goal of many musicians: he became a member of Kendall's Boston Band.

Between Rhodolphus and Lucy there existed an intimacy and intensity of feeling, created perhaps by the circumstances of their birth and expressed in a series of letters which they exchanged over a period of thirty-five years, beginning at the time of Lucy's departure from the home farm in Lyme about 1843 and continuing almost uninterruptedly until Rhodolphus' death in 1878. Numbered in the hundreds, this collection preserves the brother's letters in practically the full series and furnishes an interesting detailed picture of the professional career and personal life of a popular musician, spanning roughly the middle third of the nineteenth century.

Rhodolphus was not writing for posterity. His letters are for the most part spontaneous and lacking in literary self-consciousness. They betray no half-hope, half-fear, as do some letters, that what he was writing would come to the public eye. Nor do they display that sense of God peering over the writer's shoulder which affected so many who shared the heritage of Puritan New England. Rhodolphus made no record of his spiritual life. His interest was firmly on the material plane. Frequently his letters were devoted largely to reporting the places where he played and how much he received. This interest in money and the faint surprise that he could easily earn so much cash was not unnatural in one whose background was the country section where the tradition of economic self-sufficiency operating to a large extent without currency was still strong. In this dominant tone, Rhodolphus was representative of his time, for it was an age when materialism was beginning to be identified with progress, and business success was becoming the chief measure of a man's worth. To his sister, he displayed without reticence a simple pride in his monetary achievements, and did so in such a straightforward, unaffected manner that one is inclined to rejoice with him.

Not only was he sure of an understanding and sympathetic response in the matter of his material success, but he revealed to her without stint the satisfaction he derived from the exercise of his talent. While still in his early twenties he was the featured soloist with Kendall's Band at a Dartmouth Commencement in 1847. "My Solo they Claped amasingly, no mistake," he reported in a letter to Lucy. To his brother David he was on this occasion no less unreserved. The day after the performance, he wrote David, he overheard people in the Commencement throng asking, "Which one is Hall?" The fact that the London *Times* in a review of his performances during the English tour of 1861-62 called him "The Jenny Lind of bugle players" was certainly not displeasing to him and he quoted from that publication in the programs and handbills prepared for his California trip.

An examination of the letters and of the many programs which he included in the missives reveals the versatility of Hall's playing. In his early performances with the country quadrille bands and in the dancing schools of Lyme, Hanover, and nearby centers, the "clarionet" was his favorite instrument, although for such occasions as a Fourth of July parade and other outdoor celebrations which required more volume, he was perfectly at home on the cornet or trumpet. His first engagement in Boston with Kendall's Band was to play the ophicleide, an unwieldy ancestor of the tuba. The instrument upon which he achieved his reputation, however, and which was his favorite for the solos which earned him the title "Champion Bugler of America" was the echo bugle, a silver E-flat horn with eleven keys and equipped with an echo attachment designed by his brother David. This device gave the impression to his audiences that there was concealed behind the stage somewhere a second player who acted as the echo. When convinced that this was not the case and that Rhodolphus alone was responsible for what might be described as a feat of musical ventriloquism, the listeners' astonishment and admiration for this display of technical skill was satisfying.

In addition to his instrumental virtuosity Hall was the composer of at least one piece of music, the famous "Aria and Variations" for the echo cornet. This was his leading concert solo. What its musical quality was it is impossible to judge, but there can be no doubt that it was a piece designed to display Hall's amazing control of his favorite instrument. It was a "show piece" and undoubtedly contained all that that term implies in the way of theatrical effects.

Hall was not limited in his repertory, however, to his own compositions. A review of the programs shows a wide variety in his offerings. "Home, Sweet Home," "The Light of Other Days," "The Last Rose of Summer," and other sentimental ballads were played, strained no doubt to their utmost, for the appreciative audiences of the London music halls. Fully as often the program was made up of serious music. Outstandingly the accepted composer of the period was Rossini, and a concert invariably contained selections from *Il Tancredi*, *The Barber of Seville*, or *Semiramide*. The music of Verdi appeared frequently, as did the works of Haydn, Schubert, and later Wagner. To what his own preferences and tastes were, we are given no clue. Rhodolphus was first of all a business man. He played what his audiences wished to hear. He was no temperamental slave to an artistic conscience. It was with no discernible aesthetic pang that he could include on the same program, as he did at the Corvallis Court House in Oregon, a "Potpourri of Familiar Airs" played on a tin whistle (and he noted proudly that it was encored nightly) and, two numbers later, something from the opera *Norma*. The juxtaposition was permissible because his audience liked them both.

Thus gradually one obtains a picture of the man. It is the slow accumulation of details which builds up the portrait, for Rhodolphus made no effort to characterize himself. One can only guess at what his thoughts were. Even had the term "extrovert" been in vogue in his day, he would not have been able to use it in connection with himself, for he was one so completely that he could not have been capable of thinking about himself in that fashion. He was interested in external things, in material things, in what he had to drink, in what he ate, in what he saw, but hardly ever in what he thought.

There were other facets to his personality which shone occasionally through the letters. He possessed a kind of humor which expressed itself now and then in a play on words. In his youthful correspondence he liked to embellish the pages with grotesque little drawings illustrating what he was writing. Some of his humor had an earthy, vulgar quality quite consistent with his time and suggestive of his rural background.

His country origin, in fact, is a dominant note throughout his life and one which he never tried to conceal or to deny. He never really became an urban creature. The explanation very probably lies in the fact that he was so constantly on tour that no opportunity came to him to settle down in a community, to put forth social roots, and to become a part of it. The tie to the country village, chiefly one of sentiment for most rural migrants, was a controlling one in his life. He always looked upon Lyme as home and he returned there again and again. Even as a young man, in the first enthusiasm of a full pocketbook, he considered the purchase of a farm in Lyme, not as an economic measure but as a residence, a stable base from which he might go forth on his seasonal tours and to which he could return during slack periods. When his father and mother died in the fifties, the home farm descended to him and he made it the object of much thought. At one time he hoped to run it as a paying venture, and he hired farm hands to work it for him while he was away on his trips. Like many other gentlemen farmers, he soon became aware of the impracticality of such a plan. ". . . that White Elephant . . .," ". . . the Agricultural College I am supporting in Lyme . . ." was his characterization of the result.

This quality and the others, the unquestioning materialism, the rough humor, the narrow mental horizon, were traits which lead one to surmise that here, framed in the slightly different background of his musical activity, one has captured that unapproachable, almost mythical person, the average man. He was a figure of no great importance in the political, intellectual, or even the musical life of his time. He had no more than the typical rural schooling. He was swayed by no more than ordinary motives of self-interest. He did not make avarice a profession, yet financial success was pleasing to him. His outlook was no broader than that of most of his fellows. He was no more aware of the forces at work in his time than were millions of his contemporaries. It is for this very reason that his unconsciously drawn self-portrait found in the letters may be of interest.

The series of letters published here and covering only the year and a half of his West Coast tour cannot, of course, reveal the complete man. What value they possess resides in the aid they furnish in re-creating a phase of life in California through the eyes of one of its participants, a trouper, who reported some of what he saw and at the same time something of himself.

Rhodolphus and his wife Katie, to whom he had been married about fifteen years, left New York on May 23, 1864, on the steamer *Illinois*. In a letter, not included here, he wrote his impressions of the voyage to Panama, of their stay at the Howard House in the "low swampy village" of New Granada, and of the forty-mile trip over the newly completed Isthmus railroad, a project which had "cost a man's life to every inch to build." With him in the troupe were the Blaisdell Brothers, Swiss Bell Ringers;[8] Madam Blaisdell, harpist; Little Clara, an eleven year old entertainer; and Master Steve Young, another infant prodigy. At the "Cabildo" in Panama, where they were forced to wait several days for the coastal steamer to California, two concerts were given. Rhodolphus played the famous cornet solo, a ballad singer rendered a touching version of "Faded Flowers," and Master Steve Young offered the comic song "The Irishman's Shanty."

Arriving in San Francisco early in June, Hall began almost immediately the series of forays which took him energetically up and down California, over the mountains into Nevada Territory, and as far north as Portland, Oregon. Some of the time he was with the Bell Ringers. At other intervals, he separated from them, and took as a partner in his travels William Hayward, billed as "The Young and Widely Popular Balladist and Humorist

Who has been endorsed by the Press from Maine to Oregon . . . as being the most finished, artistic, and pleasing Vocalist now before the public." (Admission—one dollar.) Sacramento, Stockton, Virginia City, Carson City, Washoe, Dayton, Grass Valley, Moore's Flat, Red Bluff, Shasta, Corvallis, Yreka, Portland, Santa Cruz, New Almaden, all were visited by them not once but several times. An agent, Frank Ball, went ahead arranging for the concert halls, posting bills, and selling tickets. The programs contained laudatory press notices from the Sonora *Eagle*, the Grass Valley *National*, the *Washoe Star*, the Marysville *Express*, as well as a long series of excerpts from the *Court Circular* and other London journals of the time of Rhodolphus' English tour.

Katie, Hall's wife, remained in San Francisco much of the time. While she may have written other letters, only the one included here is available, and it is inserted among Rhodolphus' to give the woman's point of view.

Of what the years held for the musician after his return from California in 1865 until his death in 1878 we know little. In 1866 a "Presentation Concert" was performed in his behalf in the Boston Music Hall, on which occasion he was given a magnificent gold cornet. This event may well have marked the apogee of his career. The gaps in the narrative are difficult to bridge from this point on. That he was still active musically although on a level of reduced importance is implied in a newspaper announcement of 1875 that "Hall's Celebrated Brass Band and Orchestra" would play nightly in the "Grand Saloon" of the Fall River steamer *Providence*, plying during the summer months between New York and Fall River. It is difficult not to interpret this engagement as a sign of diminished popularity and prosperity. What the final years held for him or what the circumstances surrounding his death in his middle fifties were are not now clear.

The letters here presented covering the year and a half of the West Coast tour are a faithful transcript of the originals, preserving the spelling, capitalization, grammar, and parenthetical remarks without alteration or emendation. Whatever editing has been done has been in the direction of excising repetitious remarks about methods to be employed by Lucy in putting away the Halls' woolens in moth-balls and detailed directions as to what persons shall be permitted to read the letters and to what friends particular respects are to be given.

THE LETTERS

San-Francisco Cal. Oct. 12th
1864

Dear Sis Lucie

I must say, I did hope to answer your favor, long ago, but old *procrastination* is a D—l of a thief, you know. I do not propose to make a page of excuses, But this is the D—d'st Country to travel in, you ever saw, Rough while moving over it, but one has twice the inclination to sleep, when the chance presents itself, then any Country I've seen.

Your letter was forwarded to me at *Downeville*, (some six weeks since), while I was traveling among the mountains. You will see we are now in *San-Francisco* are taking *10 days rest*. We returned from "*Nevada Teritory*" about a week since. There where we Concerted only *10 or 12 days*, there being but a few Cities or *villeges*, namely "*Virginia City*" the largest, numbers *15000 inhabitants*, settled only *4 years* since, it is way up on the *Side* of one of the *Sierra Nevada Mountains*, *8000* feet above the *level of the sea*, &c. so high that the air is *highly Rarified*, and it is very hard to make *ones breath do them any good*.—hard *playing* a wind instrument there, and we were troubled with *Nose bleeding* while there, first time that I have been troubled that way for a long time. The Watter at Virginia City is also very bad, so *impregnated* with *Alcholie* from the exces of Mineral, &c. There are here the richest Silver mines in the known world, with some gold with it, &c. which has been the reason of locating a city so *far up*, on so desolate a Mountain for there is *not* a *tree* to be seen, as far as the Eye can see, nothing but a small "*sage brush*" so called, which only grows scatering in little bunches as large as a Bushel Basket 10 to 15 feet apart, &c. the Ground is of a Brownish Red, like mountains of so much *Ashes*, with more or less *Stone* & *Gravel* which have the porus appearance of *Lava* of a *Volcanic* appearance, &c.

We were 5 days in traveling from *Sacremento City* to Virginia City, and did not give Concerts *on the way* as it is not peopled enough yet. there is a *new Stage road* finished this summer *60 miles* of the way, which is capital road considering the Mountains which it *Zig Zags around and up*, To discribe which, my discriptive faculties are not "*Acqueduct*" (adequate) for the occasion, &c.[9] Will tell you of them when I see you, if We are so favored as to ever see home again. Oh! Sis, you little *imagine* the *long long* distance betwene us. And *how much* I dread the passage by *Ocean through the Tropics*. And the *D—d* Indians are so troublesome, I do hope the Government will *Exterminate* the Cusses.

We also visited, while at *Nevada Teritory* the following places with our Concerts viz. "*Gold Hill*" "*Dayton*" "*Washoe City*" "*Carson City*" & "*Silver City*." at Carson City is the *Capital* of the *to be, State of Nevada*[10] there visited the State prison and *Hot Springs* which join the Prison at which are nice bath houses, where they use the Hot water from *old* "*Nator's Tea kettle*" &c. We passed from "*Silver City*" through Virginia City on our return from the *Teritory*. I there mailed a letter to *D. C.*[11] which was the last I have sent home. On my return here, finding no letters, I began to think, *Dam.*—But *yesterday* I rec^d. a Letter from D. C. Mailed *Boston Aug. 3^d*. There has been no *Overland* Mails since the Indian depridations untill quite lately, within *10 days*.[12] I had sent $3000. of 7 3/10 Bonds U. S. to the

Department at Washington D. C. to be Converted to 6 per Ct. 20 year Bonds about the time the Indian troubles, and many lost their Bonds who sent about that time. & I have been in *hot Watter*, untill last Saturday I heard by a Notification from the Treasury department, that mine had arrived safe, &c. &c. So I am easier now, &c—

Last night there was quite a turn out of the McLenan[13] party on torch light procession. I refused *$5.—in Gold* to turn out with the Band here. I am engaged to play at *Stockton* Saturday night for some *Political Meeting*, I am to have *$25*—(in Gold) and all expences, also a *Levee* on Monday evening at Stockton $10.—

I have Deposited in the *Bank* of *Cal. $400.—in Gold*—for the purpos of paying our *Fares home*, at any time we shall feel able to Stand the hardship, &c. I have also Purchased *$400.—Government Bonds* since being here, which pay me now 6 per ct interest *semiannually*. Not bad for a *New-Hampshire Minstrell*, for 12 weeks Work. We are to make one more trip among the *Mountains* this *Fall*. Commense next *Wednesday*, which I very much dread, as the Hills are so hard to clime, & the *Hotells* so *awfull poor*. Many of them of Logs rough boards no *latches* on the *Doors*, rool a *Rock* against the Doors in hundreds of instances to keep it shut, in place of a Latch, &c. I have seen Hotells furnished with Bibles *East*, but in the absence of Bibles here, we are reminded of our Savior by the Rocks aginst the Doors. We have slept in these *Modern Sepulchers* many a night, with our Revolvers for a "Testament" under our Pillows.

I can think of nothing more of interest, except Katie is sitting by side of me, fixing her *Alipacka* Dress, she got some Grees or "*Ship*" *Slush* on it coming out. She is singing that Dam Song—"*Din not care how black I be.*" &c

She wishes to have me say to you *Laziness* is flourishing Disease here, that she should like to sit down to one of your good "*Biled Dinners*," &c. All I have to Say for myself is, take a "*Jurisprudence*" in the shape of a "*good-Sense-Stagerer*" of *Swhiskey* to *our health* and *successfull return* in another Summer if not before, &c. . . . .

Please do not *delay answering* this,—direct to *San-Francisco*, Cal. as we think of going to *Oregon* in a few weeks.

With much love to all the Friends God bless you

RHODOLPH

P.S. Post Office *San Francisco* Cal.

10 o'clock Wednesday evening Oct. 12"-64

Katie wishes me to send you a strip of her *silk* such as her new *Dress with a Coat to it*, Which she has got since she came, (recently). it is a beauty, &c. With a new $20.—Bonnet. *White Straw purple* elaborate trimmings.

With all of our Sickness, and ill luck getting here—I manage to keep my head out of the Mud. I have earned some money *extra* by writing for Brass

Bands here. (I Have not Gambled much though some Musicians here have *won* at "*Faro*" *$3000.*—in one night, &c. &c.)

I wrote to Sister *Sarah* about July 22^d. our birth day[14] but, as yet hear nothing from her. If you should be, like me, so far from home, *even in prosperity* you will know better how good it seems to be remembered even by a Letter, &c. Dont think I am homesic, *oh no*. I only *Dread* the *Sea*. &c.

Mails close early for the Steamer—in the morning.

Fondly & Truly
RHODOLPH

San Francisco Nov 13th/64

My dear Lucie:

I wish I migh[t] exchange pen and paper, for a seat in your comfortable little sitting room, this night. I think my "ideas" would drop from my tongue much easier and faster than from my pen. I intended ansering your highly prized and warmly welcomed letter a long time ago, and the only reason that I can give for not doing so, is the strange effect of the climate—I have found it impossible to concentrate my mind upon any one thing for fifteen minutes at a time. Rhodolph, and in fact every body, is affected the same way—it gives one a wild crazy feeling, and in thruth there are, I think more insane people in this country than any other—every day we read of three or four cases. R. visited the Asylum when in Stockton says it is filled. I am not the least bit in love with this country—and shall be very thankful when I can return home again—as for the people I abominate them—they exhaust life to quickly,—every one seems to live at a 2:27 gait! and faster, if possible, as for the climate of this City, it is abominable beyond discription—the winds are really terrible, filling your eyes, nose, and mouth, (providing you open the latter) with dirt and sand,[15] at the same time any rag of clothing that you have on, is making frantic endeavors to turn into an umbrella and cover your head, of course leaving "every thing else" exposed, and then, to "cap the climax", we are liable at any time to receive a shaking up, or a shaking down, by an Earthquake—I have experienced *two* realy awful ones—You can form no idea, what a sensation it gives one, to be in a large house and see it, and all its contents, shaking and quivering like a great form of Jelly, and not know but that you and the house "may go down" and be "hidden from mortal view forever"—Oh! no! I do not think it all pleasant—As for fruits! there is a superabundance of it, of all kinds, you see so much that it sickens you—with the exception of grapes we seldom ever taste it—pleasent walks, or rides, *there are none*—grass and shade are things that you must call on your imagination for, no person will ever know what "invisible green" means untill they come here and see the trees—it is nothing but sand! hills of sand, streets of sand! yes mountains of sand! Rhodolph will give you some great disscriptions when he returns. I have not traveled with them at all—the truth is I am not strong enough. that last sickness of mine came very near finishing this childs, "earthly career"—and now my wonderment is how shall I ever get back again. I have the most intense horror of the Water—yet do not feel like gratifying those tawny wretches, the Indians with my scalp, which they most assuredly would have, did we return by the overland route—so you may make up [your] mind, if you ever see this child alive, you will see her in the form of a living skeleton. I had a letter from Rhodolph yesterday—he wrote in good spirits and he says regaining his health, he has been troubeld again with the Kidney complaint—which has worried us both greatly, for what would become of us if his health gave out in this country. We are in hopes to return by next Febuary God willing—we would have been on our way now, could he have gotten released from his engagement—the company have done wonderfully well, while traveling—every thing either in the shape of bussiness or amusements is fearfully dull here—provisions, clothing and everything else, is nearly *doubble* in gold here—we can get the same at home in scrip or greenbacks, for the same price we have to pay in Gold or Silver. I think it rather strange, that people who are such *firm* supporters of President Linclon and the Union, *will not* recognise the currency—"Consistency thou art a Jewel" the highest that green backs have been since we came, has been 52 cent on the dollar, *buying* not selling. Lucie I wish you could see the stile of dressing here—you would be astonished—one Woman comes along with a muslin dress lace shawl and everything light and summery, while right back of her comes one with a heavy silk or poplin and a wolen cloak or shawl and thick *furs*—muff and cape, and as for colours, every one in the rainbow (and some that are not) are all worn at one time. I mett a woman this morning dressed in a handsome drab silk skirt trimed with broad folds of *cherry* and *blue* velvet and a row of gilt bell buttons above each fold—woollen cloak of large plaid, black and magenta—black velvet water fall hat, with trimmings of black and white bugles, an immence bouquet of flowers and a large white feather, veil, embroidered with straw coloured silk, gloves of a lemon shade and brown silk parasol—what would New Haven say to that stile of dress, I wonder. I should have liked to have taken her up just as she was, and set her down on Lyme plain she would be a dainty thing for some of the old women to tear to pieces. . . .

Do write us often, we long greatly for some news from home—

With love to all—God bless you Truly yours

Kate C. Hall

Empire Hotel 4 o'clock P.M. May 29th 1865
Shasta, Shasta Co. California

Very Dear Sister & Friends,

I am unfit, in spirits to write you at this moment, but having delayed so doing, from day to day, hoping to feel better, I *swere* I wont any longer. You will Wonder the Cause of my *low spirits*—well The fact is this, one *week last Thursday* we Came very near being *burned up alive*. The *Hotel* where we were *asleep*, at *Moors Flat Cal.* took *Fire* at *2½ o'clock* night. The Landlord and I had taken a "*Knight Cap*, at 1 *o'clock* & went to bed, had, of course, got *sound asleep*,–when thank *Heaven* & all *dear on Earth* The *screams* of a *Woman* living [on the] oposite side [of] the street awoke me. she came rushing into the house, breaking through doors where her strength was sufficient, and, soon roused other help. It was with difficulty that I woke my *partner* Mr. *Hayward*, to Conciousness, though he roomed with me. It may seem a *fib* to you, when I tell you, this.–*3 minutes from the time I woke from a Sound Sleep*, the Fire rushed into our room. You must know the Houses here are nearly all built of *thin strips* of Board. (which is dry pich Pine) and then *in place* of Plaster, a *thin Cotton Cloth seperates one room from the other*. So you can imagine, *how quick* the Fire would Spread, with a little *wind to help it*. It was like the burning of a *Newspaper*. In trying to get my *pants* on, I *spilt* what *little loos Chenge* I *had*, among which was my luckey ½ cent *Pocket piece* which I have Caried for more then *10 years*, had no time to pick it up.

The Landlords *2* little *Girls* 6 & 8 years old, were saved by, draging them from their bed by the Hair of their head, driven into the street in their night clothes only. I worked terible hard to help [the] Landlord save a little clothing, got sweety, and it rained hard, and as I had nothing but *Shirt* & *Pants* on, got my Feet wet took Cold, have not been well since, though I have had to keep mooveing. All the Buildings on that Side of the street, some 10 or more *burned in an hour*, to the ground and had it not rained, the hole town would have gone. Our *Team* was at a Stable across the street. I rushed to it, broke open the stable & run out Our *Cariall* & Put my Box of Instruments into it & Satchell and run the Cariage up street away from the fire, & put Harnesses on the Horsess, so in Case the Fire Crossed the St. we would save our Conveyance, &c.–

We are now on our way to Oregon. (over land) This *Shasta* is the County seat of *Shasta Co.* 40 miles north of *Red-Bluff*. The *Sacremento* River is navigable up to *Red Bluff* in Summer, & higher in Winter.–

We are traveling by our own Conveyance, which is a Pair of nice Horses and *4 seated Barouche* or *Carieall*. Our Agent has a one horse Bugey. We ie. *Mr. Hayward & Myself* Paid *$1125.00* for the two Teams Complete, &c. The people all tell us they are the Best Teams, *finest rigout*, ever Traveled with any Concert Co. or Show in California, &c.

We are doing very well, & have been since we *started 9 weeks ago last Sat.* The *Bell Ringers* are north of us, on their way to *Idaho*. We shall only go *through Oregon* to *Walla Walla*, then *take* a *Back track* ove[r] this same route, as all say we can do even better a second time in the same town, as we are giving the best of Satisfaction. The Californians ar great for *Dancing*, & our *Promanade Ball* Pleases them better then any thing they ever had, as they are not able to get *good Music* for *Dancing*, here in the Country.

We think that we shall get back to *San Francisco* in time to Sail for *New-York* about the middle of October. We shall be there however before that time & make a trip through the Southern part of Cal. to *Santa Cruz, Los angelos*, &c. We are determined to be in *New England* God willing, next *Thanksgiving*. Last Sat. night we Played at *Red Bluff* where resides *Mrs. John Brown*, wife of the well known *Martyr*. We sent her Complimentarys, but she did not come.

Now Dear Lucie, I am not in spirits to give you any of our Comical senes, though they [are] *many* & *frequent*. This Country is much more lovely this season than last, having been blessed with rain. There are now oceans of *Roses*, and I ocasionally get a Boquet sent me from the hands of Married *Ladies* (only think of it.) This morning the Landlord at Horsetown where we gave a Concert last night (Sunday) took me into his garden and gave me the first *feast* of ripe *Cheries*, off the Trees. They are jest now getting ripe. There is going to be Fruit in abundance here this season. This is a greate Country for *Grapes* & there will be Tons of them.

I rec^{d}. your kind *Letter* the day of the Eulogy of President Lincoln. We were at *Placerville Placer* Co. Cal. We postponed our Concert that night, joined in Procession, had the finest Team in procession, draped with Crapes. Mr. Hayward sang a *Sacred Song* at the services. "*Flee as a bird to the Mountains*." Hayward is a nice young man about 30 years old, weighs only *130 lbs*. &c. Enclosed I send you His Photograph, with the *Shadow of your far off* fast fading *Brother Rhodolph*.—Oh! *how I want to see you all.*

You must know I never have been so long from home at any one time before. it might seem that I ought to be weaned from home by this time but, with *swolen Nostrils* the dew is this moment trickling from my Eyes to the very end of my Probosis, here you have its proof.—

My *Photograph* has been touched up with *I[n]dia ink*, *thickening* the hair on the top of my head it may improve the Picture, but nothing can eve[r] fetch it back to the old Skull again.

I should have said something before of *Katie*, but I have failed to get letters for *nearly 2 weeks* from her, & fear she is not well. Her *Letter* may have *Misscaried*, though no signs of *her Misscariage* yet. She is at *San Francisco*. I was expecting her to meet me at *Marysville* last *Tuesday* but have not herd the reason. I fear she is Sick, &c.— . . . .

She that was *Elizzie Durham* is maried to a Capt. *Spencer* & lives in *San Francisco*. Katie & She visit every day nearly.—they are Methodist & very Pious. &c.

. . . .

If you write as soon as you receive this, I can get it at *Yreka, Siskiyou County California* as we shall be ther on our *return from Oregon* in about *seven weeks*.

With best Love to all Friends, ... your true Friend & Brother

RHODOLPH

On Receipt of this Direct to Yreka Siskiyou County California
Care Hall & Hayward *Concert Troup*

(*Monday evening*
Sonora California Oct. 9th 1865

Dear Sis Lucie,

. . . . nothing of interest to write you, except to tell you, We intend to "*go down to the Sea*" again, as the *good book Says* of *Merchants* & *others for gain*, "*Many shall go down*" *but few Come up therefrom*." We shall take the Chances, of Coming up *from the sea*, again, as we *wish*, *hope*, & *pray*, that we may meet our *Loveing Friends* once more. We *shall sail* per. Steamer "*America*" on the *13th* of *November*, via. *Nickeraugua*.—

N.B. We may be *delayed* in Selling our *Teams*, and in such Case, Will leave San Francisco by the next Steamer *18th* of *November*, *via Panama*— I send you the notice of the Steamers Sailing. We are all *very Well*, at present & doing a *better business* then any time of the *Season*, as Every one is willing to Come and bid us a *Farewell*, and *express* a *regret* of our *leaving*, & *invite*, ah! *urge* us to Come again, &c. which I hope to do, when the Pacific R.R. gets through, or before. We have traveled *30 miles* today through the dust and a rough old road over the *Country*, *never worked* perfectly *natural*, except some parts where it was impossible to pass without some sorte of a bridge, &c. I am very tired, and it is now *Concert time*.

Katie, (I had not forgoten,) She came all the way overland from *Oregon*, got much worn out with the journey, though her health was much improved by the trip. . . . . She is at *San Francisco* now prepairing for the passage home. May we be permitted to reach home, is my only thought of Worying. I do dread the *fearfull passage*, &c. . . . .

. . . . We did hope to take a *Thanksgiving* in *New England*, but will be *Thankfull God Knows*, if permited to take a Christmas there, &c. Do not believe by this that we are homesick, for I like the Country more & more as I become acquainted with it & the People, but knowing I must, or so much wish to see my Friends, that the Passage will *Haunt* me, untill I get through it, &c.[16] . . . .

From your Devoted Brother
RHODOLPH THE ROVER

Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz County, California
Nov. 4th. 1865

Dear Sister,

. . . . I received your Welcome favor, at Stockton, about 3 weeks since. . . . . I passed the residence of an old Friend of Yours, a few weeks since, near Placerville, by the name of *Miss Spaulding*, an old *Maid*. I stoped but a few moments, as we were to Play that evening, some 15 miles distant, and it had then got to be well along in the P.M. She treated liberally to *Apples* and nice *Grapes.*—I spent last Sabath with Katie at *San Francisco*. She is in better health then she has been since we left Boston. We were taking a walk in the evening, and met Mr. *Clapp* & Wife & Daughter, *Cousins*. We Called to see Horace Carr & Ellen, but they were not inn, but we saw them the night before, they are well & happy. Married life agrees with Ellen, I should think, as she is very fleshy & sollid, and are Comfortably at Houskeeping, etc. In your letter you asked me to tell you, the *date*, and *Steamer* We shall sail upon. Now I would gladly do so, but I am not able to say positive. I desire to return via. *Nicaragua* route, the Steamer that route, leaves Nov. 13th in *9 days from today*. We may,—and *intend* to Sail on the 13th ins. which, if successfull will land us in New York, *first week in December*.

Park Place San Francisco Nov. 7th. P.M.-65

Dear Sis,

I did not have time at *Santa Cruz* to finish this, nor have I had time since. We gave our *last Concert* (in this Country) Sunday evening 5th ins. We arrived in San Francisco last *night at 9½* o'clock from *New Alamaden* (quick Silver Mines)—having rode *70 miles* from 5½ o'clock Yesterday Morning, *with our good horses.* I am very tired today, but have jest returned from the Ticket Office of the Steamer (Nicaragua line.) We can have our choice of *State rooms* being acquainted with the *Officers*, it being the Same Steamer we arrived here on. They want to take us very much, it is the *Oposition line.* Connects on the Atlantic side with the Steamer "*Colorado*," *leaves here* next *Monday 10 o'clock* A.M.—

We are a going to price passage & accomodations via Old Line *Panama* and will write to Brother *Morris* as soon as we decide which route or as soon as we purchase our Tickets, &c. I shall send *this* and a note to Dr. Morris Per. *Overland Mail*, expecting it will reach Baltimore a few days, or a Week sooner then by the Steamer *Old line* leaves *10th ins.* We may come on her, but prospects this moment that we Sail 13th ins Per. Oposition, via. Nicaragua,—never having been that route, &c.

Wishing this to go in todays Mail, must Close. excuse all Faults untill we meet hereafter, bodily if permitted, Spiritually, if not otherwise. . . . .

Truly as ever.

RHODOLPH HALL

NOTES

1. Constance Rourke, *Troupers of the Gold Coast* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928). The first chapters of this biography of Lotta Crabtree give a vivid description of this early "barn-storming" era.

2. George D. Lyman, *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* (New York, Charles Scribner Sons, 1934), Chapter LII.

3. *Ibid.*, pp. 199-201, gives the story of Antoinette Adams, an antiquated spinster.

4. Daniel Decatur Emmett (1815-1904), a famous minstrel, was the author of "Dixie." See John Tasker Howard, *Our American Music* (New York: T. Y. Crowell Company, 1931), for a brief sketch of his life.

5. Harold F. Wilson, *The Hill Country of Northern New England, Its Social and Economic History 1790-1930* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1936). Chapters III, VI, and VII are excellent.

6. James W. Goldthwait, "A Town That Has Gone Downhill," *The Geographical Review*, XVII (October 1927), 527-53, is a detailed study of this very town of Lyme.

7. Christine M. Ayars, *Contributions to the Art of Music in America by the Music Industries of Boston 1640 to 1936* (New York: H. W. Wilson Company, 1937), pp. 266-68. In 1861 there was the firm of Allen & Hall at 334 Washington Street in Boston. From 1862 to 1865, David C. Hall was alone in business. From 1866 to 1875 there was the firm of Hall & Quinby, and from 1876 to 1899, Hall was by himself as a manufacturer and dealer in addition to his activities as band leader and player.

8. George C. D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1931), VII, 369. Blaisdell Brothers' Swiss Bell Ringers played for two weeks at Polytechnic Hall, starting Sept. 24, 1860.

9. John Ross Browne, *Adventures in the Apache Country* (New York, 1869), pp. 307 et seq., contains an interesting description of travel over this new stage road.

10. Nevada was admitted as a state on October 31, 1864.

11. David Culver Hall, Rhodolph's older brother.

12. Cf. Allen Nevins, *The Emergence of Modern America* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1927), pp. 106-7. Rhodolph, although an Easterner, adopted the characteristic western attitude toward the Indian troubles which had broken out violently in August of this year (1864).

13. General George B. McLellan, Copperhead presidential candidate opposing Lincoln's reelection. "McClellan Broom Rangers" held many impromptu political rallies in San Francisco and other cities during the fall. For this period see Julian Dana's *The Man Who Built San Francisco; A Study of Ralston's Journey With Banners* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1937).

14. July 22 was the birthday of the twins, Lucy and Rhodolphus. Rhodolphus usually remembered it and commented on it in letters.

15. Cf. Franklin Walker, ed., *The Washoe Giant in San Francisco, Sketches by Mark Twain* (San Francisco: George Fields, 1938), p. 76: ". . . they [the people of San Francisco] damn the wind, and they damn the dust . . . a mighty absurd topic it seems to one just out of Washoe."

16. Rhodolphus' frequently mentioned dread of the voyage home through the tropics seems to have been justified, for in the speech of acceptance at the Presentation Concert in 1866 he refers to ". . . *watching, for weeks* over the sick & dieing at Sea, Burying my *personal Friends* in the *Island* of *Cuba*."

ISAAC C. STEELE

The Steele Brothers

Pioneers in California's Great Dairy Industry

By CATHERINE BAUMGARTEN STEELE

TO CALIFORNIA in the fifties came the three Steele brothers—Isaac Chapman, George, and Edgar Willis—who were later to become leaders in the state's great dairy industry. Another brother, Frederick, had preceded them in 1849 and, returning east in 1854, had brought back such glowing accounts of the state that they made immediate plans to settle here.

The five sons of Nathaniel Steele III and his second wife, Dameras,[1] were born at Delhi, in the Delaware Valley, New York State, but as a result of the financial panic of 1836 the family emigrated to Lorain County, Ohio. There, in the great Western Reserve, the boys helped their father hew a home out of the wilderness. But the future seemed to hold little promise for them on their small farms in Ohio and they were eager to try their fortunes in California.

Captain Frederick Steele, West Point graduate and Mexican War hero, left New York with the Second Infantry on the transport *Iowa*, on November 1, 1848, and, sailing around the Horn, arrived in San Francisco on April 30, 1849. After spending most of that summer chasing deserters through the gold mines, he was appointed adjutant of his regiment, on September 6, and served on the staffs of Generals Ethan Allen Hitchcock and Bennet Riley. The latter had been his old commander in the Mexican War and had come out on the *Iowa* to replace Richard B. Mason as military governor of California. In 1852, Captain Steele volunteered to take command of a company in the expedition of Major S. P. Heintzelman against the Yuma Indians,[2] and for his part in the action at Ogden's Landing was complimented in the official report. During the Civil War he served as major-general in the Southwest, and later was placed in command of the Department of the Columbia. He died in San Mateo County on January 12, 1868,[3] while on leave.

William Steele, the youngest of the brothers, died in 1854. Of the others, George (born May 14, 1825) was the first to emigrate to California. This he did in 1855, accompanied by his cousin Rensselaer E. Steele, and together they tried their fortunes in the mines, but without success. George's enthusiasm for California was unbounded, and while he stacked lumber in San Francisco he dreamed of a land empire for the Steele clan. He was much taken with the San Lorenzo ranch, in Alameda County, while his cousin Rensselaer preferred to settle somewhere on the Bay. In the meantime, Rensselaer became impatient to get his family out and the decision was postponed.[4]

> In the middle of April, 1856, E. W. Steele, with his father and mother, and Mrs. R. E. Steele and two children, left New York on the steamer *George Law* for the Isthmus and California. The passage of the Isthmus was most eventful. As the great train of cars, crowded with passengers, neared Panama it was learned that a riot was in progress, and the train must return to Aspinwall. The locomotive could not be changed and the train was backed. In crossing a deep, marshy stream the bridge gave way and several cars plunged beneath the water, with others piled a wreck upon them. Upwards of 200 people were drowned or killed by the accident, and many more injured. The details and extent of this terrible disaster were carefully suppressed by the railroad officials. The car in which were Mr. Steele and family remained on the track and none in it were injured.
>
> The steamer *Golden Age* brought them to San Francisco on the day of the funeral of James King of Wm., and the passengers, in landing, witnessed the execution of Casey and Cora by the Vigilance Committee. . . . . But there was no occasion for the newcomers remaining, as George and R. E. Steele, who had rented a farm near Petaluma,[5] were there to meet them and conduct them to their home.
>
> In June, 1856, E. W. commenced his California career, beginning by taking a contract to cut and bind a field of oats at $2.50 per acre. The work was done with cradles, E. W., in one day, binding eight acres, where the yield was fifty bushels an acre. When harvesting was done he bought five cows, paying for the same, $75.00 per head, and commenced making butter. Thus opened the winter of 1857 and in addition to his dairy work he leased some land for farming, and, becoming acquainted with the people of the neighborhood, organized a singing school which he taught one day each week, and realized from it $40.00 a month, which seemed like showering wealth upon him. During the winter he put in eighty acres of grain and potatoes. George Steele was teaching school in the mean time.[6]

Early in 1857, Isaac Steele, broken in health and with fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket, left Ohio for California, accompanied by his family. The old steamer *Sierra Nevada*, on which they traveled up the coast from the Isthmus, twice caught fire. At San Francisco a boy came aboard peddling apples, and Isaac Steele's little daughter wanted some. "I asked the price," reminisced Isaac in later years. " 'Seventy-five cents' was the reply. It made me feel awful poor." Declining to purchase, he was greatly impressed when a young man engaged in the dairy business in Marin County handed the boy a dollar and a half for two apples, "with an I-don't-care sort of air, that might go with a copper cent over the mountains."[7]

Isaac Steele was to recall further:

> I arrived in the state on the 29th of March, 1857. My family came with me. We proposed making a permanent home here. My Father, Mother, and brothers had preceded and were located in Two Rock Valley, engaged in the dairy business.
>
> A large proportion of the people here at that time had come to make a fortune and return to their old homes to enjoy it. The word "home" meant some locality beyond the limits of California. Land titles were unsettled. A bitter contest raged between squatters and grant holders. Squatters contended with each other and grant holders filled the courts with litigation. The legal fraternity seemed in a fair way to gain the whole country for services.
>
> To the stranger the hospitality of the people was unbounded. He was ever welcome

> to hang his horse to a stake and share the board and blanket of any shanty in the land.
>
> The dairy business was getting out of favor at that time; the price of butter declined to 75c per pound and cheese to 35c. These prices were not considered remunerative by many of the dairymen, and cows had declined to $75.00 to $100.00 per head and dairymen wished to sell out to engage in more profitable business.[8]

Nevertheless, the Steeles, with Isaac added to their number, decided to expand the dairy business that Edgar and George and Rensselaer had already begun on a small scale. Clara Steele,[9] Rensselaer's wife, had persuaded an Indian to rope and milk some of the wild Spanish cattle, and from the milk so obtained, using a recipe she found in a book, had made some cheese. This cheese she had sent along with other farm produce, to a commission house in San Francisco. There was an instant demand for more cheese, and, using Clara Steele's recipe, the great industry was launched.

Combining their energies and resources, the three brothers and their cousin Rensselaer formed a copartnership; Rensselaer thus became identified under the firm name as one of the "Steele Brothers."[10] From Tustin and Lewis they purchased twenty-five head of cows, and thereafter they used the brand of Columbus Tustin, "C. T.," as their cattle brand.

Isaac and Edgar Willis, in company with Colonel Lewis, of Petaluma, went exploring for land suitable for dairying purposes. On the coast they inspected Rancho Punta de los Reyes, which they concluded would be a veritable "cow heaven," and a most suitable place for their enterprise.

> There appeared an abundance of rich bunch grass and clover, with many springs of cold water, and the prevalent fogs gave encouragement of maintaining fresh feed. Some people discouraged the enterprise, saying the cold fogs kept the grass in such a condition that it would support only the lank Spanish cattle, and that butter-making at Point Reyes was utterly out of the question. A man named Richards claimed the land, having derived title through Dr. Randall, the supposed owner of the grant.[11] Richards willingly leased one and a half leagues of the land, granting the privilege of purchase at $3.00 an acre when he obtained a patent, or at a rental of $25.00 a month for the whole. The Steeles then took 125 head of cows of Lewis, giving half the butter or cheese made and one-sixth of the calves when weaned. They then had 155 cows, took possession of their land on the 4th of July, 1857, being the first dairy at Point Reyes, or on the coast of Marin County. Richards lost the land, and therefore the Steeles had no rent to pay for their occupancy. Shafter, Park, and Heydenfeldt, attorneys, became the owners of the land. They would not sell, but granted a lease of eight years on the terms of giving every sixth calf.[12] The Steeles had then increased their number of cows to 355, and maintained three dairies. Butter and cheese were made, the cream being taken for the first and the buttermilk returned to the cheese vats, adding enough value to pay for all the hired help employed. Butter was sold readily at $1.00 per pound, and cheese at twenty-seven cents, the demand for them being greater than they could supply. The wages of dairymen and manufacturers then were the same as at present [1883]. One-half the butter and cheese from 125 cows the first year went to Lewis, who received $6,000 for same.[13]

The year beginning November 1, 1858, was particularly prosperous. The Steele Brothers, in a statement to the California State Agricultural Society for that year, reported as follows:

DESCRIPTION	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Acres of land	6,000	
Value of improvements	....	$6,000
Cows calved before June 16th, 1859	234	
Calves raised	119	
Calves lost from disease, accident, and wild animals	15	
Cows lost from disease	3	
Cows calved since June 16th, 1859	27	
Calves lost since June 16th, 1859	0	
Cows milked during season	163	
Cows raising calves	71	
Men necessary to do dairy work (average)	9	
Price per month	....	27.00

DATE, ETC.	POUNDS	AMOUNT
November, butter	536	$ 402.00
November 29th to December 28th, butter	428¾	310.41
November 29th to December 28th, cheese	896¾	358.70
December 28th to January 23d, cheese	2,266¾	886.96
January 23d to February 27th, cheese	5,256¾	1,733.73
February 27th to March 22d, cheese	4,258	980.48
March 22d to April 15th, cheese	5,893	1,233.40
April 15th to May 21st, cheese	13,513	2,762.75
May 21st to September 1st, cheese	23,003	5,775.75
Hogs sold	....	307.50
Hogs on hand	....	384.00
Hogs on hand and feed, aside from dairy slop, November 1st, 1858	....	150.00
Estimated amount of cheese made from September 1st, 1859, to October 31st, 1859	....	1,200.00[14]

The processes used by the Steele Brothers in making their cheese are described in interesting detail in the same volume. The method employed apparently varied according to the size of the cheese to be made. A large cheese was made as follows:

> One big cheese, six hundred and eighty pounds, six hundred and sixty gallons milk, (allowing two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches to a gallon), milk from one hundred and sixty-three cows, for two days, made May eighteenth and nineteenth. Night's milk, set in tin vats and pans; skimmed in the morning; morning's milk mixed with it; cream of night's milk heat to one hundred degrees; stirred until limped, then mixed with milk—the milk being first warmed to eighty-eight degrees, then used rennet enough to bring the curd in forty minutes—curd cut with single knife as fine as conveniently could; stirred with arms round and round vat carefully, until curd somewhat toughened, then gradually lifted from bottom vat with hands, and carefully broken, not very fine; then gradually cooked to one hundred and three degrees, by pouring water into a wooden vat, within which the tin vat sits, curd being stirred all the while, and until all smooth lumps appeared broken; curd dipped into cooler and let stand until nearly cold, then cut up into inch square blocks and settled, then chopped fine, and salt thoroughly mixed; when cold, put to press. Cheese, while in press, turned and pierced with wire every other day for one week, then clothed, turned every other day and pressed one week more, then taken from press and managed same as other cheese.[15]

The rennet used by the Steeles was a local product:

> The rennet are filled with salt when taken from the calves, then packed in air-tight tin cans, with plenty of salt, till wanted; then we open and clean the rennet, with the use of as little water as possible. Then we put them in a keg a day or two before needed, add cold water, and make it as salt as possible; then ascertain strength of rennet by experiment. Commence to break the curd as soon as it is tough enough not to whiten the whey, when it will break to the touch rather than dissolve, and mix up like pudding.[16]

A tin vat within a wooden one was used, with water of the proper temperature poured between, the heat being increased "until you cannot see any more smooth lumps of curd, or but few, and the curd squeaks by pressure upon it." The temperature depended "much upon the age of the cheese when designed for use, temperature of locality, etc.; one hundred and three degrees in the winter months, during the great flood of milk, and one hundred and ten degrees during the summer and fall months, when the cream is much richer, and the whey not so easily separated." To separate the curd and whey when the liquid had cooked enough it was customary to "dip off the greater portion of the whey by means of a grass-cloth strainer, placed over the top of the vat; dip the remainder of the curd and whey into a wooden cooler, with inch square slats in the bottom and spaces the same size, with grass-cloth strainer spread over them; let curd partially cool for salt."[17]

In his report E. W. Steele expressed a preference for "Liverpool salt when I can get it, if not, purest kind of ground rock salt; Messrs. Gushee & Curtis, San Francisco, have the agency for a very good kind of salt; one pound of salt to forty of cheese."[18]

Both the self-acting lever press and the screw press were used. "Press until the whey is out," advised Steele. "Common size and properly made cheese can usually be pressed enough in twenty-four hours after the cheese has been to press till the clear whey like water starts."[19]

For coloring the cheese he prescribed "one ounce anotta [annatto] to one hundred pounds of cheese for inside, if you wish to color it not very much, say a shade lighter than May butter; if darker, more; color the cloth for covering the cheese with anotta; add white lye to water, to make it soft, soap to set color, and anotta enough to give color desired." And to produce a rind impervious to flies: "Cover the cheese with cloth, or mix cayenne pepper and resin with whey butter, or a little cayenne pepper alone with whey butter; the resin gives a coat and smooth surface; linseed oil also gives a coat and smooth surface; all applied hot as can."[20]

With their herds increasing, larger quantities of cheese were shipped by steamer to San Francisco, which in turn brought to the Steeles the comforts of life from that city. No commission, apparently, seemed too trivial or too great to entrust to the steamer captain, but in shipping cheese it was always expected that one of the best quality should be designated for the crew, otherwise the entire shipment was apt to reach the city in an unsatisfactory condition. Too, if the steamer at Point Reyes did not have a full load, the "boys" went out and got enough elk to fill the boat.

Of life on the Shafter ranch at Point Reyes Isaac wrote:

> We had a dairy house in course of construction which lacked a roof, doors, and windows when we commenced cheese making. There were no barriers to restrain our stock save ocean, marsh, and mountain crag. No roads except the Old Spanish Trail; but of wild, wierd, beautiful grandeur, the appreciative soul could get its fill. Grass was abundant beyond desire, with pure streams of never failing water flowing over sands of gold (mica). No vehicle common to civilized life had ever passed the mountain height and deep ravine to our promised land.[21]

In this wilderness the families of Isaac and Rensselaer Steele built their pioneer homes. Here, on December 14, 1859, Dameras Johnson Steele died of pneumonia. On January 12, 1862, Nathaniel Steele, her husband, died at Petaluma, and was laid by her side on Lone Mountain in San Francisco.

At the end of three years the Steeles had paid for all their improvements and had 400 head of cows of their own. In 1859 they bought 125 cows at $26.00 each and started two dairies independent of the Lewis stock. In 1861 their cows had increased to 600 head, besides some young stock, all their improvements were paid for, and they had $10,000 cash as the result of four years' dairying.[22]

With their Point Reyes venture a success, the Steele Brothers began to look about for additional pasturage for their increasing herds.

South of San Francisco, about sixty miles down the coast, was the quaint hamlet of Pescadero, in Santa Cruz County (now in San Mateo County), nestled in a fertile little valley between gently rolling hills. Its first house had been built in 1852, and by 1856 Pescadero had become somewhat of a village, boasting a blacksmith and a mercantile store.[23] Soon there came to this community a man named Loren Coburn who had a livery stable in San Francisco. With the rapid growth of that city, his draying business had increased to extensive proportions, and to rest his horses' feet from the cobbled streets he sought pasturage.

South of Pescadero, along the wild and rugged coast, lay the lands of the great Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo, where Eli Moore, an early visitor to the region, had noted that the grasses grew "so fine." Another American, that "swashbuckling hero," Isaac Graham, also had his eye on Año Nuevo, and in 1857 he bought from the widow of Simeon Castro and her children this great ranch for his winter cattle range.[24] But Graham soon encumbered the property and it passed into other hands. The new owner did not keep it long, for on September 15, 1862, is recorded the deed of Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo to Loren Coburn.[25]

Coming to Pescadero in 1861, on a horse which he had procured from Loren Coburn's livery stable in San Francisco, Isaac Steele rode southward to the lands of Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo, which he had learned were for lease. Here, too, was another cold, wind-swept coast, which all had said was unsuited to agriculture and the raising of good stock, it being the common belief that improved herds would soon revert, under the climatic conditions of California, to the miserable condition of the Spanish cattle. But undaunted, the Steele Brothers had proved the success of the coast lands for dairy purposes, and here, too, was another "cow heaven"!

Arranging to lease for ten years the Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo from Clark and Coburn, at a rental of $6,000 per year and taxes, with an option to buy 7,000 acres of it at $6.00 an acre (the rate to increase 10% per annum), the Steele Brothers formed a partnership with Horace Gushee and Charles H. Wilson and made their plans to develop this great holding of almost eighteen thousand acres.[26]

Cows and more cows they bought as they moved down the coast:

"We have had a rodeo today and have selected 19 cows @ $10.00; five 2 yr. olds @ $5.00 & 6.50; five one year olds @ 4.50," wrote Rensselaer Steele from Pescadero, on October 19, 1862.[27] And from the "Seventeen Mile House," on December 25, E. W. Steele reported: "There is a notice of a sheriff's sale which is to take place on the Rancho del Capuchino of eight American horses, 2 bulls, 19 cows, 15 heifers, 12 yearlings, 608 calves. . . . . There is also to be sold at sheriffs sale 25 cows at Swift's place on January 21."[28]

In all, eleven hundred head of cattle were bought for the Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo, at an average of fifteen dollars per head, and Indian laborers were brought down from Point Reyes to work on the new ranch.

> In the first year $18,000 was paid out for improvements, and $17,000 cleared on the cheese made, besides the increase of stock. The Point Reyes dairies were also yielding large profits. The years 1863 and 1864 were the disastrously dry years of California, but there was rain at Pescadero and Point Reyes, and the business of the dairies went on. The products were then in great demand, and the cheese sold as fast as it could be made at twenty-five cents per pound. During this long period, E. W. Steele performed his daily task of milking twenty cows, as did the hired men. He also made cheese, attended to the outside business, and kept the books of the firm, working regularly sixteen hours each day. At that time the State had eleven dairies, including those at Pescadero and Point Reyes, the first paying a net profit of $18,000, and the latter $9,000 per annum.[29]

Devotion to their brother, General Frederick Steele, and to the Union cause prompted the Steele Brothers to make a unique contribution in 1864 to the Sanitary Fund for which at that time great fairs were being held all over the country.

From their dairies on Punta del Año Nuevo, the brothers combined several days' supply of milk, hauling it to the ranch house, "Green Oaks," by ox teams and there making it into a mammoth cheese, weighing 3,850 pounds. "A gigantic hoop and press were made for the purpose, and novel appliances were required to handle the great weight and safely transport it to San

Francisco, it being over twenty feet in circumference and eighteen inches thick, thoroughly made, and of the richest quality."[30]

Exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair and announced as the "Sanitary Cheese," it created widespread attention and sold at $1.00 per pound. Pieces of it were cut and sent to President Lincoln and to General Grant and General Frederick Steele.

A certificate from the Sanitary Commission dated at San Francisco, January 11, 1864, now in the possession of the author of this article, reads as follows: "This is to Certify that Steele Brothers of Santa Cruz County has paid to the California Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, Two thousand eight hundred and twenty Dollars." It is signed by Henry W. Bellows, president of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, F. F. Low, president of the California Branch, R. G. Sneath, Treasurer, and O. C. Wheeler, Secretary.[31]

When Colonel Albert Evans visited the Steeles' ranch in the early seventies, he wrote that there were then "over fifteen hundred cows on the ranch. These are fed only on the native 'wild oats,' which in place of grass cover all the open country of California." The oats "furnish both green feed and nourishing hay naturally, no cutting or housing being required. As the ground grows dry under the heat of the summer sun, the oats dry up and become a bright golden color. All the nutritious properties are perfectly preserved, and so long as no rain falls upon this standing hay, it is eaten with avidity by the cattle and keeps them sleek and fat. . . . ."[32]

One of the Steele Brothers told Colonel Evans that:

> . . . . in the earlier part of the season they milked between six and seven hundred cows; but as the feed grows shorter with the advance of the dry season, the number gradually dwindles down twenty-five to fifty per cent. As fast as the cows dry up they are sent to the mountains and allowed to remain until the rains commence, in November and December.[33]

Hopes of making a permanent home had begun to take form when the Steele Brothers secured an option to buy part of the lands leased on the Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo.

Directly in front of the point which the Spanish explorer, Viscaino, had sighted on New Year's Day in 1603 lay a great stretch of sand dunes selected in eras past by Indians for their home sites. From these sand dunes, across lands brightly colored with golden poppy and blue lupin, the ground sloped gradually upward to meet the foothills of the white mountain ranges. Only on this part of the Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo were found the groves of magnificent evergreen oaks through which a little stream followed its course from redwood canyon to the Pacific. This stream of purest cold water was called Green Oak Creek. Here, under one of the magnificent oaks, Isaac Steele selected the site for his home. This home, following the simple lines of a New England tradition and built with lumber from the Waddell Mill, became known as his beloved Green Oak Ranch, or "Rancho Encino Verde" as it was called by the native Californians.[34]

In the meantime, Rensselaer Steele built another white New England house near by on the Cascade Creek. Their comfortable homes, their orchards and gardens are described by Colonel Evans in his charming narrative, *A la California*.[35]

For the third time since their arrival in California the Steele Brothers were to pioneer in another great dairy section. With the Punta de los Reyes lease expiring in 1866, they began to look for other lands on which to put their herds.

The drought of 1864 having destroyed the cattle of the southern counties, it was reported that the great ranchos were for sale at low rates, and in the course of his tour for land, E. W. Steele came to San Luis Obispo. Here, too, he found a wind-swept and foggy coast which he was told was unsuited to agriculture, but the Steele Brothers believed they had found another "cow heaven."[36]

In San Luis Obispo County they purchased forty-five thousand acres at $1.10 an acre, which included parts of the Rancho Corral de Piedra containing seven leagues, or 22,135.89 acres; the Arroyo Grande or San Ramon Rancho of 4,437.58 acres, and also the Bolsa de Chamisal.[37] Rich in the history of the early Spanish and Mexican regime, the Californians, because of the drought, now found themselves bankrupt and their lands of little use or value to them.

With characteristic vigor the Steele Brothers set about to improve these properties. With lumber shipped from Punta del Año Nuevo, they built dairy houses and homes. Ten thousand dollars for fences alone they spent the first year, and large sums for other improvements, all their resources going into this new development. The ranchos were stocked with six hundred cows and a hundred men were employed. Hay and grain, orchards and gardens were planted, and the sleek herds increased.

But drought again was to strike the land in 1868, and droves of starving cattle sought the moist lands of the Corral de Piedra.

> Fencing was expensive, but we decided to fence. Horses and cattle were constantly coming from the south in search of feed and they clung to these green places with a terrible tenacity. There was also a constant stream of men, drifting north, begging their way. These we offered work, but they were on their way to San Francisco to aid in the establishment of the eight-hour system—and to help use the funds that had been raised to help men who were out of employment. The demoralization appeared to be contagious, some of the men in charge of our dairies becoming infected. . . . . We took water from the streams wherever it could be done to irrigate our lands until the morning of the 17th of February . . . . [when] the days that had been so *miserably pleasant* were succeeded by one of cloud and rain.[38]

The industry survived the drought, however, for in February 1870 the San Francisco *Commercial Herald* reported:

A feature of dairying in this State consists of a large number of cows, often owned by a single party, of which from 150 to 170 animals are apportioned to each dairy. Next to Shafter & Howard, Marin County, the Steele Brothers are the largest owners of milk cows in California; their entire herd, kept in two different counties, amounts to about 1,400. Of this number, they keep 750, subdivided into five dairies, at Pescadero, San Mateo County, and a like number on an extensive tract of land owned by them in San Luis Obispo County, near the town of that name. They make only cheese, the article produced at these dairies ranking deservedly high in the San Francisco market, and always commanding the highest prices current, averaging the year through about seventeen cents per pound. These cows consist of American crossed with English breeds, with a slight mixture of native stock, and are superior milkers, between 500 and 600 pounds of cheese being made from each animal yearly. They are found to be hardy, docile, and easily kept, subsisting chiefly on the native grasses and herbage of the country. In special cases stall feeding is resorted to, and in seasons of extreme drought, or during cold rains, some grain and fodder—the latter in the shape of hay or straw—is given to such animals as most require it.

The greater portion of these lands lying near the ocean, the moisture of the sea air keeps the grass green and growing most of the summer, thereby affording an abundance of rich and succulent pasturage. There are also considerable patches of marshy land on the San Luis Obispo estate, on which the grass remains verdant, renewing itself throughout the year. At this place, too, large quantities of barley are grown, some of which is fed to the stock when needed, the most of it being used to fatten the swine, a large number of which are raised annually. In milking, eighteen or twenty cows are assigned to a hand; the laborers employed all being white men, to each of whom about thirty dollars per month, with keep, is paid.

This firm owns about 15,000 acres of land at Pescadero, and 45,000 at San Luis Obispo, the greater portion of it gently undulating, or but slightly hilly, and of excellent soil, being capable of producing good crops of grain, as well as the indigenous grasses. It is well watered with springs and small streams, and is timbered with scattered oaks and timbered dells, presenting landscapes of great beauty. In the inclosure of this land, some fifty or sixty miles of board fence has been erected, at a cost of more than $500 a mile. At each dairy, suitable buildings for carrying on the business of cheese-making, and quartering the men, have been put up; the entire expenditure incurred by these parties, on account of land and stock purchases, improvements made, defending titles, etc., having been more than half a million of dollars; the present value of their property, all told being now perhaps three times that amount.

Besides the milk cows, over 2,000 head of steers, calves, and young cattle are kept on these two ranches, the steers, with the superannuated cows, being turned out for beef. The calves are all raised, the heifers which come in at the age of two years, and sometimes sooner, being kept for milkers. The hogs, fed mostly on whey, and which were formerly shipped alive on the steamers to San Francisco, are now slaughtered and cured on the ranches, by which plan much larger profits are realized than before.

The success that has attended the Steele Brothers, of whom there are three, a cousin also being associated with them, furnishes a notable example of what may be accomplished in California, through industry and intelligent application of labor, even when parties begin with small means. These men commenced the dairying business some years ago at [Two] Rock Valley, Sonoma County, having at the start but fifteen or twenty cows, and with but limited means besides; their present large possessions and property having been all gained since, through their own exertions, governed by economy and good management.[39]

The Steele Brothers, however, were to face another ordeal. Covetous eyes were watching the lands which the exhaustless energy of these men had developed, and there followed that litigation which was to cripple them financially and which was to block forever the great fortune which they had hoped to accumulate in California. Devoted, loyal to each other, the brothers kept each other informed, in a multitudinous correspondence, of the details of this litigation. Since nearly all the valuable lands in the state, as they became desirable, were subjected to such ordeal, their letters would cover that chapter in California's history.

When the United States Supreme Court reversed the decision of Judge Ogden Hoffman of the United States District Court, who had rendered an able decision in favor of the Steele Brothers, the almost unbearable expense of this litigation forced them to sell much of their holdings. The time to sell was propitious, for a great tide of immigration was pouring into the beautiful valleys of California in the seventies.

Retaining for themselves comfortable estates, George and Edgar Willis Steele lived out their lives in San Luis Obispo County, while Isaac retired more and more to the pleasant life at Green Oaks.

E. W. Steele, however, had numerous outside interests:

> In 1875, E. W. Steele bought the Knight Valley Rancho, including the noted Kellogg watering-place in Sonoma County, having as partners the notorious Stuart, afterwards County Clerk of San Francisco, Elder, Kellogg, and Laird. Entering with the same partners into quicksilver mining in Sonoma and Lake Counties, and intrusting the management to Stuart, he soon became involved and at last settled and retired from the concern with a loss of about $300,000. He also attempted mining for quicksilver in his own county, in company with others, and expended $10,000 without any returns. In many other enterprises in which he has been engaged he has met with success. He was one of the incorporators of the Bank of San Luis Obispo, and for a period was its President, and was also one of the incorporators of the San Luis Obispo Water Company, both of which have proven remunerative and of great benefit to the city and county. He is [in 1883] a prominent member of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, and is a Director of the Grangers Business Association. He is also a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Chosen Friends, and of the Knights of Honor. In society he is the most genial and pleasant of men, and his hospitality and generosity are unbounded.
>
> Politically, he is a Republican, and has been invited to become a candidate for the State Senate and Assembly, but his important business has always compelled him to decline. But the business of the county and locality in which he is so much interested demands and receives his attention, and these he has served by acting as Road Overseer and County Supervisor, being at present President of the Board. In public matters he is foremost, and in all questions of public interest always takes a prominent part.[40]

Edgar Willis Steele lived for thirteen years after the above was written, and died on February 18, 1896.[41]

George Steele, the lawyer brother, seems to have carried the burden of straightening out the affairs of the San Luis Obispo County property. In January 1878 he wrote:

> If I could see any end of this I would work on with fresh courage; but on the contrary, everything pertaining to our business down here seems to become more mixed, complicated, and perplexing every year. . . . . I am in favor of selling anything and everything we have in this country as fast as possible and paying out of debt even if I don't have a solitary cent left. . . . . I prefer independent poverty to reputed wealth with the cares and responsibilities it brings, without any of the emoluments and privileges which real wealth confers.[42]

In spite of the cares with which he was beset, George Steele's home was the center of hospitality on the Corral de Piedra, his wife, Delia Day, being a woman of rare attainments and high accomplishments.

Along with his brothers, George early began to buy improved breeds of cattle and, obtaining some of the first Holsteins in the state, gradually swung to that breed. In the early eighties he planted 187 pounds of Odessa wheat which he had bought from A. Gerberding, of San Francisco. This grain, imported from Russia, he had seen advertised in the *Pacific Rural Press*.[43]

Outside of ranching, George Steele's only interest seemed to be in politics. In Marin County, in 1860, he was nominated for the state assembly by the Republican party, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate. Elected county judge of Marin County in 1863, he held that office until 1866, when he resigned to join his brothers in the management of the property in San Luis Obispo County.

In 1872 he was nominated for the state senate from the district comprising the counties of Santa Barbara, Ventura, and San Luis Obispo, but was defeated; and in 1878 he was elected to the convention which framed the present State Constitution. In the convention he served on the judiciary committee and on the committee on corporations. Two years later he was the Republican nominee for the assembly, but was defeated by Hon. P. W. Murphy by 15 votes.[44] In August of that year (1880) he went to Sacramento as a delegate to the Republican State Convention,[45] and a few years later he was candidate for state senator from San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Ventura counties. The election was contested by J. Marion Brooks, who qualified on February 23, 1883, and served during that session (the 25th); but Steele was elected for the subsequent two sessions and was state senator from those counties from 1884 to 1888.[46]

Pioneer, rancher, and state builder, George Steele lived out his useful life at "Oak Knoll" where he died, on October 21, 1901, from blood poisoning which he contracted while caring for a horse suffering from glanders.

Of the California ranchero brothers, Isaac Steele seems to have been the practical idealist who not only looked after the development of his own properties but took an active interest in the growth of the state. With his brother in law, Seldon J. Finney, who introduced the Compulsory Education bill in the Senate, Isaac Steele was a staunch advocate of education. As a close friend of Professor Eugene W. Hilgard he worked for the establishment of an agricultural college. Agriculture, of course, was dearest to his heart, and through the granger movement he worked for its early advancement. He was one of the founders of the Grangers' Bank in San Francisco, and his papers before the Grangers' Business Association (of which he was one of the first directors), reveal his sincerity and scope of knowledge, and his great love of nature. He was elected master of the State Grange in October 1877, and held the position for one term.[47]

Only once did Isaac Steele enter politics. He was defeated by the Workingmen's party, in San Mateo County, the same year that his brother George was elected as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. It was at this time that Isaac found that from being a respected pioneer he had become a "Land Monopolist, an ogre who sat on the veranda of his great rancho while hundreds of coolies slaved for him." Bewildered by changing conditions in the empire which he had helped create with toil-worn hands, he found solace in nature.

His gentle character made him the easy prey of the unscrupulous, and his generous heart the victim of the improvident, his diaries revealing his financial troubles in the panicky seventies and eighties.

Isaac Steele lived past the opening of the new century, and when at last death released the frail body, he was buried in Pescadero.[48]

The Steele Brothers are gone. Their dairies are in other hands. But descendants of Isaac Steele occupy the old home, "Green Oaks," on Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo.

NOTES

1. The Steele brothers were descended from John Steele, who had landed in Massachusetts in 1631 and later became one of the founders of Hartford, Connecticut. From Connecticut their grandfather, Nathaniel Steele II, emigrated to New York State, where he died at Delhi in 1823. Nathaniel Steele III (b. 1789) by his first wife had two daughters, Emily and Ann Cordelia, and two sons, John B. and Osman N. His second wife, Dameras (b. January 8, 1789), was the daughter of Silas Johnson, of Delaware County, New York. Daniel Steele Durrie, *Genealogical History of John and George Steele (of Hartford, Connecticut) 1635-6, and Their Descendants* (Albany, N. Y., 1859); and Family Bible in the possession of William F. Steele.

2. Notes of Frederick Steele, in the possession of the author. See also, Report of Brevet Major S. P. Heintzelman, July 15, 1853, in 34th Cong., 3d sess., H.R. Ex. Doc. 76, pp. 34-58; and Thomas W. Sweeny, *Military Occupation of California 1849-53* (reprinted from the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* [n. p.], 1909), pp. 16, 20-21.

3. *History of San Luis Obispo County, California, with Illustrations and Biographical Sketches of Its Prominent Men and Pioneers* (Oakland, Cal.: Thompson & West, 1883), p. 165. Frederick had been born on January 14, 1819, according to the Family Bible.

4. Letter of George Steele, in the possession of the author.

5. The farm was evidently a part of the Rancho Laguna de San Antonio, in Marin and Sonoma counties, for on January 6, 1858, an "agreement" was entered into "between R. E. Steele and George Steele of Laguna de S Antonio parties of the first part and Mortimer Hopkins of Two Rock Valley parties of the second part," whereby the Steeles acquired part of the Bartholomew Bojorquez ranch adjoining the property of George C. Jewell. Document in the possession of the author.

6. *History of San Luis Obispo County*, biography of E. W. Steele inserted between pp. 40 and 41.

7. MS notes of Isaac Steele in the possession of the author.

8. *Ibid.*

9. Clarissa A. Jameson Steele, Rensselaer's first wife, died on May 31, 1866, and was buried in the family cemetery on the Cascade Ranch.

10. Rensselaer Steele (b. November 6, 1808; d. November 14, 1886) was the son of Nathaniel Steele's brother John and was also Isaac's brother-in-law, Isaac having married Hulda Emeline Steele, Rensselaer's sister. Durrie, *op. cit.*, and Family Bible.

11. Rancho Punta de los Reyes Sobrante (14,189.34 acres) was granted by Manuel Micheltorena to Antonio M. Osio, on November 30, 1843, and was confirmed to Andrew Randall by the U. S. Land Commission, January 9, 1855, and by the District Court, December 28, 1858. *History of Marin County, California* (San Francisco: Alley, Bowen & Co., 1880), pp. 194 and 304. See also Mildred Brooke Hoover, *Historic Spots in California: Counties of the Coast Range* (Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press [1937]), pp. 177-78.

12. The lease, dated July 28, 1858, between Oscar L. Shafter, James McM. Shafter, Trenor W. Park, Solomon Heydenfelt, parties of the first part, and Rensselaer E. Steele, Isaac C. Steele, George Steele, and Edgar W. Steele, parties of the second part, is in the possession of the author. The land leased included "all that portion of the Punta de los Reyes Ranch commencing at a point on the shore of Sir Francis Drakes Bay at the south side of the inlet first south of the Berrie point so called, thence northerly up the said inlet, and the gulch into which it leads to the timber east of the ridge dividing Drake's Bay from Tomales Bay, thence southwardly along said ridge and Timber to where a fence and gate formerly stood upon the trail above the Grasie place so called, thence to the head of the gulch leading westerly to the Foster place now occupied by Geo. H. Higgins, and down said gulch to Drake's Bay, thence along the shore to the place of beginning . . . ." The Steeles were to pay "the yearly rent of one sixth part of the increase of all stock and animals kept upon said demised premises, and also one sixth part of the increase in value of all male and non-producing stock . . . ." They were to pay all the taxes, and "at the end of said term . . . . one third part of the nature of all improvements made by them during said term, the amount . . . . not to exceed one thousand dollars." In 1862 the lease was redrawn to change the terms to a cash rental of $2,000.00 per year, to be paid quarterly "in the current coin of the United States."

13. *History of San Luis Obispo County, loc. cit.*

14. *Transactions of the California State Agricultural Society, During the Year 1859* (Sacramento, 1860), pp. 201-2.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 202.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 203.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 204.

18. *Loc. cit.*

19. *Loc. cit.*

20. *Loc. cit.* For an interesting description of dairying in Marin County at a later period see *History of Marin County*, pp. 297-301.

21. Notes of Isaac Steele.

22. *History of San Luis Obispo County, loc. cit.*

23. For the early history of this region see *History of San Mateo County, California* (San Francisco: B. F. Alley, 1883), pp. 215 ff., and Hoover, *op. cit.*, pp. 408-10.

24. For further notes concerning the grant of Rancho Punta del Año Nuevo see *History of San Mateo County*, p. 212, and Hoover, *op. cit.*, pp. 411-13.

25. Records in County Court House, Santa Cruz.

26. *History of San Mateo County*, p. 246; also *History of San Luis Obispo County*, biography of E. W. Steele, between pp. 40 and 41.

27. R. E. Steele to Horace Gushee, Pescadero, October 19, 1862, letter in the possession of the author.

28. E. W. Steele to "Mr. Gushee or Mr. C. H. Wilson," December 25, 1862, letter in the possession of the author.

29. *History of San Luis Obispo County, loc. cit.*

30. *Ibid.*

31. Certificate lithographed by Nahl Bros., in the possession of the author.

32. Albert S. Evans, *A la California. Sketches of Life in the Golden State* (San Francisco, 1873), pp. 53-54.

33. *Ibid.*, pp. 52-53.

34. Isaac's young son, Frederick, noted in his diary that "Father raised his house March 4, 1863." Diary of Frederick Nathaniel Steele, in the possession of his son, William Frederick Steele, the present owner of "Green Oaks."

35. Evans, *op. cit.*, pp. 52-56.

36. *History of San Luis Obispo County, loc. cit.*, and pp. 222-23.

37. For notes concerning these ranchos see *ibid.*, p. 215, and Hoover, *op. cit.*, pp. 283 and 389.

38. Notes of Isaac Steele.

39. San Francisco *Commercial Herald*, February 1870, quoted in *History of San Luis Obispo County*, pp. 226-27.

40. *History of San Luis Obispo County*, biography of E. W. Steele.

41. E. W. Steele had been born on March 4, 1830, and had married (1) Julia Stanley, by whom he had no children, and (2) Emma E. Smith, by whom he had one son, E. W. Steele, Jr. Durrie, *op. cit.*, and Family Bible.

42. Letter from George Steele to his brother Isaac, Corral de Piedra, January 1878, in the possession of the author.

43. *Idem* to his brother Isaac, San Luis Obispo, March 28, 1880, in the possession of the author.

44. San Luis Obispo *Tribune*, October 6, 1882, quoted in *History of San Luis Obispo County*, pp. 165-66; also T. J. Vivian and D. G. Waldron, eds., *Biographical Sketches of the Delegates to the Convention to Frame a New Constitution for the State of California, 1878* (San Francisco, 1878), pp. 37-38.

45. Letter of George Steele to his brother Isaac, San Luis Obispo, August 1, 1880, in the possession of the author.

46. *California Blue Book or State Roster, 1907* (Sacramento [1908]), p. 561.

47. *History of San Mateo County*, pp. 257-58; also letters and documents in the possession of the author.

48. Isaac Steele died on February 25, 1903. He had been born on August 14, 1819, and had married his cousin, Hulda Emeline Steele, by whom he had Frederick Nathaniel, George, and Effie. Durrie, *op. cit.*, and Family Bible.

Thomas A. Ayres

Artist-Argonaut of California

By Jeanne Van Nostrand

ON THE night of April 26, 1858, there washed ashore near Point Dume, California, fragments of the ill-fated *Laura Bevan*, wrecked and lost in the heaviest northwester of the season. The steamer *Senator*, next ship to pass in the wake of the *Laura Bevan*, sighted the hatches of the lost schooner. Of the twelve passengers and the captain there was not a trace. During the abatement of the storm some stray bits of wreckage beached themselves on the sandy wastes of Malibu. The salvage was slight.

Among the items lost in this disaster was a portfolio of sketches that had been on its way to San Francisco, sketches made during a tour of Southern California by one of San Francisco's pioneer artists of the gold rush era. Thomas A. Ayres, after an extensive sketching tour throughout the southern part of the state, had boarded the *Laura Bevan* at San Pedro for the return passage to San Francisco. He was under contract with Harper Brothers, of New York, to furnish them with a set of pictures which they planned to use in illustrating a series of articles about California, and he expected to make pictures from his sketches in San Francisco and to send them on as quickly as possible by clipper ship to the east coast. His loss on the *Laura Bevan* seems one of those desperately successful attempts by fate to destroy the unwary, for Ayres had cancelled a return passage on a ship deemed unseaworthy in order to sail on the well-known and reliable *Laura Bevan*. While the steamer *Senator* was picking up floating pieces of the wrecked *Laura Bevan* the "unseaworthy" vessel was docking at San Francisco.

Thomas A. Ayres may truly be termed an "artist-argonaut," for he left his native New Jersey on February 4, 1849, aboard the *Panama*, with the first rush of gold seekers and arrived in San Francisco on August 8, 1849. Although his activities during his first year in California are unrecorded, it may safely be assumed that he followed where thousands led—to the "diggings." He must have found that in his case a brush was a more profitable tool than a pick, for at the end of a year he returned to San Francisco, his portfolio bulging past closing with sketches of gold rush towns and the mining country.

From 1850 to 1854 he traveled over the state, sketching and completing pictures. "Sonoro from the South, Morning," is dated 1853. "The Old Adobe House of Lieut. Beal at the Tejon Indian Reservation," and "The Indian Reservation in the Land of Tulase [Tulare]" were made in 1854 and indicate the range of his wanderings. Some part of 1854 was spent in San

Francisco with a series of local views as the result. "Benecia & Mont Diablo from Straits of Carquinez," "Entrance to the Golden Gate off Point Lobos," "North Beach from Meiggs Wharf," "View from Telegraph Hill Looking Towards Sausalito," are among the pictures he made at this time.

Undoubtedly Ayres had heard and read of a recently discovered and practically unknown valley called the Yosemite. Several stories had appeared in the San Francisco newspapers of the attempts made by a volunteer battalion under the command of Major Savage to quell the hostile Yosemite Indians. The newspaper accounts of the Indian troubles gave no hint of the scenic wonders of the region except for a remark about a 1000-foot waterfall. This item caught the eye of James Mason Hutchings, a San Francisco journalist, who had in mind the publication of an illustrated magazine. He was aware of the literary and pictorial possibilities that lay behind the casual statement, and it seemed to him that a series of illustrated articles about Yosemite was needed for the launching of his *California Illustrated Magazine*. Hutchings engaged Ayres, who was becoming known to San Francisco as a landscape artist, to accompany his party to Yosemite for the purpose of sketching the scenery. This first tourist party ever to visit the Yosemite Valley set out in June 1855. Led by two Indian guides, they followed the old Indian trail from Mariposa to the Valley. To anyone who has known Yosemite Valley only when crowded to the canyon walls with sightseers, its wild life as domesticated as dogs, its fish wary and hook-wise, it is a delight and a torment to imagine the valley as Ayres and his companions saw it that June, the flowers untrodden save by the hoofs of wild creatures, the trout rising to the first hook.

Ayres and his four companions remained in the valley five days, and for each day of his stay there is a picture. The first day he made a general view of the valley from Inspiration Point. On each succeeding day he sketched in the following order "El Capitan," "Yosemite Domes," "Cascades of the Rainbow," and the Yosemite Falls, which he called "The High Falls." This last picture was the first picture ever to be published of Yosemite. It appeared as a lithograph in the fall of 1855, drawn on stone for Kuchel and Dresel and printed by Britton and Rey, in San Francisco. Others of his drawings which appeared as lithographs were "The Mammoth Tree Grove, The Hotel, 1855, Calaveras County," "Yo-Semite Fall" (Ayres was not bound to one spelling of Yosemite), "View of Castle Rocks at the Head of South Fork, Stanislaus River, Cal." The following year Volume I, Number 1, of Hutchings' *California Illustrated Magazine* contained the story of the Yosemite trip and four engravings from the Ayres drawings. Some of the original pencil sketches, or copies made by Ayres, were purchased by Admiral James Alden of Mare Island, himself a water-colorist of considerable ability, and after remaining in the Alden family for seventy-five years were presented to the Yosemite Museum.

Panoramas, the forerunners of modern moving pictures, were extremely popular with stay-at-home sightseers. The favorite panoramas depicted remote and romantic places by means of a sequence of gigantic scenes painted on a huge canvas. As the canvas unrolled a moving spectacle passed before the audience. A pianist contributed the sound effects necessary for crashing timbers, burning forests and leaping cataracts. From his Yosemite sketches Ayres painted a panorama of the "Yosemite Valley and Falls" which he exhibited at McNulty's Hall, opposite the Forrest Theatre in Sacramento. It was immensely popular and had a long run.

The fastest and most graceful clipper ship of the gold rush era was the *Flying Cloud*. Built by Donald McKay and commanded by Captain Josiah P. Cressy, she beat her way around the Horn, pressed north by northwest, to come swooping to an anchorage in San Francisco Bay for the first time in August 1851, with a record run of 89 days and 21 hours from New York. As she rounded Clark's Point and skimmed lightly toward her anchorage in San Francisco Bay she made a picture no artist could resist. Of the many paintings of this lovely ship, the one made by Ayres is outstanding. His picture shows the *Flying Cloud* to have been as pretty and clean-winged as a bird.

Another marine view by Ayres is entitled "The Golden Gate Entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, Sunrise, 1856," and was drawn on stone for Kuchel and Dresel and lithographed by Britton and Rey. His scene from "The Summit of Telegraph Hill Looking Towards Saucilito" shows the great bay from the Golden Gate to San Pablo.

In 1856 Ayres made a second trip to Yosemite, this time by way of Coulterville. Coulter's young son accompanied Ayres. Mounted on mules, their route from Coulterville lay along Maxwell's Creek, over Chemical Mountain, into the valley of the North Fork of the Merced. They camped near Wheeler's quartz mill, and the next day crossed the divide between the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, riding for hours through forests of pines and cedars before starting the long descent to the floor of Yosemite Valley. Ayres' description of the forests, the Cascade of the Rainbow, and the wild alpine grandeur of the valley is to be found in the *Daily Alta* for August 6, 1856. The views he made on this second trip into the valley are the ones that went to New York to be exhibited in 1857 at the Art Union. Some of them eventually found their way to England. In New York a public accustomed to pictures of the Delaware Water Gap by artists of the Hudson River school viewed in delighted amazement the bold canvases of the Ayres exhibit. The young painter had more orders than he could handle. Among his clients was Judge Duer, of Weehawken, who commissioned Ayres to decorate the drawing room of his Weehawken residence. Ayres' work came to the attention of Harper and Brothers, who engaged him to illustrate a series of articles on California.

Ayres returned to California assured of a demand for his work. California now meant more to the world than just San Francisco and the mining region. Ayres set out on a sketching tour of the southern part of the state. He chose the springtime, when the great country lay under a blanket of wild oats and yellow mustard. Unfortunately it was also the season of sudden, violent storms. The great sails of the *Laura Bevan* made her an easy victim for an April northwester. All aboard were lost, among them the artist Ayres.

His pictures are interesting for a number of reasons. They are the work of one of the earliest of a large group of artist-argonauts, men who came to California to make their fortunes in the gold mines but who prudently brought along their paints and brushes. To them we owe the pictorial history of the gold rush. Ayres' pictures are the first known to have been made of the Yosemite and the first to be published of that region, and from their publication dates tourist interest in the valley. As works of art, his pictures might suffer criticism. As a contribution to California's pictorial history they have an assured place.

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS
BY THOMAS A. AYRES

"Valley of Yosemite," drawn in 1855
"El Capitan," 1855
"Domes of Yosemite," 1855
"Cascade of the Rainbow [Bridal-Veil]," 1855
"The High Falls [Yosemite Falls]," 1855
"The Ford Entrance to the Yo-Hemity Valley," 1855
"View of Castle Rocks at the Head of South Fork, Stanislaus River, California"
"Can-no-pah Falls [Vernal], Middle Fork, Valley of the Yosemite, California," 1856
"Falls of Ta-Sa-Yue [Illilouette], South Fork, Valley of the Yosemite, California," 1856
"Falls of Awanee. Middle Fork of Merced [Nevada]," 1856
"Lake of the North Fork, Valley of the Yosemite [Mirror Lake]," 1856
"Yosemite Valley & Falls" [A panorama]
"The Mammoth Tree Grove, Calaveras County, California," 1855
"Entrance to the Golden Gate off Point Lobos," 1854
"The Golden Gate Entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, Sunrise," 1855
"Seal Rocks at San Francisco"
"North Beach from Meiggs' Wharf," 1854
"View from Telegraph Hill Looking Towards Sausalito," 1854
"Benecia and Mount Diablo from Straits of Carquinez"
"Flying Cloud"
"Tashiera–Ayres Log Cabin at Tuttletown [1849-50]"
"Sutter's Fort, from Flora's Garden, Looking Southwest"
"Sonoro from the South, Morning, 1853," 1853
"Tejon Indian Reservation. Old Adobe House of Lieut. Beal," 1854
"Indian Reservation in the Land of Tulasa [Tulare]," 1854
"Scene from Above Sullivan's Crossing, Tuolumne County, Cal."
"Relief Valley Near the Summit of the Sierra Nevada Head Waters of the Stanislaus River, California, (1856)," 1856

SOURCES

Bunnell, Lafayette Houghton, *Discovery of the Yosemite* . . . (Chicago: Fleming H. Revell, 1880), p. 311.

Farquhar, Francis Peloubet, *Place Names of the High Sierra* (San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1926), p. 111.

Hutchings, James Mason, *In the Heart of the Sierras* (Oakland, California: Pacific Press Publishing House, 1886), pp. 80, 97.

Peters, Harry T., *California on Stone* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday Doran & Company, Inc., 1935), pp. 45-46.

Russell, Carl P., "Historic Drawings," in *Yosemite Nature Notes*, V (September 30, 1926), 69.

Russell, Carl P., "Historic Drawings Come to Light," six mimeographed sheets, issued by the United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service, Yosemite National Park, California.

Sacramento *Daily Union*, Vol. XV, No. 2240, June 1, 1858.

San Francisco *Daily Alta California*, Vol. VII, No. 207, August 6, 1856; Vol. X, No. 144, May 27, 1858.

Soulé, Frank, John H. Gihon, & James Nisbet, *The Annals of San Francisco* . . . (New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1855), p. 391.

Taylor, Mrs. H. J., *Yosemite Indians and Other Sketches* (San Francisco: Johnck & Seegar, 1936), pp. 77-79.

The first eleven pictures listed above are in the Yosemite Museum, Yosemite National Park, California.

Recent Californiana

A Check List of Publications Relating to California

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

[Beechey, Frederick William]

An Account of a Visit to California 1826-27, Reprinted from a Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Strait Performed in His Majesty's Ship Blossom Under the Command of F. W. Beechey, in 1825, 26, 27, 28. Introduction by Edith M. Coulter. [San Francisco:] Printed at the Grabhorn Press for the Book Club of California [1941]. [6] + 74 pp., illus. $8.00.

The edition is limited to 350 copies.

[Campbell, Robert, Hugh Campbell, William L. Sublette, et al.]

Correspondence of Robert Campbell 1834-1845. Missouri Historical Society *Glimpses of the Past*, Vol. VIII, Nos. 1-6 (January-June 1941). St. Louis, 1941. 65 pp.

Collins, Asa W.

Doctor Asa. Illustrated by Paul Landacre. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1941. xii + 172 pp. $3.00.

Reminiscences of a San Francisco physician and surgeon who began practice in the little mining town of Whiskey Point.

[Deutsch, Monroe E.]

Albert M. Bender. [San Francisco: Privately Printed for Rosalie M. Stern, 1941.] 4 leaves.

This tribute to Albert M. Bender was delivered by Dr. Monroe E. Deutsch . . . at Temple Emanu-El, March 6, 1941.

Elliott, Ellen Coit

It Happened This Way: American Scene. Stanford University: Stanford University Press, 1940. xi + 332 pp. $3.00.

Part Two, "Transplanted to California," concerns Stanford University.

Gates, Charles M., (ed.)

Messages of the Governors of the Territory of Washington to the Legislative Assembly 1854-1889. University of Washington Publications in the Social Sciences, Vol. XII (August 1940). Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1940. xx + 297 pp., illus.

Contains biographical notes on Alvan Flanders and Edward S. Salomon, and a few other references to California.

Godfrey, Elizabeth H.

Yosemite Indians Yesterday and Today. Special Number *Yosemite Nature Notes*, Vol. XX, No. 7 (July 1941), pp. 49-72, illus.

Gregg, Josiah

Diary & Letters of Josiah Gregg, Southwestern Enterprises 1840-1847. Edited by Maurice Garland Fulton, with an introduction by Paul Horgan. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941. xvii + 413 pp., illus. $3.50.

Heller, Elinor Raas, and Magee, David

Bibliography of the Grabhorn Press 1915-1940. Illustrated by Frederic W. Goudy. San Francisco: [David Magee], 1940. xx + 193 pp., illus. $35.00.

Jackson, Joseph Henry

Anybody's Gold, The Story of California's Mining Towns. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. New York: Appleton-Century Company, 1941. xiv + 468 pp. $5.00.

KROEBER, A. L.

Culture Element Distributions: XV, Salt, Dogs, Tobacco, Anthropological Records, Vol. 6, No. 1. [Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1941.] 20 pp., illus. 25¢.

LEWIS, OSCAR

A. M. B. [Albert M. Bender] Some Aspects of His Life and Times Begun in Playful Mood for His Entertainment on His 75th Birthday and Now Completed for His Sorrowing Friends as a Token of Remembrance and Affection. San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1941. [7] + 14 pp., illus.

MACMINN, GEORGE R.

The Theater of the Golden Era in California. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1941. vi + 529 pp., illus. $5.00.

MILLER, JUANITA J.

My Father, C. H. Joaquin Miller, Poet. Oakland: Tooley-Towne [1941]. 218 pp., illus. $3.00.

RIESENBERG, FELIX

The Pacific Ocean. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1940. 322 pp., illus. $3.00.

Includes Sir Francis Drake, George Anson, Charles Wilkes.

U. S. WORK PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION

History of San Francisco Journalism, Vol. VII, Anthology of Editorials [1850-1900]. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in Northern California. Sponsored by the City and County of San Francisco. [vi] + 203 pp.

——Inventory of the County Archives of California, No. 15. Kern County (Bakersfield), Vol. II. San Francisco: The Historical Records Survey, 1941. v + 228 pp., charts, tables.

——Inventory of Federal Archives in the States, Series III, The Department of the Treasury, No. 5, *California*, Parts 1-4. Prepared by the Survey of Federal Archives, Division of Professional and Service Projects, Work Projects Administration, The National Archives Cooperating Sponsor. San Francisco: The Survey of Federal Archives, 1940. 4 vols.

——Inventory of the State Archives of California, Department of Industrial Relations, Division of Immigration and Housing. Prepared by the Northern California Historical Records Survey Project, Division of Community Service Programs, Work Projects Administration. San Francisco: The Northern California Historical Records Survey Project, 1941. vi + 47 pp. [The foregoing are mimeographed.]

WEDEL, WALDO R.

Archeological Investigations at Buena Vista Lake, Kern County, California. With Appendix: Skeletal Remains from the Buena Vista Sites, California, by T. D. Stewart. Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 130. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1941. viii + 194 pp., illus. 55¢.

NEWSPAPERS

AZUSA HERALD AND POMOTROPIC

Azusa, California, Vol. LIV, No. 43, August 14, 1941. Includes section commemorating Golden Jubilee of Azusa banks.

SALINAS INDEX-JOURNAL

Salinas, California, July 17-20, 1941, 5th Annual Progress and Souvenir Edition. Includes section, "Salinas Old & New."

SANTA MARIA DAILY TIMES

Santa Maria, California, May 2, 1941. Includes "Pioneer Section."

News of the Society

Meetings

The Society met for luncheon at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel on Tuesday, March 25, 1941. The speaker of the day was Mr. William Hoy, research editor of the California Chinese Pioneers Historical Society, and his subject, "The Historical Writings on the California Chinese."

Mr. Hoy first told of discovering in Spanish mission records evidence that Chinese had come to California prior to the time assigned by the published histories. He then dealt with the earlier era of California and the relation of the Chinese to it. He said that written records were not available and his most interesting sources of information were the reminiscences of the oldest Chinese in San Francisco.

There were fifty-three members and guests present.

On Tuesday, April 22, 1941, the Society met at luncheon at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel to hear our fellow member, Mr. Robert Ernest Cowan, speak on "The Booksellers of Old San Francisco."

He began with the earliest merchants who sold stationery, books for accounting, newspapers, and a few accidental books. This stage passed with the early months, and shortly several firms became fairly well stocked. The speaker reviewed briefly the list from 1849 down into the nineties, giving some idea of the scope of operations of the firm and some characterization of the owners.

There were seventy-nine members and guests present.

The Society held a luncheon meeting on Tuesday, May 20, 1941, at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. The speaker was Professor Frederic L. Paxson, Margaret Byrne Professor of American History at the University of California. His topic was "Local History in the United States: the Sesquicentennial of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

Taking the history of that society, which was founded in Washington's first administration, as the text, Professor Paxson showed how it had been the forerunner and inspiration of a series of similar institutions both state wide and more local. He told of efforts and achievements by some of the leading spirits of some of the western societies, to gather and preserve the records of the people who made the successive pioneer frontiers. Their accumulations have made possible the accurate appraisal of an era that otherwise would have left nothing tangible behind.

There were forty-eight members and guests present.

On Tuesday, June 10, 1941, the Society met at luncheon at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. It was addressed by Hon. George Cosgrave, recently United States District Judge for the Southern District of California. He spoke on "James McHall Jones, the Judge that Never Presided."

Judge Cosgrave reviewed the brief history of this brilliant young lawyer and signer of the Constitution of California to his untimely death. The June QUARTERLY contains the article, and further comment is unnecessary.

There were fifty-three members and guests present.

The Society met for luncheon at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake on Tuesday, August 19, 1941. The speaker was Mr. Rodman W. Paul, a teaching fellow at Harvard University who had spent the year in California as a Sheldon traveling fellow from that institution. He chose as his subject, "A Tenderfoot's Adventures in Hunting California History."

Mr. Paul made a running commentary on his experiences for the year in California during which he was accumulating material for a work on the economic and agricultural development of the State for the first two decades of its history after 1849. He found far more material than he expected and he also found surprising gaps. After visiting all of the larger libraries and collections he found that there was much scattered information to be gleaned from other sources. His conclusion was that enough obvious fields were open to need the collaboration of several trained investigators before a reasonably complete review of the subject could be presented.

There were fifty members and guests present.

ANSON S. BLAKE

New Members

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Baruh, M. M.	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Brown, Thomas P.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
College of the Pacific	Stockton, Calif.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Coulter, Miss Edith M.	Berkeley, Calif.	Mrs. J. J. Van Nostrand
Greenly, A. H.	Hoboken, N. J.	Mr. John Howell
Klein, Dr. Ada	San Francisco	Mrs. J. J. Van Nostrand
Mittau, Lester J.	Mount Vernon, N. Y.	Mr. Franklin Mittau
Pond, Samuel	San Francisco	Mrs. Daniel Volkmann
Ratto, Mrs. John M.	San Francisco	Mrs. Jerome Hart
Riffe, Mrs. Hannah C.	San Francisco	Hon. George Cosgrave
Schwabacher, James H.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy Huggins
Shafford, Vera Mae	South Gate, Calif.	Miss Dorothy Huggins
Train, Arthur, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Mr. E. A. Wiltsee
Williamson, Frederick W.	Pasadena, Calif.	Mr. Henry R. Wagner
Wise, William Herron	Los Angeles	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Wood, Mrs. William A.	Oakland, Calif.	Mr. Donald Y. Lamont

Gifts Received by the Society

May 1, 1941, to August 1, 1941

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From MR. THOMAS P. BROWN—Brown, Thomas P., *Over the Sierra Nevada Mountains via the Western Pacific Railroad* [San Francisco, 1940]. (Mimeographed.)

From MISS FANNY J. CHIPMAN—*Chronology: or An Introduction and Index to Universal History, Biography and Useful Knowledge*, New-York: Jonathan Leavitt, 1833; Clemens, Samuel L., and Charles Dudley Warner, *The Gilded Age*, Hartford: American Publishing Company, 1874; *Diccionario de sinónimos de la lengua Castellana* . . . segunda edicion, Paris: Imprenta de Madame de Lacombe, 1852 (autographed by John W. Dwinelle); Grisar, Emile, *Les Cloches*, San Francisco [printed by Edouard Bosqui & cie.], 1868; Hittell, John S., *The Resources of California*, San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co., 1879 (autographed by Hittell); Kip, Leonard, *Under the Bells*, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1879; Lossing, Benson J., *A History of the United States*, New York: Mason Brothers, 1857; Robertson, Dr., *The History of America* . . ., New-York: Blakeman and Mason, 1859, 2 vols.; Young, John P., *Journalism in California*, San Francisco: Chronicle Publishing Company [1915]; and others.

From MR. WILLIAM C. LATHAM—Dunlap, James D., *A Book of Forms . . . for Practice in the Courts of Pennsylvania, and of the United States*, Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle, 1852.

From U. S. DEPT. OF STATE—Miller, Hunter, ed., *Treaties and Other International Acts of the United States of America*, Washington, 1933-1937, Vols. II, III, IV, V.

From MRS. LAWRENCE McGARRY—Bancroft, Hubert Howe, *History of the Life of William T. Coleman, a Character Study*, San Francisco: The History Company, 1891.

From MR. GEORGE R. MacMINN—MacMinn, George R., *The Theater of the Golden Era in California*, Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1941.

From MRS. SIGMUND STERN—[Deutsch, Monroe E.], *Albert M. Bender* [San Francisco: Printed by the Grabhorn Press for Rosalie M. Stern, 1941].

From U. S. WORK PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION—History of Journalism in San Francisco, Vol. VII, *Anthology of Editorials, 1850-1900*, San Francisco, 1941; *Inventory of the County Archives of California*, No. 15, *Kern County*, Vol. II, San Francisco, 1941; *Inventory of the State Archives of California*, San Francisco, 1941. [The foregoing are mimeographed.]

From UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON—Gates, Charles M., ed., *Messages of the Governors of the Territory of Washington to the Legislative Assembly, 1854-1889*, University of Washington Publications in the Social Sciences, Vol. XII (August 1940), 1-298, Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1940.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Collins, Asa W., *Doctor Asa*, Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1941; Gregg, Josiah, *Diary & Letters of Josiah Gregg, Southwestern Enterprises 1840-1847*, edited by Maurice Garland Fulton, with an introduction by Paul Horgan, Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941; Janin, Louis, *Report of . . . on the Harshaw Mining Property, Harshaw Mining District, Patagonia Mountains, Arizona* . . ., New York: The Spectator Company, 1879.

From MR. SAMUEL I. WORMSER—Lewis, Oscar, *A. M. B.* [Albert M. Bender], *Some Aspects of His Life and Times* . . ., San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1941.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

From MR. THOMAS P. BROWN—*Reno Evening Gazette*, University of Nevada Section, 50th Anniversary, May 9, 1941.

From MR. EDMOND D. COBLENTZ—Santa Maria *Daily Times*, May 2, 1941.

From MISS L. DOBBIE—*Daily Territorial Enterprise*, April 11, 1877; *Evening Bulletin*, August 23, 1879; Petaluma *Journal and Argus*, December 10, 1868; Sacramento *Daily Union*, July 11, 1872; San Francisco *Chronicle*, July 13, 1874; The Weekly Colusa *Sun*, August 13, 1864, and various newspaper clippings.

From MR. F. HAL HIGGINS—*California Agriculturist*, Vol. IV, Nos. 2-6, February-June 1874; Vol. V, Nos. 1, 3, July and September 1874; also supplement, *The Daily Independent Californian*, Vol. I, No. 32, July 18, 1874.

From MISS FRANCES M. MOLERA—Salinas *Index-Journal*, 5th Annual Progress & Souvenir edition, July 17-20, 1941.

PICTURES

From MR. FREDERICK J. BOWLEN—Photograph of the corner of Market and Powell Streets, San Francisco, 1864 (framed).

From MISS FANNY J. CHIPMAN—John W. Dwinelle (printed portrait from a book); Photograph of John W. Dwinelle in Odd Fellows' regalia; Portrait in oils of John W. Dwinelle.

From MISS ALICE COLDEN HOFFMAN—Photograph of Edward Vischer's painting, "Mendocino Hunting Party," names hand-printed on lower margin: Cany, McMinn, Monroe, Hayes, Tobin, Caperton, Edouart, Vischer, Gould, Addison, Rose, Hoffman, Teschmaker, Reese.

From MRS. LAWRENCE McGARRY—Photograph (tinted, framed) of Emma Haney, daughter of W. W. Haney; Photograph of W. W. Haney; Photograph of William T. Coleman; Photograph of Eleanor Jane Peralta.

MISCELLANEOUS

From MRS. PHILIP ALEXANDER—Letter to Miss Catherine D. Oliver, from San Francisco [probably early fifties]; Marriage Certificate of Luther Knight and Catherine D. Oliver, signed by Rev. S. H. Willey, San Francisco, April 4, 1855; Program of dedication of Francis Scott Key Monument, Golden Gate Park, July 4, 1888.

From MISS FANNY J. CHIPMAN—Bas-relief head of John W. Dwinelle (in velvet frame); Letter written by John W. Dwinelle to Miss Caroline E. Chipman, San Francisco, August 10, 1877.

From COMMITTEE ON HISTORIC PROPERTY, Laurel Hill Cemetery Association—Bust of David Colbrith Broderick.

From MR. ERWIN M. HIRSCHFELDER—Check drawn by Adolph Sutro on the Anglo Californian Bank, October 31, 1874.

From MRS. LAWRENCE McGARRY—Certificate of membership of W. W. Haney in Monumental No. 6, San Francisco Fire Department, November 5, 1852.

From MISS MARGARET WALLACE—Certificate of membership of Thomas Wallace in Howard Engine Co. No. 3, San Francisco Fire Department, dated January 25, 1856.

From MR. ERNEST A. WILTSEE—Gold scales used by the Bank of British Columbia in its San Francisco office, 1864-85; Document: The appointment of Nicholas T. Smith by the Governor of Nevada, James W. Nye, to the office of the recorder of Nye County, dated April 4, 1864, signed by James W. Nye and Orion Clemens (brother of Mark Twain), Secretary of the Territory (framed).

In Memoriam

MRS. ALBERT J. RAISCH

On August 18, 1941, Mrs. A. J. Raisch (Emma Stealey) passed away at the O'Connor Sanitarium in San Jose after a brief illness. Her sudden death was a shock to her friends and a great loss to all her associates.

Mrs. Raisch was a member of several organizations besides the California Historical Society. She and her mother were founding members of Chapter V of the Colonial Dames of America, to which she gave long service as its efficient president. She was also a member of Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and had been its regent.

Through Betty Washington (who married Col. Fielding Lewis, quartermaster general of the Virginia forces during the Revolution), Mrs. Raisch was a direct descendant of Augustine and Mary Washington, the parents of George. Another ancestor, Alexander Spottswood (sometimes spelled Spottiswood), was a colonel in the Continental Army.

Her father, Thomas Stealey, came to California by way of the Isthmus in 1849. In 1860 he married Mary Louise Sanders, of Tennessee, who had come to California in 1859. He was a prominent man of the state as long as he lived. Their daughter Emma was born in San Francisco about seventy years ago.

Mrs. Raisch is survived by her husband, Mr. Albert J. Raisch; her son, Albert G. Raisch; and three daughters, Mrs. Aimee Raisch Bennett, Mrs. Leila Jones, and Mrs. Marie Louise Burke; also by one brother, Dr. Thomas Stealey; and three sisters, Miss Ida M. Stealey, Mrs. Lulu Stealey Clark, and Mrs. Ethel Stealey Martin.

The beautiful summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Raisch was once a part of an old Spanish rancho, Rinconada de los Gatos, and the nucleus of the present house is an old adobe, built by José Hernández and at one time occupied by the Argüello family. The original house has been enlarged, conveniences have been added, and, with its beautiful garden and swimming pool, it carries out on a larger scale the tradition of old Spanish hospitality. In 1927 a bronze tablet was placed by the Colonial Dames of America on the outer wall, bringing to mind the old name of Rinconada de los Gatos with its history and traditions. Many delightful gatherings have taken place there. A writer, reporting one occasion, said: "We always associate Mrs. Raisch with flowers and hospitality," and that is the gracious memory she has left with us.

HELEN THROOP PRATT

Marginalia

VOLUNTEER WORKERS WANTED

Are there any of our members who would like to do volunteer work for the Society? There is always much more work to be done than can be handled by our staff of two. The Society, with its limited income, cannot afford to employ the additional help that is needed and would greatly appreciate the assistance of volunteer workers. A member who can type could be of much help in copying manuscripts and preparing material for publication, and one who can bind books would be extremely useful in making slip covers for rare pamphlets or repairing worn out bindings. For those who can do neither, there is always sorting, cutting, and pasting to be done.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

John Haskell Kemble was born at Marshalltown, Iowa, in 1912, but has been a resident of California since 1921. He received his bachelor's degree from Stanford University in 1933, his master's from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1934, and his Ph.D. from the same institution in 1937. During the year 1934-35 he held a Native Sons of the Golden West resident fellowship in history at the University of California, and during the following year, 1935-36, a Native Sons traveling fellowship, carrying on research at Cambridge, New York, Washington, D. C., and Panama. Since 1936 he has been a member of the faculty of Pomona College, where he is now an assistant professor of history. His particular interest has centered on American maritime history, with emphasis on the development of transportation along the Pacific Coast, and across the Pacific. He has contributed articles to this QUARTERLY and to the *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, *Huntington Library Quarterly*, *Mariner's Mirror*, *Pacific Historical Review*, *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, and the *American Neptune*. He is a member of the editorial staff of this QUARTERLY and a member of the editorial advisory board of the *American Neptune*. He is also secretary-treasurer of the Pacific Coast Branch, American Historical Association.

Winifred Davidson is the wife of John Davidson, curator of the Junípero Serra Museum, San Diego, and is an officer of the San Diego Historical Society. Mrs. Davidson has long been a student of the history of her locality and is the author of "New Tales of the Old Southwest," a series which ran in the San Diego *Sunday Union* in 1938.

Frank Oakman Spinney is a teacher in the New Haven, Connecticut, High School. He was born in New Jersey, but his family came originally from Maine and New Hampshire. His interest in the latter state resulted in the publication, last year, of a diary kept by a young man from Derry, N. H., while an undergraduate at Amherst College, *The Amherst Diary of William*

Otis Carr, 1853-57, and in the acquisition of an early eighteenth century house in Lee, N. H., which he is now restoring.

Catherine Baumgarten Steele, the wife of William Frederick Steele, grandson of Isaac Steele, is a member of the Society and, with her husband and son, lives in the old home, "Green Oaks," near Pescadero, which is described in her article.

Jeanne Van Nostrand, the Society's librarian, has made a special study of California artists of the gold rush period.

AMONG OUR NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Thomas P. Brown is the son of Dr. LeRoy D. Brown, the first president of the University of Nevada, and graduated from that institution in the class of 1898 after attending high school in California. He is now publicity manager of The Western Pacific Railroad Co.

Edith Margaret Coulter, B.L.S., M.A., is associate professor of librarianship at the University of California. With Miss Melanie Gerstenfeld she compiled *Historical Bibliographies*, published by the University of California Press in 1935. She is also the editor and author of the biographical sketch of *An Artist in Eldorado*, published by the Grabhorn Press in 1937, and edited the reprint of Beechey's Voyage which has just been issued by that press.

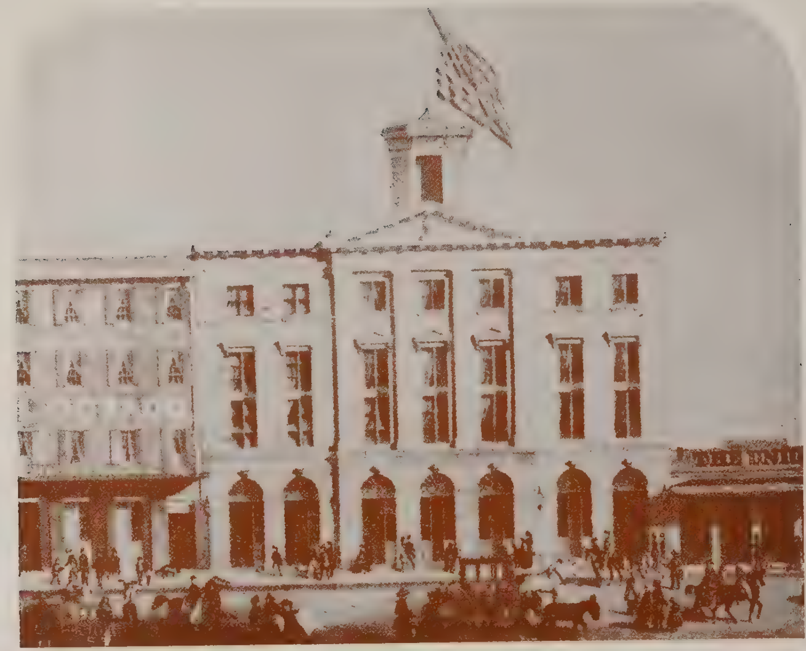
Dr. Ada Klein is the daughter of Edward Maleton, who was born of French parents in New York and came to Oakland, California, in April 1868, via Panama. Her mother, whose maiden name was Caroline Hague, was born of Dutch and Swedish parents in New York and came to California on the newly completed overland railroad in June 1869. She married Edward Maleton in Oakland, in May 1871, and there their daughter Ada was born and spent her girlhood.

Mr. Samuel Pond's father, Edward B. Pond, came to California in the spring of 1850 and soon after became a merchant in Chico. Later he was a member of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, 1871-73, and from 1887 to 1890 he was Mayor of the city and president of the Election Commissioners, New City Hall Commissioners, and Board of Health.

Mrs. Hannah C. Riffe is the sister of Judge George Cosgrave (who was mentioned on the "Marginalia" page in the June QUARTERLY). Their parents came to California in the early fifties via the Isthmus of Panama. Mrs. Riffe taught school for over thirty years and retired in 1932.

Mr. James H. Schwabacher is president of Schwabacher-Frey Co., San Francisco.

Vera Mae Shafford, a school teacher in Los Angeles, is the wife of Charles E. Sharritt, editor of the *California State Bar Journal*. She is the author of juvenile books and is a member of the Los Angeles League of Western Writers.



THE THIRD JENNY LIND THEATRE, LATER THE CITY HALL

(Note Maguire's name over the doorway.)

Courtesy of Pacific Gas & Electric Company

Tom Maguire, Napoleon of the Stage

By Lois Foster Rodecape

> "Like Napoleon, he created his own career; like Napoleon, he sought to conquer everything in the sphere he had selected for his activities, and for a time succeeded; then, like Napoleon again, he failed and died in exile."
>
> —Clay M. Greene

COMMENT

IT WAS almost a century ago: eager young men, greedy young men, honest and dishonest young men, poured across continents and surged over mountains and deserts, swamps and oceans. Their goal was a glittering wilderness called California, a primitive stronghold no wilder nor more strange than the fever which goaded them to forsake love, virtue, property, and the sanctities of their not-yet-Victorian security. Grandsons of revolutionists, great-grandsons of pioneers, like them they shouted, cursed, fought, cheated, murdered, worked, and laughed. . . .

All of this is a part of a tale deep-written in America's history: these raw western lands have inspired successively a Gold Rush, a Silver Rush, a Copper Rush—indeed, the series might be extended to the twentieth century Hollywood Invasion. The lures of perpetual youth, perpetual riches, perpetual sunshine, have in turn spurred to valor the descendants of those men and women who, in a graver day and on another coast, took their lives as lightly in hand to defend their churches and liberties.

Among the wild unleashed youths, less greedy than gold-struck, of the first Rush to California, there emerged certain calculating young men. Perhaps more shrewd, though no less grasping, than the gold-grubbers, these were to play self-appointed parts in the ordering of a new civilization in the west. Some of these uncouth profiteers of circumstance look brighter to posterity than they did to their fellows. Others, heroes of their day, are now forgotten.

It is strange that so much has been written about the wealth, the politics, the society of California, and so little about its early strivings for beauty. Until a few years ago the aesthetic history of this Pacific Coast was mostly a legend of the graybeards. How few know today of the purple mantle worn by one of the most colorful impresarios and theatre builders of the young United States—the handsome, unlettered, quick-tempered, far-visioned Irishman, Tom Maguire.

Tom was a power in California of his day—a power in the America of his day. For thirty years he swaggered, a sometimes benevolent, sometimes pitiful, tyrant in the affairs of the theatre in the new west. His contemporaries bowed or smirked at him; he was "the Napoleon of the Stage," of whom a San Francisco critic wrote in the late seventies:

> Thomas Maguire, Esq., . . . the oldest and best known theatrical *entrepreneur* on the Pacific Coast. What a book this gentleman's experiences, in connection with theatres and theatrical people, would make! He is contemporaneous with the history of the stage in San Francisco, and, for the matter of that, in California. . . . In the recollection of his past enterprises, of his great successes, and we may add, of his great misfortunes, the efforts of the new school of managers seem dwarfed and puny. His style was that of the bold dash. . . . When he failed his losses were tremendous; but when he succeeded, the gains were correspondingly large. . . .[1]

In the study of California's theatre history Maguire's eminence is not to be questioned; but beyond this direct local significance there are other factors of importance to his biographer: Maguire's career was closely entangled with the threads of the developing aesthetic pretensions of the middle nineteenth century in the United States; he perhaps first foreshadowed the rising theatrical monopolists of the turn of the new century in America; and, finally, his was a rough-faceted, personal charm discernible even in the yellowing records of a day now gone, almost forgotten.

I. ALL THAT GLITTERS

In the wicked, glamorous New York of 1845 a handsome young man bullied about the streets of Tammany town. In his early twenties, straight and well-developed, young Tom Maguire drove a carriage hack which stood at call in Park Row between the old Park Theatre and the Lovejoy Hotel. In chill weather this young swaggerer wore picturesquely an overcoat made from a long blue blanket, with a deep band running two inches wide about the hem.[2]

Echoes of a vigorous youth later caught up with Tom in his California days. A San Francisco newsman, James O'Meara, told colorful tales of Maguire's early prowess among the street bullies of the eastern city. It was in 1846, according to Mr. O'Meara,[3] that he was privileged to witness a classic rough-and-tumble fight in the lobby of the Park Theatre in New York. Participants in the brawl were Maguire and one Dick Donnell—"a flashy rowdy of the Tapis Franc, no. 10 Ann Street"—and its purpose was to establish authority over "the Becky Sharp of her coterie," known locally as "Little Em." Tom was the winner and the "bright but not pretty" Miss Douglass[4] rewarded victory by accepting its efficient hand. As Mrs. Tom Maguire she was to pace beside her dark-haired gallant through the years of his bright California glory.

According to surviving accounts, Tom Maguire soon graduated from New York cab-stand to saloon. In the winter of 1846-47 he and a certain Bill Drayton formed a partnership to operate the bars on the second and third tiers of the Park Theatre. And the next year found Tom associated with Captain Isaiah Rynders, a leader of Tammany and Empire Club circles.[5]

The two young braves administered to the public thirst in a famous saloon "at the head of City Hall place."[6]

Sometime in the forties, it is elsewhere related, young Tom was commissioned by New York associates to go to New Orleans with their bets on a prizefight. An acquaintance of those early days recalled, too, years later, that Tom had been for several years proprietor of the Star House on Reade Street, between Broadway and Church, rendezvous for sporting men and theatrical folk. Here he ran a livery stable, where several future celebrities drove hack for him, including Barney Flaherty, later known on the stage as Barney Williams, and "Country" McCloskey, prizefighter.[7]

Saloon keeper, Tammany politician, sports patron, member of the New York volunteer fire department, Tom Maguire had already experimented with theatre management by the year 1849, when news of gold discoveries inspired the young man to order a theatre shipped to San Francisco in sections from New York. Young Maguire had determined to try his fortunes as a theatre manager in California.[8]

San Francisco in 1848 was a huddling little village still known to a few stubborn residents as Yerba Buena. (The famous name, attached first to the small cove of San Francisco Bay on which the new settlement was located, had been discarded and the name "San Francisco" officially adopted for the town in 1847; the little cove was in turn to disappear, soon forgotten in the city's greedy incursions into the bay shallows.)

The bleak setting of this northern California city was not cheering to gold-thirsty immigrants. Sandy hills shut the bay shore in, backed by higher bluffs which failed to protect the little hamlet from damp gusts of ocean breeze and chilling whiffs of salt-spray fog. The climate boasted advantages not immediately patent: an equable temperature; freedom from thunderstorms, snow, and excessive sun. But to weary travelers from tidy Yankee towns, San Francisco must have seemed very dreary, and almost ludicrous the paper-and-canvas-built husks of houses which furnished man's major shelter. Rickety frameworks shook in fitful winds; sand swirled down crooked streets which, with winter rains, became morasses of amazing and dangerous appetite for man, material, and beast.

But there was no denying the beauty and advantages of San Francisco Bay, which furnished a beautiful natural harbor—and sometimes a grave—for gold-rushers' vessels. An accumulation of hundreds of naked masts before the gaudy, flimsy town testified to the influx of a scourge of men who left their ships in the harbor to swing and rot in the tides while they flocked inland in search for gold. One famous old ship was later salvaged as a prison; others, close-anchored, served as stores and hotels. Some sank into the mud as the margin of the bay was filled in, and on their skeletons rose structures to serve the new citizens of the new boom town.

The year 1849 was to see the fabulously foreshortened gestation and birth of the modern city of San Francisco. From a population of 2,000, sleepy Yerba Buena swelled feverishly to 25,000 during these twelve months. Through her gates passed 75,000 jubilant, gold-mad, adventure-ridden immigrants. "San Francisco was like the scene of a great battle," said a contemporary.[9] There were few old men, few women or children, in its turbulent streets. The town was young, enthusiasm was young, the men were young, and their pleasures, vices, and makeshift carelessness were born of that youth.

To this town, then, were drawn many of the young dandies, the swaggering toughs, of New York. Power-proud young politicians brought Tammany notions to the hysterical west; shrewd eastern traders and money-grabbers migrated to a paradise where there was plenty of money to grab. Some youngsters came to the west out of curiosity or animal spirits, some to shed criminal records grown too lengthy. In San Francisco they rallied—bullies and poseurs and crooks and shrewd traders—and here many of them stayed to harvest the gold others dug out of the soil.

It was in September 1849[10] that young Maguire joined the exuberant pioneers in the new west; not to dig gold, but to amass it; not to keep it, but to spend it. With him came "Little Em" and Tom's father, James Maguire, fifty years old, who died of appendicitis—they called it "inflammation of the bowels"—in 1850 and was buried in North Beach.[11] A few months earlier, David Broderick, a Tammany squirt in his serious late twenties, had also arrived on the scene, where he was to move fast in his few short years. Broderick was to cleave to Maguire, or Maguire to him, for a decade.

Gold had been discovered (or rediscovered) in California in January 1848. Months passed before Californians greeted the news with proper interest, and months more were required to spread tidings around the world. The '49ers found westerners aghast at their assault, stampeding with them wildly to the mines. But even gold-laden madmen must eat, and—to youth and high spirits inflamed—a great deal of gold was fair trade for strong drink. Soberer gold-seekers opened stores, hotels, gambling houses, saloons. Tom Maguire remembered his own trade, in a short time after his arrival was established as saloon keeper in the famous old Parker House.

This historic building, fronting on the Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, had been erected by Robert A. Parker during the first gold-rush boom at fabulous cost.[12] A handsome structure, it was chastely columned across a wide façade, boasted three saloons, two bar-rooms, several billiard-rooms, faro, monte, and roulette tables in gambling chambers on the first and second floors, as well as hotel accommodations for guests. Here Parker had failed in the autumn of 1849. Here, after brief vicissitudes, Tom Maguire found his first financial opportunity in the new land; and here memories of the old

Park Theatre, or business enterprise, or a natural bent for theatrical adventure, at length inspired the young immigrant to more aesthetic purposes than those to which his proprietorship was first dedicated.

San Francisco had known feeble beginnings of drama before its championship by Tom Maguire. As early as March 1847, members of the renowned Stevenson Regiment of New York Volunteers had given minstrel performances in the old City Hotel.[13] During 1848 there had been several campaigns to establish a regular theatre in the uncouth city.[14] In 1849 several minstrel troupes had appeared—one at the Parker House in August,[15] another at the Bella Union saloon in October.[16] Steve Massett had offered his famous one-man concert in June,[17] and in October that pioneer circus man, Joseph A. Rowe, had sailed into San Francisco to play intermittently and profitably for many weeks.[18]

First serious dramatic venture in San Francisco was the short-lived appearance of a third-rate troupe at Washington Hall in January 1850.[19] Mr. Rowe was more successful in an expansive enterprise which followed the construction of a stage in his circus amphitheatre in February. His varied program ranged from Shakespeare to farce, actors ranging from poor to mediocre. A professional quarrel among the female players discouraged Rowe,[20] who sold his amphitheatre to William H. Foley in the spring.[21]

A "National Theatre" opened in Washington Street for a few weeks in February and March 1850; a "Phoenix Theatre" followed in March, as well as a "Model Artists' Exhibition" of questionable artistic nature at the "Phoenix Exchange."[22]

In July 1850, "Doc" (David G.) Robinson opened a Dramatic Museum on California Street;[23] during August "Model Artists" showed at the Athenaeum Theatre on Commercial Street,[24] while Rowe reopened his circus to compete with a bull-fighting arena on Vallejo Street.[25]

Into this confused and embryonic dramatic situation Tom Maguire swaggered boldly.

But the cultural life of San Francisco was hampered by a series of destructive fires which swept through the makeshift town in ruinous succession. Known as the Six Great Fires, they occurred on December 24, 1849; May 4, June 14, September 17, 1850; and May 4 and June 22, 1851.[26] In all of these conflagrations Maguire suffered severe losses.

At the time of the first Great Fire, on Christmas Eve of 1849, young Tom was already part proprietor of the Parker House saloon. Two days after it was consumed by the flames, the owners of the Parker House and adjacent structures had lumber on the ground for rebuilding.[27] In the fire of May 4, 1850, the losses of "Maguire & Co." at the Parker House were estimated at $50,000.[28] The third and fourth Great Fires each took toll, but young Tom, blithely undismayed, was determined to persevere in the city he had adopted as his new home.

In the brief, eventful year since his arrival in San Francisco, Tom Maguire had established himself as a substantial citizen. At the Parker House, four times rebuilt, in its key location facing the Plaza, he carried on with little pause the lucrative business of tempting with liquor and luck the thirsty and gambling-mad miners from the gold diggings.

Tom was not an intellectual—history has it that he could read little and write less.[29] But he was handsome, bold, and self-confident, qualities which contributed in considerable measure to the career he was to carve out in California. "Maguire was a very handsome man . . . with a figure well developed and as straight as a pikehandle," said one old-timer years later.[30] "He and William T. Coleman, president of the Vigilance Committee, were famed as the two handsomest men in the city," said a later historian.[31] "I saw Tom Maguire stand off Bob Edwards, a young Philadelphia desperado, who had killed several men. Edwards stood with his six-shooter pointed at Maguire, who showed no fear, until a policeman came in and arrested Edwards for killing a Mexican out at the Mission"—according to Maguire's old friend O'Meara.[32]

This brave young stalwart, with his dark mustache and proud carriage, after the fourth Great Fire of September 17, 1850, rebuilt the Parker House to include a small theatre on the second floor, though his own immediate energies were still concentrated on the saloon and gambling halls downstairs. Sentimentally, he named the little auditorium in honor of the famous singer who never flattered San Francisco by her physical presence, Jenny Lind.

October 30, 1850, was a gala night in San Francisco. On the previous day the holiday-glad residents and drifters had crowded into a wild procession to do honor with the customary speeches, bonfires, and fireworks to the belated news of California's admission into the Union. The inauguration of the Jenny Lind[33] was celebrated more quietly by a performance somewhat in the nature of a variety show: a Madame Von Gulpen Korsinsky sang, as did one James Nesbitt, balladist, while Herr Rossiter performed feats of magic and slack-wire marvels. On November 1 the St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company attended the variety performance in full uniform and "ample justice was done to the good things furnished by their host, Wm. H. Parker, Esq."[34]

On November 4 the theatre was "dedicated to the drama." The daily *Picayune* commented in sophisticated phrases: "The Hall is the neatest and most commodious affair of the kind in the city, and when the side galleries which are in process of construction shall be completed, it will accommodate some 700 to 800 persons."

The dramatic troupe honoring this edifice was composed of James Stark, heavy-browed father of California drama, Mrs. Kirby, earlier star at Rowe's Amphitheatre, and a mixed group drawn from Sacramento and elsewhere. The lengthy program beloved of the contemporary stage was exemplified by Banim's "Damon and Pythias," Bernard's "Dumb Belle" as the farcical afterpiece, and inter-act vocalization by Mme. Korsinsky. Admission was advertised at $3 for box seats, $2 for parquet.

With T. Maguire as "Sole Proprietor," Mr. J. Stark and Mrs. J. H. Kirby as "Managers," the Jenny Lind veered from Shakespeare to poetic drama and enlivening burlesque, kept carefully in line by high-brow newspapers with such comments as this, in the *Picayune* of November 13:

> Last evening was devoted to comedy, and afforded rich amusement. But we trust that the comparatively small attendance will convince the managers of the correctness of the opinion we expressed some days since, that a series of representations from Shakspeare will be the most acceptable performances that can be brought before this community.

Not often did this "place of rational amusement" fail its "highly respectable auditory." Mr. Stark and Mrs. Kirby performed laudably and solemnly, while from below-stairs a more cheerful note occasionally intruded. "We would suggest," said the *Picayune*, on November 9, "that some arrangement be made to put a stop to the music in the saloon below, while the play is being acted. If they *must* have music down stairs, let it be *between the acts*." It is doubtful whether the cheerful melodies of the plebeian bar were silenced.

The Jenny Lind proceeded serenely through the winter season, under increasing competition as the weeks passed. In November the Adelphi Theatre opened on Clay Street,[35] while popular little "Doc" Robinson had revived his Dramatic Museum,[36] and concerts, circus performances, and "Model Artist" exhibitions enlivened the chilly nights.[37]

In January 1851, Maguire introduced a minstrel troupe called the "Sable Harmonists," who lent a lighter note to the saccharine solemnity of the performances over the Parker House saloon.[38] A month later the same troupe played downstairs—then again moved to the upper stage. With these few interruptions, the valiant dramatic company continued, offering programs which were changed nightly. In March Mr. Stark and Mrs. Kirby resigned their joint management and retired to Sacramento (where they were married in June, Mrs. Kirby's husband having died in November 1850).[39] New leading players appeared frequently in vigorous, if not always brilliant, succession.

On May 4, 1851, anniversary of one of the Great Fires, another ruinous conflagration swept through San Francisco. Not only was the Parker House destroyed,[40] but all other theatrical halls in the city were wiped out in a fiery gesture.

By May 19 a "Theatre of Arts" had sprung up on Jackson Street.[41] On June 13 Maguire, who had not been idle, opened a second Jenny Lind Theatre on the site of the first. On June 22 occurred the sixth Great Fire. Again Maguire was a victim. The little *Herald* offered sympathy:

> One of the hardest cases connected with the fire was the destruction of the Jenny Lind Theatre, just erected and elegantly fitted up by Mr. Thomas Maguire. He has been burnt out in every fire that has occurred in the city and now again before he has removed the scaffolding from his building it is laid low in ashes. The fire seems to have a special spite against him—it appeared to pick him out from others, his being the only building in the block that was burnt. He is going to try it once more we understand. He intends erecting a large brick theatre, one story high at first, the walls of which have already been raised some five or six feet.

Four days after this sixth fire, Maguire was rebuilding again!

Maguire the theatre proprietor was not unenvied and unscorned by rivals during these early days. His most colorful competitor was an ex-pharmacist, purported physician, and good fellow, "Doc" Robinson, who had built up a following through his genial habit of improvising local references and original verses for his specialty songs. Sometimes the rhymed repartee extended to forty or fifty verses, clamorously encored by the miners, who were without awe or respect for the town's dignitaries. Robinson and his partner, James Evrard, had furnished strong competition to the Jenny Lind I in the 1850-51 season. Now "Doc" leaped into the breach to steal a march on Maguire, opening a show in temporary quarters at the Adelphi Theatre on Dupont Street (Grant Avenue now).[42] But Maguire was building slowly and grandiosely. While the town seethed with Vigilante activity brought on by anger at the repeated and suspicious fires in the community, Maguire planned a solid triumph, which was realized on October 4, 1851, when the Jenny Lind III opened.

This magnificent structure was erected of yellow sandstone imported from Australia, "a finished piece of workmanship." According to the *Alta California* of October 5: "The prevailing color was a light pink, which was rendered brilliant and graceful by gilding tastefully applied. The chief feature of the act drop was a picturesque ruin. Richly decorated proscenium boxes added much to the splendid appearance of the whole auditorium." Some months later a reporter from the same newspaper spoke jocularly of "the roof with its circle of female images—whether the Muses, nymphs, or angels, we never yet could learn!"[43]

The theatre, no longer relegated to an upper floor, seated two thousand people and startled the city by its sophistication. "A new era in theatricals" was heralded by a "brilliant display of beauty and fashion" and a correctly poetical address was offered by a favorite actress, Mrs. Elizabeth Woodward. Imported to augment local players were Mr. and Mrs. Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., replacing the Starks as major attraction (the Starks were now teamed up with "Doc" Robinson). The glories of the new theatre were not dimmed by the opening, on October 20, of the American Theatre—which also seated 2,000, was also dedicated to sober drama. At the American, Robinson and Wiesenthal went in for red plush and soft carpets.[44]

While the city struggled and caroused in inadequate homes, through muddy streets, without water, sewage, or lighting systems—such matters as education, government, and religion being relegated to rude makeshift quarters, for the most part—even the scandalous elegance of the gambling-saloons was outdone by the dignity and sumptuousness of two palaces of Thespian art in the pioneer city.

In the manner of the day, the Jenny Lind III offered remarkably heavy dramatic fare in a ponderous season similar to that at the American. Minor excitement was aroused by occasional concurrent productions of the same play at the rival houses. With nightly-changing programs, constant arrivals and departures of traveling stars to complicate rehearsals, and the natural infelicities of cheap stock-company routine, resident members of the theatrical profession were kept at breaking-point strain. And increasingly this tension must have been communicated to the management of the new theatres, which began to belie their prosperous appearance a few months after their completion.

At the American the Thornes (Charles R. Thorne and family), the Starks, and the Chapman Family constituted successive major attractions, while Maguire countered with: young Junius Booth attempting his father's famous roles; the Joseph Proctors, also in heavy tragedy; F. S. Chanfrau and Miss Albertine; and then the Starks and the Thornes in turn. That San Franciscans appreciated the heavy flow of noble sentiment and declamation which Tom Maguire offered in the rarified atmosphere of the Jenny Lind is evidenced by comment in the *Alta California* of December 11, 1851, on the occasion of a "benefit" performance in his compliment:

> MR. MAGUIRE'S BENEFIT.—The walls of the Jenny Lind must be made to reverberate the echoes of honest and timely applause to-night, in token of a heartfelt welcome to a worthy beneficiare, the founder of this magnificent temple of the drama, Mr. Thomas Maguire. We expect such a gathering of our citizens on this occasion as of old greeted the indomitable and renowned Thomas Hamblin, whose misfortunes, like those of Mr. Maguire, were not enough to crush the spirit of theatrical enterprise by a series of overwhelming conflagrations, and whose Bowery Theatre always commanded success for the very energy which he displayed in rebuilding it again and again. The history of Mr. Maguire's theatrical adventures in California furnishes a parallel case to the one cited of the New York Manager. On the very spot where now stands the noblest and most imposing edifice in the State, where now flourishes a theatre which for interior beauty, grandeur and comfort shall compare with the best in America, Mr. Maguire has four times witnessed his enterprise crumble in ashes, and his fortune "dissolve into thin air." Surely this community owes Mr. Maguire a deep debt of gratitude for the display of energy which, after a long series of endurance and disappointment, has at length established in our midst one of the most permanent sources of good, one of the best correctives of society and most efficient instruments of moral reform ever instituted in our city. Besides furnishing an elegant theatrical entertainment, and supplying the want long felt by our citizens, of an agreeable place of amusement, Mr. Maguire has done all this.

> Surely, we say, he should receive an ample testimonial of our community's appreciation of his services. Let his friends, and their name is Legion, muster to pay a glorious tribute to the Founder of the Jenny Lind to-night. . . .

Yet, although this occasion called forth "the largest and most refined audience that has yet been assembled"—perhaps attracted by the "splendid display of pyrotechnics, arranged by the architect of the Theatre in honor of Mr. Maguire"—even the "indomitable resolution and energy of Mr. Maguire" were not enough to keep his new theatre consistently full. In February he was forced to reduce prices so that the highest admission charge was $2 instead of $3. The gallery, which continued at 50¢, had early been advertised as "fitted up in elegant style expressly for respectable colored people."[45]

In February 1852, "Doc" Robinson gave up the American in cheerful bankruptcy.[46] A minstrel troupe—"The Celebrated and Original New Orleans Serenaders"—appealed to baser tastes at the little Adelphi;[47] but young Tom's theatre was still stubbornly committed to serving up only the highest-browed drama. On February 14 the Jenny Lind sponsored the first appearance of the most accomplished actress California had yet seen—Alexina Fisher Baker.

Mrs. Baker—a few months wed—arrived in California with her husband, John Lewis Baker. Her finished acting appealed to local critics as "fresh" and "simple"[48]—perhaps in contrast to the elaborate and possibly mildewed style affected by local seekers of Thespian laurels. The theatre had previously luxuriated in an unself-conscious enthusiasm for its own products and triumphs; now, like amateurs entertaining a Barrymore unawares, its devotees were awed and abashed by demonstrations of the heights to which their art might succeed. Later California was to become a Mecca for American and foreign stars; but the year 1852 brought the first heralds of sophisticated drama and the temporary humiliation of the home product.

Following a custom characteristic of free-handed Westerners in prosperous days, local Johnnies presented to Mrs. Baker at her debut an "exquisite" diamond ring.[49] Encouraged by this tribute, Mrs. Baker visited upstate Sacramento, then returned to San Francisco, where she and her husband dabbled in intermittent managerial and histrionic ventures for some months.

At the Jenny Lind, then, a troupe of minstrels was followed by the Lehman Family, pantomimists and dancers in the Ravel tradition. Then in March William B. Chapman, actor and author as well as manager, assembled a splendid company to play at this theatre. Caroline Chapman, making her debut with her noted relative, found her way into San Francisco's heart. But Maguire's triumph was short-lived.

According to an advertisement in December newspapers, the Parker House, adjoining the Jenny Lind, had been furnished to accommodate transients in thirty "well-lighted and fire-proof" bedrooms. In that month the ball room of the house was fitted up as a billiard room "in a superior style," an entrance communicating direct with the saloon and another with the family circle of the Jenny Lind Theatre. At Maguire's Saloon a "grand lunch" was offered to the city's elect in January.[50]

But neither theatrical success nor these inducements served to stay the tides of financial disaster. Besieged by builders and mechanics demanding payment for services in erecting the fine theatre and hotel, Maguire rashly commented to an inquirer in February that he would dispose of his interest in these glittering landmarks for $175,000.

In May (1852) word got about that Maguire was negotiating with the City Fathers in an attempt to unload his expensive burden upon their shoulders. There was a storm of protest. Maguire found himself at the center of one of the greatest scandals of San Francisco's early years. The Jenny Lind came to be a bitter factional plum, and, while one party shouted "corruption" and "bribery," another argued that the city was in sad need of a City Hall, that the Jenny Lind was well located and convenient, as well as handsome. Maguire's old friend, David Broderick, who lived with Tom and Em during most of his intermittent San Francisco residence,[51] stood by Tom loyally, and earnestly urged the purchase of Maguire's white elephant.

The *Alta California*, one of the strongest opponents of the purchase, furnished a stirring obbligato to negotiations. At the first hint, its editors mildly termed the notion one of "vandalism": "It seems a pity to destroy the finest theatre on the Pacific Coast, one of which every San Franciscan is proud, one which would be creditable even in New York."[52] Editorials and news notes followed. The newspapers published full texts of reports to committees, cast scorn on the aldermen and on the mayor, on all who dared to support the action.

A committee of "public-spirited" citizens, numbering some fifty-seven, advertised in the papers, constructed a temporary platform in the Plaza, and on June 1 called a mass meeting which was reported verbatim in print. Dr. Gihon was leader of the opposition, and was quoted by the *Herald* in part as follows:

> "I will acknowledge that it is a splendid building—a beautiful building—a beautiful theatre, but for God's sake let it be kept as a theatre, (laughter,) and let us not allow the Board of Aldermen to put their hands in the public treasury, for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and make us buy it against our will. . . . It would seem as if they regard the public treasury as a goose, to be plucked by them at their leisure."

David Broderick, who tried to speak in favor of the purchase, was greeted with a demonstration described by the *Alta* as consisting of "hoots, hisses, cat calls, cries of Broderick and nondescript shouts."

Both factions presented resolutions to the mob, both declared their resolutions carried, on the strength of loud cheers by their own forces; the railing of the temporary platform gave way in the excitement, and the speakers were precipitated into the mob, the meeting breaking up in "inextricable confusion."

Still the comic-opera battle went on. Affidavits were offered to the City Council by Maguire and friends, denying that the theatre had ever been offered for sale for less than $200,000, which Maguire swore to be less than cost "by many thousands of dollars." Contrary facts were sworn to by his opponents. Instead of subsiding, the tempest reached new heights after the aldermen voted six to two to override the mayor's veto of the purchase order. Dark suspicions were cast upon this body which thus "created a perfect storm of indignation, censure and complaint." The *Alta's* protests ranged from irony to despair. Indignant citizens asked for and were granted an injunction against the purchase; the matter was taken to the Supreme Court, judges' opinions were published verbatim and at great length, the injunction was revoked. The *Alta* moaned: "The long agony is at length over. . . . The will of the people is thwarted," and lugubriously hoped that "the two hundred thousand dollars in scrip will suffice to satisfy all mortgages and liens on the building."

The Jenny Lind III had maintained its dignity in the midst of tumult. During the fray, Maguire's rule was relinquished to other local impresarios, anxious to take up the laurels on short-term lease from the harried owner, and furiously the theatre was put to intensive use as the moment for its abandonment approached. Madame Elisa Biscaccianti gave pretentious concerts in the spacious auditorium, while the Chapmans found the building to their taste and catered to that of the city.

A burst of glory attended the final obsequies. On July 30 the aging senior Junius Brutus Booth appeared on the Jenny Lind stage under the auspices of Henry F. Daly and William B. Chapman. With him appeared his sons Junius Brutus, Jr., already known to a local public, and the younger Edwin, only nineteen years old. Two weeks of traditional Shakespearean and other tragedies displayed the great actor as a "splendid ruin, aged and crumbling, but majestic and magnificent even in its decay."[53] This was to be the elder Booth's last important engagement. After an unsuccessful attempt to please the miners of the interior, Booth was to depart sadly, leaving the boy Edwin to nourish his talents in the raw West while his father returned to the East and died uncomforted on a Mississippi River steamboat.

In mid-August the Jenny Lind conflict subsided. While Booth strutted in his last grandiose moments, Maguire paid off his creditors. Even this last rite was attended by disturbance and disquiet! One creditor, over-greedy, "made a grab for a handful" of the building fund warrants which had been issued in payment for the two buildings and which were distributed by Maguire.[54]

The *Alta* grew eloquent in a final darkly sarcastic obituary:

> THE CLOSING SCENE.—The last act of the drama is finished—the prompter has piped his last whistle—the curtain has descended upon the Jenny Lind boards, never to rise again. The house will "come down" but once more, and that will be when the contractor commences the job of altering this temple of the Drama into a City Hall. The knights of the sock and buskin are forced to shoulder their traps and find some other place to display themselves. The beautiful scenes by moonlight, the frowning cliffs, the yawning gulfs, the picturesque forests, shall dissolve before the ruthless strokes of the barbarian carpenter's hand-saw and hammer, and leave not a wreck behind, except sawdust and shavings. The musical sound of "why don't yer hist der rag," will never again be heard, and the man with the big fiddle has inflicted his last tune. The glory of the Jenny Lind has departed, but to return with increased brilliancy and splendor. Instead of the community being forced to pay two dollars for the privilege of being bored in listening to the dull, stupid and uninteresting personifications of such a flimsy actor as Booth—they can without paying a farthing, listen to the matchless eloquence and sparkling wit of real live Aldermen engaged in the profitable occupation of defending their official acts. How much more amusing and entertaining, than the bastard attempts at fun and mimickry of a Kent or Chapman. How much more edifying and pleasing than the harsh and discordant squeaks of a Biscaccianti. . . .
>
> Poor! humbugged people of San Francisco. The law could not interpose to prevent it. The last act of the drama has closed, and the Jenny Lind will soon be forgotten—but the actors who despoiled that Temple of Thespis will be remembered, and in a few short months see the sceptre of their power wrenched by an unlineal hand—no son of theirs succeeding.[55]

This not too cryptic prophecy was far short of fulfilment; indeed in the primary election in June the Broderick "Tammany Hall" men had "swept San Francisco from one end to the other."[56] But it was eventually to be realized in another great Vigilante movement.

The Jenny Lind controversy was not soon forgotten. Again and again it was revived in evidence of the graft-ridden shame of officialdom. A grand jury report of December 1852 announced that there were found to be insufficient grounds in the case for an indictment, but that it was apparent the aforesaid purchase was made in a manner derogatory to the character and dignity of the City Council. Indeed, it was recorded, one party (suspiciously reminiscent by description of the hero Tom) had declared that "it cost him near $50,000 to get the business through the damned Council," and that only unexpected claims had prevented his clearing a like amount from the deal.[57]

So, from the melee, Tom emerged with a few paltry thousands in his pockets; but the young man had lost his theatre and his hotel.[58]

II. TAMMANY TARPOT

After the cataclysmic failure of the Jenny Lind III and the scandalous excitement of its sale to the city, mutterings and rumblings of discord and distrust for months involved the building and its erstwhile owner. Injunctions, public meetings in the plaza, wordy editorials in local newspapers, protests at aldermanic meetings, ridicule and censure as remodeling progressed and bills mounted—these wrathy thunders finally died out in ominous calm and the

City Fathers moved into the debased and denuded building to carry on the city's business. Tom Maguire tried to secure a site for a new theatre and gambling hall, but nothing came of it;[1] he sank into the obscurity of a saloon, where he began to build up another stake for future endeavors.

Meantime the little metropolis grew and prospered: after much talk and bickering the plaza was fenced in and cultivated, some of the streets were rescued from winter mires, gas lamps were installed in important buildings, new brick structures sprang up on mud flats toward the bay. The town was swept periodically by fashionable whims: spiritualism, dueling, endurance contests for pedestrians. Women's bonnets grew smaller, their skirts fuller, with crinoline-banded flounces and multiple petticoats extending them to chic width. A lady appeared in downtown streets in bloomers, calling forth a paean of amazement and denunciation of all Woman's Rights advocates. Steamers roused public excitement by racing, often with overstrained boilers which occasionally burst: life was cheaper than boredom. Express companies augmented postal service, banks failed and officials absconded with funds. Filibusterers left the city full-sail for Central American adventure. Even the drama waxed and waned in capricious uncertainty, great names flashing in and out of the firmament. In 1855 state laws prohibited gambling, the famous El Dorado was advertised to let. But, like a Sunday blue law designed to close California's theatres on the Sabbath, the gambling restriction was honored more in the breach than in the observance.

Striding through the tumultuous streets of San Francisco, young Maguire was part of the buoyant materialistic energy of the scrambling city. Virtually illiterate, he made his mark by deeds, not words. His busy existence had been recorded in physical accomplishment—the building of a saloon, a theatre, tending of a bar and amassing of gold for further speculation in material things. The strong, tearing urge he had for beautiful drama was not founded on love of words in playbook pages, but on love of the sound and clamor of their utterance on a begilded stage. Tom knew fine acting when he saw it, but to him Shakespeare was always a myth, and from him a living author received consideration and honor only in so far as he sued for it.

The fine upswing in young Tom's affairs, ending in the clouded failure of the third Jenny Lind Theatre, marked the close of a stirring little episode which must have offered incense to Maguire's keen dramatic nostrils: the hackman carrying patrons to and from a fine theatre had leapt to opulence, had come to preside over a splendid playhouse of his own; putting out to seek his fortune in a strange, wild land, he had become the Apostle of Art while bookish men scrambled in the mud for gold.

Maguire was still a typical Tammany tough in most respects. He had a high type of physical courage and a combative force which were continually to surround him with scandalous incident. In 1853, says O'Meara,[2] Maguire "faced Vi Turner, a desperate sport, and bitterly cursed him on the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets. There was no back-down in Tom Maguire." This high-tempered bravery was offset by a curiously contrasting spiritual weakness. George Barnes later related with reminiscent glee that Maguire "dreaded the idea of death." His friends found that "by a single remark on his appearance you could send him to tea and toast and bed," and "those who knew this fact used it occasionally for a practical joke on him."[3] Handsome, swaggering, always willing to gamble, obsessed by the glamour of the theatre, Maguire cut a fine figure in the noisy boom city, with a full share of human weakness and generous sentimentality to offset his pose as the bullying dandy.

This young Tammany upstart had not drawn his skirts back from the little circle of his fellows who dug claws deep into the new city's politics. Though a fairer muse was to woo him and, unlearned and ill-prepared for fine thought, he was to direct the destinies of the theatre in California and to furnish honor and fortune to its finest and fairest, he was not translated at a bound. His feet were not unmuddied by the murky stream nor were his ears closed to the empurpled pronouncements of manipulating oracles.

One of Maguire's New York associates who figured largely in his early San Franciso career was David Broderick, untutored Tammany politician, who early clutched at profitable municipal plums. For the ten years of Broderick's political struggle, Maguire remained a close friend and financial supporter, offering his home, his influence, and his good cheer in the interest of Broderick's purposes.[4]

It was Broderick who leaped to the defense of the Jenny Lind's impoverished owner in that disastrous 1852 season. Indeed, this gesture was cited in attacks upon Broderick's character and integrity when, in 1856, he blustered his way into a United States Senate appointment:

> Early in the history of our city, when a corrupt Council had consummated the Jenny Lind Swindle, by paying the enormous sum of $200,000 for a piece of property not valued at over $83,000; and when the people were quietly assembled in the Plaza discussing this outrageous act of their corrupt Council, we find this same Broderick, with a band of his hireling desperadoes, break into their midst, drive the speakers from the stand and defend this iniquitous swindle, simply because the seller of the property was his friend, and that friend a gambler.[5]

But Broderick received the coveted appointment, and beyond accusations of political influence and bribery occasionally turned also toward Maguire, the "gambler's" career was curiously unaffected by the political exposures and scandals culminating in the 1856 Vigilance clean-up.

For many months after the sale of the Jenny Lind to the city, the theatrical life of San Francisco eddied past Tom Maguire. Alexina Fisher Baker and her husband moved into the renovated Adelphi Theatre in the fall of 1852 with a fine troupe which set dramatic standards in the city for months.[6] On December 24 a new San Francisco Hall was "consecrated to Thespis" by the

Chapmans and Junius Brutus Booth, Jr.,[7] and the humorous "Doc" Robinson returned a few days later to amuse the town with more of his topical jingles.[8] The Starks wandered in and out of the city's theatres, as did other more famous players: Edwin Booth, who presented at his brother's theatre first attempts in famous tragic roles;[9] followed by Mrs. Catherine Sinclair (Mrs. Edwin Forrest), still surrounded by an aura of scandal regarding her recent divorce suit;[10] Lola Montez, whose shocking dances and glamorous acting were burlesqued by "Doc" Robinson[11] but drew good houses at the American during the late spring;[12] and, finally, James E. Murdoch, tragedian.[13]

At the end of 1853 a new and brilliant period in San Francisco's theatrical life was inaugurated by the opening of the new Metropolitan Theatre, a magnificent structure, in which Mrs. Sinclair and James Murdoch held forth.[14] Coincidentally Matilda Heron, then unknown and unsung, created a new tide of enthusiasm for the drama at the American,[15] while the Bakers played in various theatres in northern California until their departure in the spring with loaded pocketbooks.[16] Then came Laura Keene, the Bateman children, Barney Williams.[17]

San Francisco Hall, meantime, had been given over to a troupe of minstrels headed by Charlie Backus.[18] Throughout lulls and depressions in the theatre, the minstrels in shifting combinations were able to draw crowds steadily and enthusiastically. Even in the face of a financial depression of considerable proportions, the minstrels carried on cheerfully and irresistibly.

It was during the business panic of 1855 that Maguire edged his way back into San Francisco's theatre. In the interval following the failure of the Jenny Lind, Maguire's saloon and gambling activities had brought him ready funds in sufficient size to justify another gambol in the beloved "shadow of Thespis." Opportunity knocked: Jerry Bryant and Orrin Dorman, proprietors of the San Francisco minstrel house, failed unhappily in the general debacle.[19] Here Maguire stepped in,[20] and a new phase of his colorful life began.[21]

Maguire's name did not appear in advertisements for San Francisco Hall until fall, though Dorman's name disappeared from these notices in March. Then in June 1855 Maguire was one of a number of San Francisco "proprietors and managers" who were prosecuted for indulging in Sunday theatricals. The list included: Messrs. Joseph Trench and B. A. Baker of the Metropolitan Theatre; Maguire, Eph Horn, and John Smith of the San Francisco Hall; Joseph S. Dunlap and James Dowling of the American Theatre.[22] (The prosecution faded and was soon forgotten; Sundays continued boisterous.)

It was a time and a city for minstrel humor—blustering, obvious, jovial, broad. From first days of American occupancy minstrelsy had been honored by roistering adventurers and miners. Throughout the raw days of its early growth, the city had embraced the cheerful, disrespectful humor and wisecracks of the blackface performers. Eventually replaced by the variety show, minstrel performances were just moving into their fullest popularity in the fifties. During this formative period in San Francisco some of the greatest blackface players of all time were in the making.

In August of 1855 there were five minstrel troupes in the city;[23] Maguire's San Francisco Minstrels outstayed and outshone them all. The whole repertoire and procedure of blackface minstrelsy was undergoing changes and crystallizing into the form in which it has persisted, in memory if not in current use, to the present time. The finished San Francisco product was to have no little effect upon established traditions of America's eastern coast.

Those, too, were days when "burlesque" was a high and appreciated art still related to "legitimate" theatrical performances. Tragedians turned to burlesque or extravaganza in the regular course of their repertoires, and no audience was too formal to delight in the extravagances of ironic mimicry.

It was in the summer of 1855 that the San Francisco Minstrels first featured burlesque. Starred with the troupe at the time were John Smith, Eph Horn, and Mike Mitchell. Augmenting this company Mrs. Julia Gould Collins, a popular star of musical comedy, opera, and drama, was engaged, along with a well-known local musical director, George Loder.[24] A series of gay and far-fetched operatic satires was inaugurated. Following on a season of pretentious operatic performances, spectacular triumphs of Mme. Anna Bishop[25] and spectacular disagreements between Mrs. Sinclair and an Italian opera troupe under her direction at the Metropolitan,[26] the challenge of *Black Opera vs. White Opera* brought chuckles from a public which was in fine spirit to have politics, dignitaries, governments, art, served up without reverence.

Then, at the end of the year 1855, Maguire stepped out of his obscurity to advertise himself as proprietor of San Francisco Hall. Vying with irregularly flourishing dramatic companies at the Metropolitan, the American, and the small Union Theatre, a reorganized troupe of San Francisco Minstrels performed at prices of 50¢ to $2, its personnel augmented by the addition of six ex-members of the New York Christy and Wood Minstrels: William Birch, comedian; Sam A. Wells, basso; C. Henry, ballad singer; Max Zorer, "Jenny Lind" falsetto; E. Deaves, baritone; Richard M. Hooley, instrumentalist. Local celebrities remaining included: Eph Horn, John Smith, George H. Coes, Napier Lothian, W. D. Corrister, and so on.[27] These, "the best artistes in this line that have yet appeared before a San Francisco audience,"[28] "The Model Troupe of the World,"[29] ran riot through a program of plays and specialties embracing such gems as: "The Mummy," "Burlesque Macbeth," "Black Blunders," "Burlesque Robert Macaire," "Hotel D'Afrique," "The Black Statue."

The *Herald* commented smugly: "To the absence of vulgar allusions and indelicate suggestions in the entertainments given by this troupe, may be attributed the large attendance of females, and consequent success of the establishment."[30] The advertisements stated that "stages will convey passengers to and from the Hall every evening."

But the year 1856 is reddened to fame in the history of San Francisco. It was in this year that the great and famous Vigilance Committee purged the city's politics in a magnificent gesture which tore the foundations from under municipal governmental affairs, calling forth storms of partisan excitement on all sides. In November 1855, a United States marshal, General William H. Richardson, had been murdered by a gambler named Charles Cora. By May no punishment had yet been meted out to Cora, who was allegedly protected by corrupt politicians of the city, and gathering wrath erupted when one James P. Casey shot James King of William, vituperative editor of the *Bulletin*, in that month. A stern and righteous group of men took matters into their own hands, executed Casey and Cora, and placed the city under ex-official military rule. The worst of the Tammany toughs and underworld racketeers were served notice to depart from the city forthwith. An armory, traditionally known as Fort Gunnybags, bristled with guns and usurped authority, and the calmer citizens of the town walked carefully in protected paths. The *Alta California*, firm champion of the upheaval, commented on May 20:

> There never was a more perfect or complete revolution in a government or the affairs of a community than has been exhibited in this city the past week. . . .
>
> The civil officers are dumbfounded, and they look on the scene in wonder and astonishment. . . . They find themselves shorn of strength in a single day.

The housecleaning of the Vigilantes did not win universal approval by any means. State officials protested vigorously, local citizens shouted loudly for "law and order," the editor of the *Herald*, John Nugent, expressed vehement disgust for the barbarous methods of the self-constituted reformers; but John Nugent lost subscribers and friends, eventually had to close his office, and the local lights openly flouted the governor's censure. Fleeing underworld toughs complained in the east of the primitive state of western civilization and the summary treatment they had received, but San Francisco continued serenely and smugly on its newly righteous path. With self-congratulatory fanfare, the Vigilantes disbanded in August, turning the city over to chastened new officials.

Broderick's name was, inevitably, mentioned again and again in the attack on crime and political graft; the local machine was in large measure of his making. But Broderick himself escaped the purge, and Maguire managed to march through with a show of neutrality or disinterest, so that he emerged from the excitement little besmirched. Indeed, the pro-Vigilante *Alta* in August, recalling the City Hall sale which had been one of the first events in the chain of suspicious political procedure, admitted that "at the time it was purchased, it was generally believed that a large swindle was in progress, but its possession has saved the city a great many thousand dollars. . . . On the whole, it has proved the best purchase which the city ever made."[31] The minstrels had footed it merrily and delicately through the troubled waters. In May, at the funeral procession of James King of William, this troupe had marched "with band and muffled instruments."[32] During the Vigilante reign the minstrels were wary in references to local activity, furnished a welcome relief while other Thespians retired to the country. Nugent, anti-Vigilance fountainhead, remarked bitterly on May 29 in the column of his struggling sheet: "The Minstrels are now the only legitimate source of amusement in our city, with the exception of the Vigilance Committee."

By June, however, theatrical managers had rallied, and a new eastern star, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, made her debut at the Metropolitan,[33] to reopen an insecure season in the San Francisco legitimate theatre, marked by the return and last appearances of Lola Montez (who had been in Australia),[34] the city's farewell to young Edwin Booth (departing to seek larger glories in the east),[35] and its first sight of Lotta Crabtree, then nine years old.[36]

But it was not to be expected that Tom Maguire would weather all these local storms without incident. Characteristically, he bludgeoned his way into public print in September. Tom had always been lusty in defense of his rights, perhaps too quick with his young strength. A nasty little scandal developed when he assaulted Jacob Rogers, collector of a private indebtedness, who came to San Francisco Hall and seized funds from its box office. According to a letter from SPECTATOR, published in the *Bulletin* of September 11, 1856, Tom inveigled Rogers into the box office, locked the door, and assaulted him, "knocked him down and beat and mauled him most cruelly," concluding the encounter by hauling Rogers to his feet by his cravat, brandishing a knife, and threatening to kill Rogers "unless he gave a full release of the suit and of the note." Brought to court, Maguire was fined $150, was later discharged on a second and a third complaint. Bitterly, SPECTATOR concluded his letter with the comment:

> I wonder if the long political services of the accused in this case, helped to temper justice with mercy? Mark them down, and see if next time a crime so flagrant, dastardly and cruel, is perpetrated by some one of different political stripe, meets with so much lenity as to be let off with a paltry fine. . . .

To offset the adverse publicity of this affair, Maguire seemed well able to afford a magnanimous gesture to the "Minstrel Guards," a new quasi-military volunteer company outfitted in the current gorgeous manner for the dual purpose of making a fine appearance in public and satisfying the vanity of its members. At a special target practice at the Union Race Course, among prizes offered was a $300 gold watch, presented by Mr. Thomas Maguire.[37]

* * *

Maguire was now firmly established in the theatre once more. His minstrels, with changing personnel, played in San Francisco throughout the year of 1856, except for brief intervals during which they toured the mining towns, where Maguire was building up his influence as a dramatic impresario. By fall Maguire's feet were so solidly planted that he was emboldened to name a theatre in honor of himself.

On October 15, 1856,[38] while the minstrels were still playing to their usual crowded houses, carpenters moved into San Francisco Hall. At the end of the week the minstrels moved out and work was pressed under the master mason (a Mr. Stebbins), the carpenters and machinists (Stockhouse and John Torrence), and the upholsterer (William Lubey), while John Fairchild and Charles Rogers, "scenists," wrought their wonders on canvas.[39]

By the end of November a new theatre had been erected around the shell of the old. The whole building was widened fifteen feet,[40] its capacity enlarged.

The *Bulletin* reporter considered that "great taste has been displayed throughout, particularly upon the proscenium," described by him as "a rich frame work, as it were, of golden mouldings and decorations of crimson." "Pure white walls" and a "high and extensive dome over head" were to be relieved by an elaborate chandelier "containing twenty burners" (gas), which was reported *en route* from New York. But the highlight of the new building, even mentioned proudly in the paid advertising[41] of the theatre, was the drop curtain painted by Mr. Rogers, representing Venice, with appropriate domes, towers, palaces, canals, gondolas, doubtless executed in a style in keeping with the art of the scene painters, Messrs. Fairchild and Short, who had prepared new canvas beauties for sacred and profane dramatic uses.

Conveniently and perhaps significantly located next door to the elegant lobby of the new theatre, the "Snug," a reasonable-rate saloon, was enlarged to do honor to the gorgeousness under the same roof. This popular bar, presided over by John Maguire,[42] Tom's brother, was a rendezvous beloved by between-acts adventurers, who sometimes ventured also into a rear room for a few minutes with gentlemanly gamblers of the establishment. The Snug advertised "pure" liquors, specializing in "1798 vintage Brandy, and the acknowledged best Burton Ale in the city, a particularly fine Jamaica Rum, ten years old . . . Also, a rather nectarinish drink, Rum Shrub." It was known as a "bit" house, charging 12½ ¢ per drink.[43]

On November 29 the new theatre was ablaze with its "gas lights throughout," and crinolined ladies flocked with their escorts to cram into the 700 seats in the parquette, the 400 seats in the gallery, and the two "large private boxes . . . highly ornamented with gilded mouldings and rich hangings of crimson and gold."[44] The new theatre was not only remodeled, but rechristened. For the first time this new name was painted on a playhouse in San Francisco: "Maguire's New Opera House." Named for the "black opera" which had brought its proprietor renewed theatrical fame, or for that obsession, that albatross, of Maguire's fate, "white opera," which was to prove his undoing in time, the new auditorium housed on opening night the "original San Francisco Minstrels," augmented by members of the former Backus troupe.[45] Charlie Backus was to become one of the greatest stars of minstrelsy, but first found apprenticeship for glory at Maguire's.

While Maguire pushed steadily forward as a theatrical impresario in these late fifties, preparing to take his full place in the sun, he was gradually withdrawing from the intimate toils of local Tammany politics.

In his saloons and gambling halls, Maguire had surely made use of that politicians' salute, the outstretched hand. His early training in New York had showed him the way to the popular heart through liquid good fellowship; his friend, Broderick, had made his start from behind a bar. In San Francisco Maguire supported the bold Broderick all along the path to the Senate chambers of the United States. Delicately they must have walked, to maintain—as they seem to have done—at least a nominal respectability in the face of truculent local opposition to all that Broderick stood for.

The Vigilance campaign of 1856 was aimed at smaller fry than Broderick, at other crimes than his alleged dishonesties in office. But local newspapers lent space to public protests from time to time, and Broderick was often under fire more literary than literal.

In December 1856, for instance, an anonymous "New Yorker" wrote to the *Bulletin*, accusing Broderick of political crimes. Broderick replied indignantly, expressing his opinion of a "dirty coward" who "writes letters . . . behind an editor's cloak" and offering to fight the unknown in a 24-foot ring, a thousand dollars a side. His money, he said, was in Maguire's hands, and he demanded immediate action from his accuser.[46]

Nothing seems to have come of this except that Broderick enjoyed a certain amount of free advertising. In January 1857 he won in Sacramento a coveted appointment to the United States Senate, but for days the San Francisco newspapers sparkled with accusations of bribery, collusion, and other political sins.

Broderick was not ordinarily a man to suffer indignities in silence. Cultured only in the arts and knowledge of a man of the street, he had accepted the California code of the duel, to a certain extent, and as early as 1853 had engaged in a famous bloodless encounter from which he escaped by virtue of possession of a sturdy watch inadvertently overlooked in his left-hand pocket.[47] Now, however, he left the field triumphantly, traveled east as an honored dignitary, and proceeded to make himself unpopular in Washington and California during the two years of his assault on the nation's capital.

In September 1859 a municipal election was scheduled in San Francisco and, as usual, Broderick was on hand to support his shrewdly selected ticket. The *Bulletin* was particularly vicious in its attacks upon Broderick and all that he represented, and gleefully reported his party's at least partial defeat at the polls, as well as the disgruntled attitude adopted by Broderick. It was rumored[48] that trouble growing out of the election had resulted in a challenge to a duel between Broderick and one Judge Terry, already noted for an earlier pistol encounter. On September 12 a well-heralded meeting of the duellers was broken up by the police, but on September 13 renewed hostilities culminated in the fatal wounding of Broderick and a complete change of tone in the local press. The *Bulletin*, hard pushed by rival newspapers,[49] modulated its tune to conform with public sympathy. Broderick became a popular hero, and Terry fled for his life.[50] The *Alta*, sanctimoniously frowning upon those who had dared question Broderick's "honor," summed up the new spirit in an editorial climaxed by the statement: "It is, indeed, a time to put on mourning, to fill our homes with lamentations, for the true, unselfish, self-sacrificing friend of California . . . the best, the purest, the only true man that has ever . . . represented California in the Senate of the United States. . . .[51]

A long list of honorary pallbearers did not contain the name of his friend, Tom Maguire. Civic dignitaries usurped first place; Tom Maguire, who had been "like a brother" to the "Mudsill" senator,[52] was merely one of the "chief mourners" at Broderick's funeral.[53]

As a final comment on Broderick, his friend Maguire, and the politics of the day, it will suffice to present without comment an excerpt from a pertinent newspaper story:

> BRODERICKIANA.—Thomas Maguire has commenced suit . . . vs. . . . Executors of ex-Senator Broderick's estate, to recover $12,555 alleged to be due on an account presented to Broderick, August 1, 1859, and admitted by him to be correct. The items of the bill are the following:

Board and lodging from June 14, 1851, to October 1, 1851, at $150 per month...		$520
Board and lodging at Parker House and at Stockton Street House, from December 1, 1851, to April 1, 1856, 52 months, at $125 per month..................		6,800
Fifty dinners given at the Parker House, Webb Street House, and Stockton Street House, to friends of Broderick, at Broderick's request, at $50 each....		2,500
Board and bills of Broderick's friends at Benicia during session of the Legislature there in 1854, paid at Broderick's request...........................		1,600
Cash paid at Broderick's request during session of Legislature of 1854..........		2,000
Cash paid at Broderick's request during session of Legislature in ————....		600
Four cornices of rooms at Parker House disposed of by Broderick, on his leaving the house for Washington, in 1857....................................		100
Four pairs of lace curtains..		100
One centre table..		100
Set of blankets, quilts, pillow cases and towels..............................		100
145 yards of carpet at $3 per yard, disposed of by him........................		435
Total		15,155
Paid on account at Parker House..................................	$1,000	
Paid on account at Stockton Street House.........................	1,600	2,600
Remaining now due...		12,155[54]

It is not recorded that Maguire ever collected this imposing amount. But Maguire was by 1859 a very wealthy man. His interests and sources of income had been expanding steadily since 1856 and he was well able to dismiss Broderick's unpaid debt many times over.

(To be continued)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Preparation of this biography of Tom Maguire has involved a number of peculiar research problems. The common plaint of California writers should be mentioned: Because of that famous and disastrous fire of 1906, an incalculable mass of historical memorabilia and records has been lost to us; slow and painstaking reassembly of newspaper files by a few libraries has made some surprisingly voluminous amends, but the vagaries of such collections result in a situation in which perhaps six different contemporary accounts of one event or period are extant, while for another there are none.

It may also be noted that, contrary to the customary order of things, this study of Tom Maguire's life has been made without any smallest assistance from personal memorabilia or verbal reminiscences of acquaintances. Records which doubtless did exist—for Tom persistently employed secretaries during his prosperous years—have been destroyed; and of personal letters there could be little anticipation, since the Napoleon was notoriously illiterate. Tom left no children, and attempts to locate other relatives have failed.

This biography is, then, primarily based upon a day-to-day perusal of available San Francisco newspapers. Some attempt has been made to give adequate reference information for all important events in Maguire's life; footnotes relating to the general historical background of his life have been telescoped for the sake of brevity. It may here be noted that the only reasonably exhaustive studies of the drama in San Francisco, each limited in scope by its respective purpose and scope, are: Constance Rourke's *Troupers of the Gold Coast* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928), George Rupert MacMinn's recently published study, *The Theater of the Golden Era in California* (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1941), and the mimeographed materials issued by the Theatre Research Project in San Francisco during the last several years.

Most of the research for the present biography was pursued at the splendid Bancroft Library of the University of California. Gratitude is also due to the San Francisco Public Library, the Sutro Branch, California State Library (San Francisco), where the manuscript journals and records of James McCabe are guarded, the main library of the University of California, and various possessors of private collections. L.F.R.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

1. San Francisco *Call*, October 6, 1878. (Note: all newspapers hereafter cited, unless excepted by specific note, were published in San Francisco.)

2. *Bulletin*, January 25, 1896.

3. *Ibid*.

4. *Call*, January 22, 1896.

5. Morris Robert Werner, *Tammany Hall* (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1928), pp. 63, 64-67.

6. *Bulletin*, January 25, 1896.

7. "The Napoleon of Theatricals," *Chronicle*, January 26, 1896.

8. *Chronicle*, *loc. cit*. Note that the unnamed author of this article is somewhat vague as to date, but supports logically the proposition that Maguire was actually ten years older than he ever admitted in his California days. By this record, he would have been over thirty years old when he came to San Francisco. Other evidence raises some doubts

as to the correctness of the anonymous writer's conclusions, and to avoid confusion the more prevalent estimate has been utilized here.

9. Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, and James Nisbet, *The Annals of San Francisco . . .* (New York, 1855), p. 257. (This colorful source book will be referred to as the *Annals* hereafter.)

10. *Colville's Directory and Gazeteer of the City of San Francisco for the Year Commencing October 1856* (San Francisco, 1856), p. 136.

11. *Bulletin*, January 25, 1896; *Tri-Weekly Alta*, January 14, 1850.

12. See John Henry Brown, *Reminiscences and Incidents of Early Days in San Francisco (1845-50)* (San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1933) for details.

13. *Solano Press* (Suisun, California), December 11, 1867. In the fall of 1847 others of the Volunteers produced plays at Sonoma (William A. Curtis, "The First Theater in California," *Out West*, XXVIII, June 1908, pp. 479-82) and at Monterey (Anna G. Andresen, "California's First Theater, at Monterey . . ." *Grizzly Bear*, XX, January 1917, p. 5; *Californian*, October 6, 1847; see also Monterey *Herald*, Feb. 13, 1875).

14. *Californian*, May 10, October 21 (adv.), November 4, 1848.

15. *Solano Press*, December 11, 1867.

16. James H. McCabe, "Journal" (MS, typewritten copy in Sutro Branch, California State Library, San Francisco).

17. *Annals*, pp. 655-56.

18. Albert Dressler, ed., *California's Pioneer Circus* [San Francisco: Albert Dressler, c. 1926].

19. Washed out of Sacramento's makeshift Eagle Theatre in winter floods, they found San Francisco more exacting, departed after a financial misadventure. See San Francisco *Alta California*, as follows: *Steamer Alta* of January 14, 1850; *Tri-Weekly Alta* of January 16, 1850; *Daily Alta* of January 25, 1850; also McCabe, *op. cit.*

20. *Alta*, June 24, 1854.

21. Dressler, *op. cit.*

22. McCabe, *op. cit.*

23. *Alta*, June 24, 1854. The *Evening Picayune* offers a favorable criticism of the venture, August 7, 1850.

24. McCabe, *op. cit.*

25. Charles P. Kimball, *The San Francisco City Directory* (San Francisco, 1850), p. 126.

26. *Annals*, 598 ff.

27. San Francisco *Pacific News*, December 27, 1849. Was part of this new lumber that apocryphal "theatre in sections" shipped from New York on Tom's instructions before his departure (*Chronicle*, January 26, 1896)?

28. *Pacific News*, May 6, 1850.

29. See David Belasco, "My Life's Story," *Hearst's Magazine*, XXV (April 1914), 486. But many other references seem to indicate that, however small his interests or aptitudes in the field of letters, Maguire could read, however haltingly, when he felt so moved.

30. George E. Barnes, in the *Bulletin*, January 21, 1896. See also "The Napoleon of Theatricals," *Chronicle*, January 26, 1896.

31. Pauline Jacobson, in the *Bulletin*, August 18, 1917.

32. *Bulletin*, January 25, 1896.

33. The Parker House proper had been opened for business on October 14. (See *Pacific News*, October 16, 1850.)

34. *Pacific News*, November 2, 1850.

35. *Picayune*, November 9, 1850.

36. *Picayune*, August 9, 1850.

37. *Picayune*, November 13, 1850.

38. McCabe, *op. cit.*

39. *Ibid.*

40. Also destroyed was the newly redecorated Jenny Lind (see *California Courier*, April 11, 1851) and a second smaller hall under construction in the same building; see the San Francisco *Alta*, May 6 and 7, 1851.

41. McCabe, *op. cit.*

42. The theatre was opened by a French company on August 1, 1851, but was taken over by Robinson and a new partner, Wiesenthal, pending opening of the new American Theatre. See *Herald*, August 2, 1851, and McCabe, *op. cit.*

43. *Alta*, August 22, 1852.

44. Details of opening and description, *Courier*, October 21, 1851, *Alta*, October 16, 1851, etc.

45. *Alta*, December 2, 1851 (adv.).

46. Constance Rourke offers an amusing account of "Doc's" misfortunes in *Troupers of the Gold Coast* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1928), pp. 35-38.

47. *Alta*, February 7 and 10, 1852.

48. *Alta*, February 15, 1852.

48. *Alta*, February 20, 1852.

50. *Alta*, January 7, 1852.

51. *Bulletin*, August 16, 1860; also January 21 and 25, 1896.

52. *Alta*, May 24, 1852.

53. *Alta*, July 31, 1852.

54. *Alta*, August 12, 1852.

55. *Alta*, August 16, 1852.

56. *Alta*, June 29, 1852.

57. *Herald*, December 1, 1852.

58. Thomas Edwin Farish, *The Gold Hunters of California* (Chicago, 1904), p. 51, states that Tom owed some thousands of dollars on bad debts as well. It is to be noted that in 1862 he paid one debt then ten years old—$296 for labor and materials on the old Jenny Lind, awarded by court decision to a Mr. Keyes (*Bulletin*, April 24, 1862).

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. *Bulletin*, September 9, 1916.

2. *Bulletin*, January 25, 1896.

3. *Ibid.*, January 21, 1896. See also *Chronicle*, January 21, 1896.

4. *Bulletin*, August 16, 1860; *Chronicle*, April 3, 1881. Cf. also *Chronicle*, October 19, 1890, Verdenal weekly New York letter.

5. *Bulletin*, October 17, 1856.

6. *Alta*, August 21, 1852. See also *Golden Era*, Dec. 19, 1852.

7. *Alta*, December 25, 1852.

8. *Golden Era*, January 2, 1853.

9. Review of Booth's "introduction," *Golden Era*, February 6, 1853.

10. *Alta*, May 9, 1853. See also *Golden Era*, May 8 and 15, 1853.

11. *Alta*, June 20, 1853. See critique, *Herald*, June 26, 1853.

12. *Alta*, May 31, 1853. *Golden Era*, May 29, 1853.

13. *Alta*, August 22, 1853.

14. *Alta*, December 21, 1853; December 25, 1853.

15. *Alta*, December 26, 1853. On February 13, 1854, Matilda Heron opened a new season at the Metropolitan.

16. *Alta*, February 21, 1854; *Golden Era*, April 2, 1854.

17. Respective debuts recorded: *Alta*, April 6, April 10, Sept. 25, 1854.

18. *Golden Era*, January 29, 1854.

19. *Bulletin*, September 9, 1916.

20. *Bulletin*, August 18, 1917.

21. But San Francisco Hall was not the only focus for Maguire's theatrical favor. It was rumored that Maguire and a Mr. James F. Cook were the financial backers of a $65,000 venture in Sacramento; the new Edwin Forrest Theatre opened in October, 1855, although Maguire's name did not appear in Sacramento advertisements (*Alta*, May 24, 1855).

22. *Herald*, June 26, 1855.

23. The five minstrel troupes: Backus' at the Union; San Francisco Minstrels at San Francisco Hall; Winn's Serenaders at his "Temple of the Muses"; a group of Negro Minstrels at the Adelphi Saloon; and Corrister's Metropolitan Minstrels at the Melodeon.

24. *Herald*, July 15, 1855.

25. Mme. Anna Bishop made her debut in San Francisco in February 1854, sang in many operas during the months of her local stay. She took her "Farewell Benefit" on September 27, 1855 (*Alta*).

26. *Herald*, May 3, 4, 8, 1855.

27. *Alta*, December 6, 1855.

28. *Herald*, December 16, 1855. "Artiste" was locally applied to indicate proficiency and "gentility," of whatever gender.

29. *Herald*, January 15, 1856, advertisement.

30. *Herald*, December 31, 1855.

31. *Alta*, August 27, 1856.

32. *Alta*, May 23, 1856.

33. *Herald*, June 23, 1856.

34. *Alta*, August 7, 1856; November 20, 1856.

35. *Alta*, September 5, 1856.

36. *Alta*, November 20, 1856; Rourke, *op. cit.*, pp. 118-19.

37. *Bulletin*, September 18, 1856.

38. *Bulletin*, November 28, 1856.

39. *Ibid.*

40. *Alta*, November 27, 1856.

41. *Alta*, November 29, 1856.

42. *Bulletin*, June 29, 1859; August 12, 1916.

43. *Alta*, November 30, 1856 (adv.).

44. *Bulletin*, November 28, 1856.

45. *Alta*, November 27, 1856.

46. *Bulletin*, December 18, 1856.

47. In an article, "The Bloodless Duels," *Bulletin*, March 10, 1917, Crittenden Thornton related circumstances of the duel between Broderick and J. Caleb Smith in 1853—Broderick's "first."

48. *Bulletin*, September 9, 1859.

49. See *Bulletin*, September 19 ff., and *Alta* of same period.

50. He was later acquitted (*Bulletin*, July 7, 1860) and returned to new notorieties.

51. *Alta*, September 17, 1859.

52. *Bulletin*, August 16, 1860.

53. *Bulletin*, September 19, 1859.

54. *Bulletin*, October 31, 1861. It is to be noted that an error in addition of the above items is complicated by a typographical error in the net total as well.

Archeological Evidence of Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeño's California Visit in 1595

By Robert Fleming Heizer

THE HISTORICAL EVENTS of the sixteenth century in Upper California are chiefly those of sea expeditions. Cabrillo, Drake, and Cermeño come to mind as the outstanding explorers of the California coast prior to the year 1600. Knowledge of Cabrillo's and Cermeño's expeditions has come down to us in the form of contemporary journals, letters, and official reports, and a published account of Drake's voyage appeared within ten years after his return to England. Concrete, material evidence of Cabrillo's contacts with the Chumash Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel region in 1542 has not been identified with certainty in the mass of early Caucasian-made objects from the Indian graves in that area, nor has the grave of Cabrillo himself been discovered on San Miguel Island.[1] Of Sir Francis Drake's five weeks' sojourn on the California coast in 1579 we have concrete evidence in the form of the plate of brass which he left nailed to a great wooden post. And recently, field expeditions from the Department of Anthropology, University of California, have found what is believed to be material evidence of Cermeño's shipwreck in Drake's Bay in 1595 in the form of many crude, heavy, wrought-iron spikes from his ship, the *San Agustín*, and a large number of fragments of blue glazed porcelain bowls and plates. Of these spikes and chinaware pieces we shall hear more later. Let us first review the facts of Cermeño's voyage.[2]

In January 1590, Luis de Velasco succeeded the Marqués de Villamanrique as viceroy of New Spain and immediately took steps to make more effective the Philippine trade with Mexico. He pointed out that one of the major difficulties in this important trans-Pacific trade was that the voyage was long and there were no known ports where ships could stop to allow their crews to recuperate. He cited as evidence the voyage of Gabriel de Rivera, whose ship had arrived in Acapulco with food supplies low and the crew sick. Velasco indicated his desire to organize an expedition which would search for such ports and offered to undertake this if it could be done without cost to the royal treasury.

It was not until October 1593 that Velasco acknowledged receipt of a *cédula* authorizing him to take steps to put his plan into operation. But by this time he found that there was difficulty in getting funds for the exploration and said that there was a man known to him who was willing to undertake the job, provided he could take along money with which to carry on trade in the ports he might discover. Velasco, believing that this was not a good plan, wrote to the King for advice, suggesting that by limiting the amount of money to be carried and prohibiting trade in the new ports something might be arranged. The King wrote a letter in January 1594, ordering the voyage of discovery to be made. Velasco then bought a ship, the *San Pedro*, to make the voyage, and ordered the Portuguese, Sebastian Rodríguez Cermeño, to go as its pilot. Cermeño was offered the privilege of carrying a certain number of tons of freight so as to earn the freight money.

The *San Pedro* left Acapulco on March 21, 1594, and after reaching the Philippines, Cermeño transferred to another ship, the *San Agustín*, a vessel of about 200 tons burden. The *San Agustín* was loaded with 130 tons of cargo and, with a complement of about 70 men, sailed from Cavite in the Philippines on July 5, 1594.

The voyage was without event until November 4, when the coast of northern California was sighted. A cape was seen, but it is not clear whether this was point St. George (lat. 41° 46′) or Rocky Point. Coasting southward they entered Trinidad Bay, but because dangerous rocks were seen they did not anchor but left immediately. A heavy wind and sea then arose, and it was with much difficulty that the ship was managed. Terrorized by the dangers of exploring inshore with a small, partially decked ship, the pilot, master, and boatswain tendered to Cermeño, the captain and chief pilot, a written demand that he run with the wind directly for Acapulco and not expose them all to the risk of exploring this unknown coast with a battered ship. Cermeño ignored this demand and proceeded slowly southward along the coast, finally rounding Point Reyes and coming to anchor in Drake's Bay. Along the coast between Trinidad and Drake's Bay many fires were seen, which were probably from coastal villages of the Pomo Indians.[3]

On the day the *San Agustín* was anchored in the bay (November 6, 1595), many Indians appeared on the beach, and one of them came out to the ship in a tule *balsa* which he propelled with a paddle with blades at each end. He remained beside the ship for some time talking in his language. Some cotton cloth, silk, and a red cap were given him, all of which he took and then returned to land. Early the next morning, four men, each rowing a tule *balsa*, came out to the ship and remained alongside talking as the man had the day before. These were given gifts of cloth, after which they went ashore. As soon as they had left, Cermeño went ashore in the ship's boat, with twenty-two men, seventeen of them harquebusiers. This armed party landed on the beach near some underground habitations of the Indians. In the *Declaracion* of the voyage native customs are briefly described, and it is stated that the people were well built, robust, and inclined to fatness.[4] The men were entirely naked, but the women wore grass or skin skirts. The hair was worn long, and body painting on the breast and arms was observed.[5] On this occasion of landing, Cermeño took formal possession of the land and port in the name of the King of Spain, naming it "La Bahia de San Francisco," and it was so christened by the Franciscan friar who was present.[6]

The captain, accompanied by his ensign who carried the banner and followed by the armed men arranged in military order, proceeded to an Indian village about a harquebus-shot from the beach. Here he found about fifty adults who looked upon the Spaniards with great fright.[7] The natives were all very peaceable, and gave their visitors some small seeds. These seeds, crabs, wild birds, and elk are said to have been the main dietary resources of the Indians.

The company then proceeded inland about half a league (less than two miles) from the settlement, where they met with a band of native men who, as soon as they saw the Spanish, came up to them, skirmished in a circle and uttered loud howls. The Indian leader, who carried a tall banner of black feathers,[8] went toward the Spaniards and looked at them. Then, two Indians who had been brought along from the settlement on the shore talked to the other natives, whereupon the latter laid down their bows and approached in an humble manner as if terrorized.[9] The native leader gave Cermeño the black feather banner, and the men delivered their bows to the Spanish. The Indians' faces were painted in black and red.

The Spanish party then proceeded to the top of a hill but saw no settlements from that vantage point. Here they met an Indian couple, the man carrying some acorns and the woman carrying a child. After skirting the base of the hill the Spanish arrived back at the beach, where a camp was set up, entrenchments for defense were made, and some of the men began setting up a launch which had been carried from the Philippines on the deck of the *San Agustín*.[10] This day's journey on foot was of about three leagues, which might be about nine miles, since Mr. Wagner has estimated Cermeño's league at three miles or less.[11]

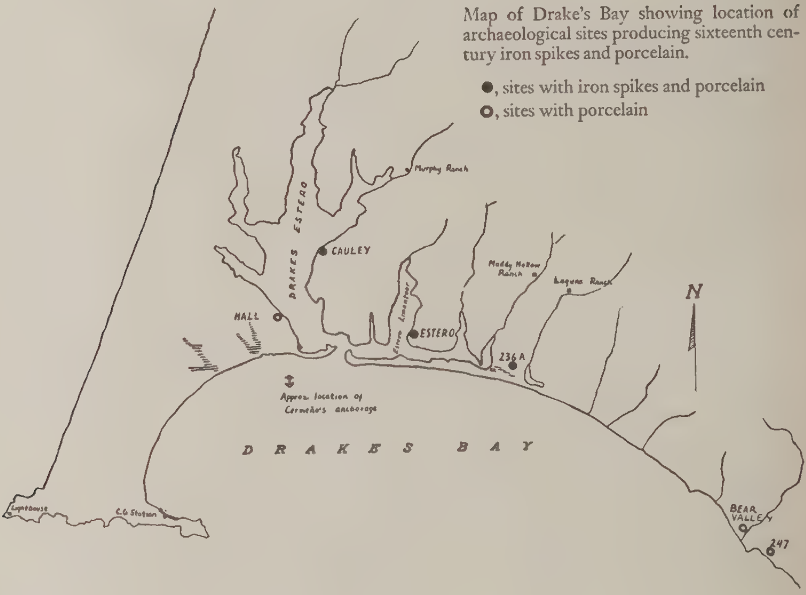
For about a week the Spanish were busy on the shore, erecting their camp and putting together the Philippine boat. On November 15 the captain, accompanied by nine other men with arms, went up Drake's Estero in the ship's boat. The main *estero* had Indian villages situated along its shores, and near the mouth was a settlement which we tentatively identify as the Hall site (see map). A little farther on was another village, which has not been identified, and at quite a distance, on a hill, was another village of naked Indians, this last perhaps the Cauley site on the bluff about two miles from the *estero* entrance on the east shore. Exploration of the Limantour Estero was also made, and at the entrance was found an Indian village (see map), identifiable with an extensive shellmound deposit which we have called the Estero site.[12]

Late in November the *San Agustín* was lost during a strong onshore gale which drove the ship aground. No account of the details of the disaster has been found in the documents. It is variously stated that twelve, seven, and two men were lost in the wreck, together with the food supplies and cargo on the ship. Here was truly a predicament for Cermeño, with a number of men under his command, with no food, and stranded in a strange land. But they still had the Philippine launch which was being set up on shore, and they could find food in the interior. So Cermeño, with eleven Spaniards and some Indians, made a foray inland for three leagues, where they found three Indian villages. It is impossible to determine the exact location of these villages from which Cermeño obtained acorns and hazelnuts, but they may have been past the head of the Drake Estero and a little beyond Abbott's Lagoon where there is evidence of old village sites, a stream of fresh water, and an abundance of oak trees. Or, since one of the witnesses of the event states that these villages were on a lagoon of fresh water, they may have been on Abbott's Lagoon itself. At any rate, while the Spanish were there, about twenty other Indians arrived from the village (the Hall site?) near which the Spanish were encamped on the beach. They had fled because of a battle which had ensued when they had attempted to carry away some of the wood from the wrecked *San Agustín*. On the way back to their beach encampment the Spanish discovered a stream flowing into a lagoon of salt water about a harquebus shot from where the *San Agustín* was lost. From this it would seem that the exploring party probably returned either along the outside beach or along the hills west of Drake's Estero, and the stream was one of those just west of the entrance of the *estero*.

On December 8 some seventy survivors left the Bahia de San Francisco in the Philippine *viroco*, a small undecked boat with a dugout hull and planked sides and propelled by sweeps or one or two square sails. We do not know the size of this *viroco*, which was fittingly named the *San Buenaventura*, but she was very small and so badly crowded that the safe return trip to Mexico was perhaps as much a miracle as the result of good seamanship. The return trip took some seven weeks, and during this time the men suffered much from hunger, illness, and exposure. The rigors of this epic voyage prevented close inspection of the coast, although Cermeño describes with fair accuracy the Bay of Monterey, which, however, he crossed from point to point but did not enter. In San Luis Obispo Bay he anchored and was visited by many Indians in tule *balsas*[13] who gave the Spaniards some mush made of seeds and a quantity of bitter acorns in return for some cloth carried by the *San Buenaventura*. In their extremity, a dog which was on board was eaten down to the last morsel by the crew of seventy men. Luck was with them in the Channel Islands, for here they got from the Indians some fish and a seal. Somewhat refreshed, the crew of the *San Buenaventura* sailed on south, and at San Martín Island they found a stranded fish (either a tuna or a shark) upon which the seventy men subsisted for a week, at the end of which time they sailed on, passing Cedros Island and finally coming to anchor at the port of Chacala north of Cape Corrientes.

None of the *San Agustín's* cargo was brought back. Subsequently Francisco de Bolaños, who had been a sailor with Cermeño and was later chief pilot of Vizcaino's *capitana*, the *San Diego*, in 1603, brought that vessel in behind Point Reyes, where she was anchored and plans were made to search for a quantity of wax and cases of silk which had formed the cargo of the *San Agustín*. Anxiety over the accompanying *fragata*, the *Tres Reyes*, prevented this search, and the *capitana* sailed without putting out a landing party.

Let us now return to Cermeño's unfortunate experiences in what we know now as "Marvelous Marin" and the relics of this circumstance which have recently been discovered. This discovery has little of the romance which surrounds that of the accidental finding of the Drake Plate, but is rather the successful realization of a planned search for these exact items by trained archaeologists. The events leading up to the decision to institute the search for material evidence of Cermeño at Drake's Bay, and the reasons why archaeologists, rather than pure historians, should have taken the initiative, may be of interest. The anthropologist, like the historian, is interested in chronology but, with few exceptions, deals with a relative rather than an absolute chronology. For the simple California Indian cultures of antiquity we know from archaeology only that some are earlier or later than others. We do not know how much earlier or later, and this is exactly what we should like to know in order to estimate the rate and degree of cultural change which has occurred, however slowly, within these rude civilizations. What the culture historian looks for in this dilemma is some sort of an absolute time datum, whether this datum be fifty, or a hundred, or several hundred years old. Accordingly, he inspects the historical accounts and is perhaps fortunate in finding that this or that early explorer described certain customs of the Indians at a certain date. This is a lead, for he may find that, in the elapsed time since the explorer described the native cultures and the present, the culture has changed or altered in some detail. He then attempts to find any archaeological evidence of this explorer's contacts with the Indians by digging in the old village sites. If such evidence is found, an absolute time datum in an archaeological site which was probably inhabited prior to and later than our hypothetical explorer's visit is thus determined. Archaeologists have made extensive use of early historical accounts for identifying village sites now dead but abandoned in historic times, and for dating Indian remains associated with trade articles of European manufacture whose age and provenience is determinable. It was, therefore, with all this in mind that the Department of Anthropology of the University of California decided, in 1940, to undertake excavations in the coastal shellmounds at Drake's Bay with a view to finding in these sites a level of occupancy which would yield some sixteenth century objects which would establish a date for the native culture in operation at that time. Two possibilities were kept in mind as to what might be found: perhaps some relics of the Drake landfall in 1579, or more probably, evidences of Cermeño's shipwreck in 1595. Either would be satisfactory, since the time was approximately the same, but if some Drake relics should be found they might afford a final solution to a problem which for many years has vexed California historians. Although the University research party succeeded in finding in the Indian shellmounds abundant evidence of sixteenth century European contacts, these were regrettably not of the type which pointed to Drake, but rather to the Cermeño expedition and its wrecked vessel, the *San Agustín.*

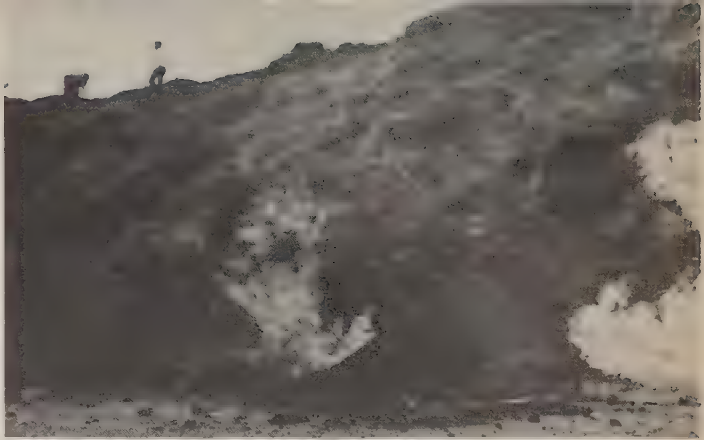

Murphy Ranch
DRAKES ESTERO
CAULEY
HALL
Estero Limantour
ESTERO
Muddy Hollow Ranch
Laguna Ranch
N
236A
Approx. location of Cermeño's anchorage
DRAKES BAY
BEAR VALLEY
247
Lighthouse
C.G. Station

Map of Drake's Bay showing location of archaeological sites producing sixteenth century iron spikes and porcelain.

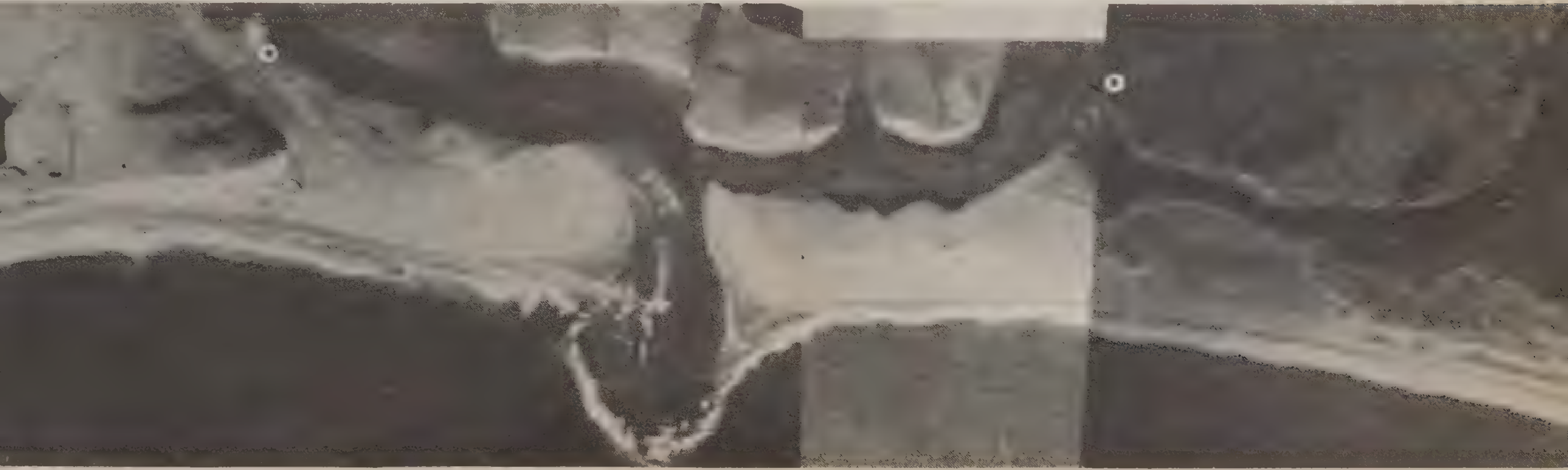
●, sites with iron spikes and porcelain
○, sites with porcelain

In May of 1940 the University field expedition set up a camp on Point Reyes and began working on two shellmounds on a bluff about one mile northwest of the present Coast Guard station. Relics of numerous burials and cremations were recovered, but the site showed no evidence of historic contact material in any form. The conclusion therefore was reached that this site was probably unoccupied at the time of Cermeño's sojourn, and perhaps was a dead and abandoned village by that date. At any rate, the site was unproductive from the standpoint of the historic materials for which the party was searching. Operations were therefore shifted around the bay to the shores of Drake's and Limantour Estero, where excavations were carried

View of Drake's Bay showing the white cliffs which face the sea.
Taken from the low hill about one mile south of the estero entrance.

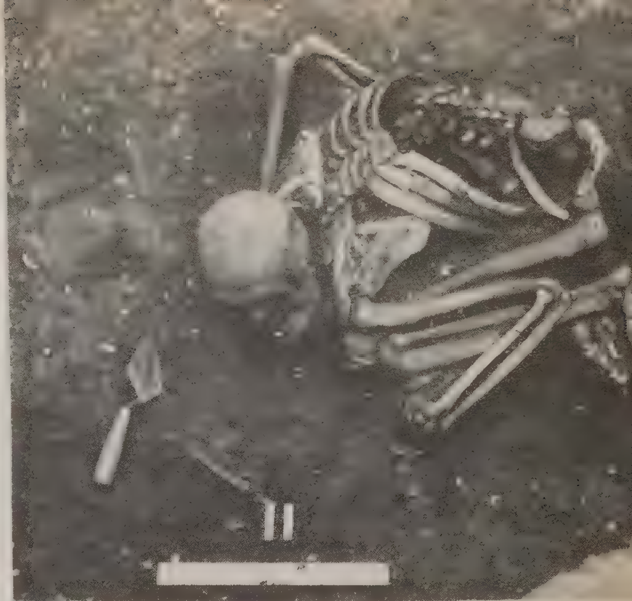


University of California archaeologists throwing dug shellmound deposit of the Estero site over the bluff.



Airphoto of the estero entrance, Drake's Bay. White circles indicate location of archaeological sites which yielded porcelain and iron spikes.

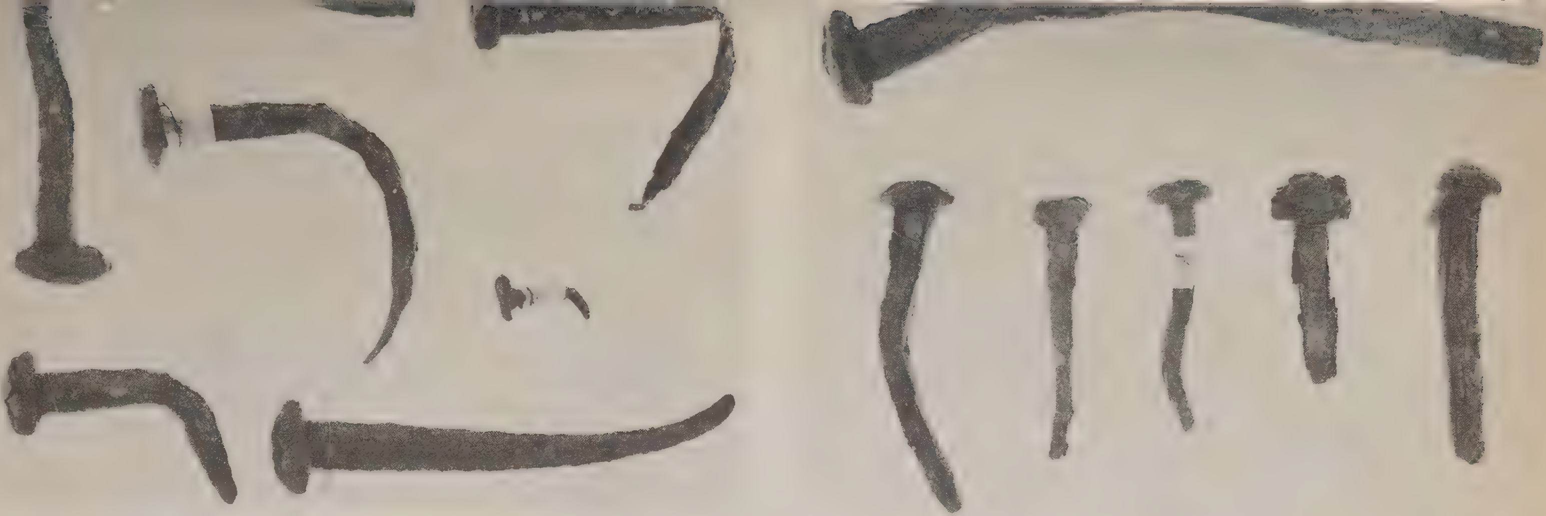
Excavations on
the Cauley site,
July 1941.



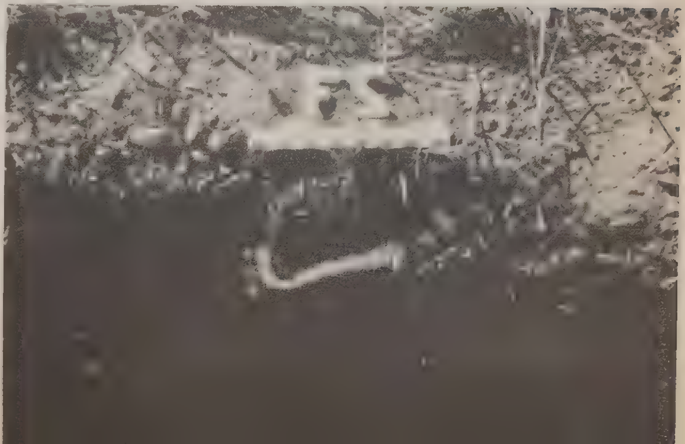
Burial No. 11,
Cauley site,
showing iron spikes
in association.

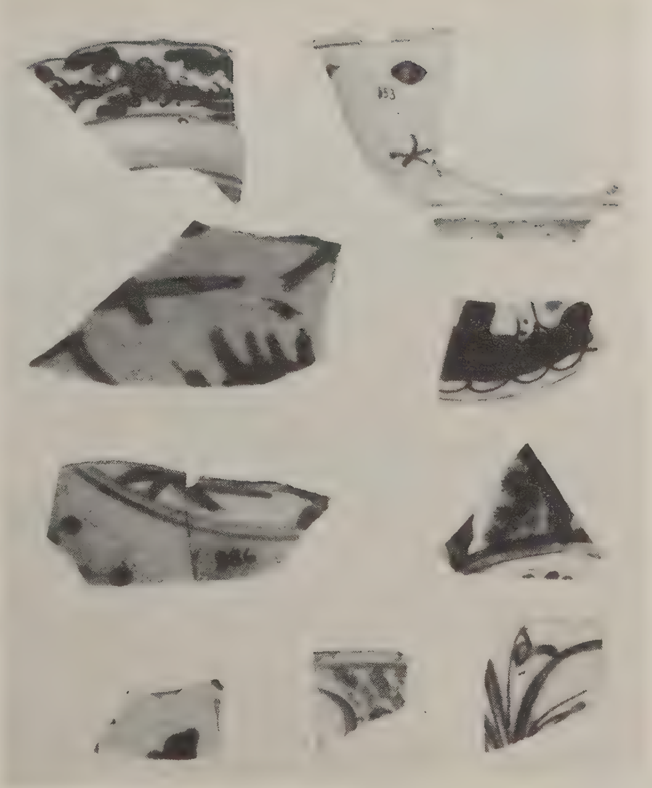
Stratification
of deposits,
Estero site.

The head of
Bear Valley
showing tent camp.
Location of

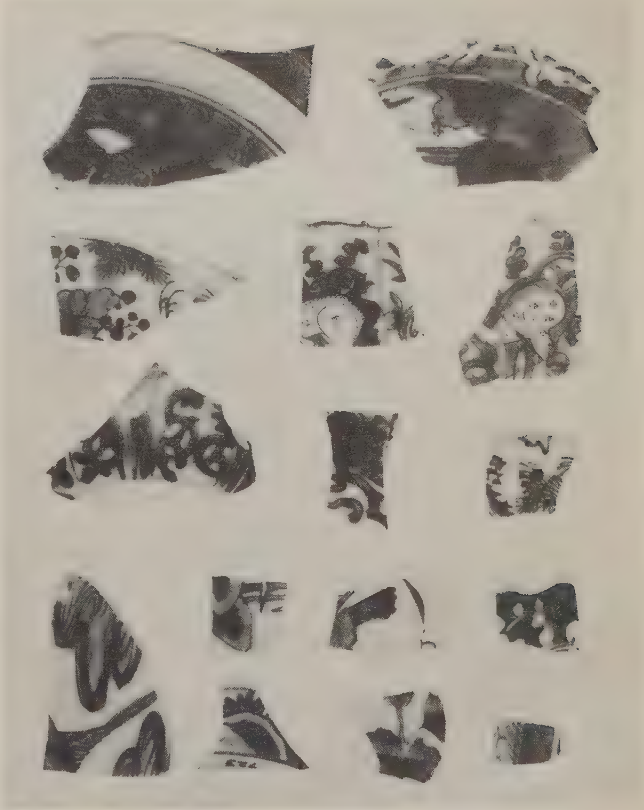


Iron spikes from the Estero and Cauley sites, Drake's Bay.





Porcelain of the Wan Li period (1573-1619): A, F, Estero site; I, site 274. Porcelain of the Ming period (ca. 1600) made for export to India: B, Cauley site; C, E, G, Estero site; B, Hall site. Porcelain of the Chia Ch'ing period (1522-1566): D, Cauley site.



Porcelain of the Wan Li period (1573-1619): A-H, Estero site; I, Hall site; J-N, Bear Valley site; O, site 236A.

on in two sites which we felt certain were among those described and visited by Cermeño in 1595. Here was to be the acid test of our project. As the trenches were dug in the Estero site (see map and illustration) at the entrance to the Limantour Estero, in the upper layers near the surface an occasional rusty, archaic-looking iron spike or a fragment of blue chinaware was found (see illustration). These looked promising, but we remained unconvinced that they were the materials we were seeking. When, however, we found similar spikes and chinaware fragments in the Cauley site (see map), some three shoreline miles away to the northwest on the east shore of the main arm of Drake's Estero, we became more sanguine, for from the occurrence in two sites we had reason to suspect that the spikes might have been part of the *San Agustín* and the chinaware may have been either a remnant of her cargo or some of the mess equipment of the same ship. We returned to Berkeley at the end of the summer, catalogued our material, and sent off the chinaware fragments to a specialist in Chinese porcelain.[14] It was not until June 1941 that we received a definite identification by Theodore Hobby, assistant curator, Department of Far Eastern Art, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who attributed our porcelain sherds as of late Ming manufacture and made at the great pottery center of Ching-tê Chên in China.[15]

The first (i. e., 1940) season's finds amounted to only eleven chinaware fragments, and these were identified as follows:

NO. OF PIECES	SITE	ATTRIBUTION
9	Estero	Wan Li period (1573-1619)
1	Estero	Late Ming porcelain (ca. 1600) made for export to India
1	Cauley	Late Ming porcelain (ca. 1600) made for export to India or Persia

This beginning was so hopeful that in the summer of 1941 the University, with funds granted from the Committee on Research, again arranged to send out an archaeological party to dig more sites at Drake's Bay.[16] The results amply repaid this move, for by August 1941, the Cauley and Estero sites and four additional shellmound sites yielded some sixty-one more fragments of the now familiar blue porcelain. The location of the new sites excavated in 1941 (Hall, Bear Valley, No. 236A, No. 274) is shown on the accompanying map. The following tabulation gives the details of the porcelain recovered from the Drake's Bay sites excavated during the summer of 1941:

	CHIA CHING (1522-1566)	WAN LI (1573-1619)	LATE MING* (ca. 1600)
Estero	..	ca. 34	1
Cauley	1	..	2
Bear Valley	..	16	1
Hall	..	1	1
No. 274	..	1	..
No. 236A	..	3	..
	1	55	5

*For Indian and Persian export.

To summarize, from six archaeological sites (Cauley, Hall, Estero, Bear Valley, No. 236A, No. 274) there have been recovered some seventy-two fragments of sixteenth-century blue porcelain[17] which represent not less than twenty-four originally complete vessels. Three sites (Cauley, Estero, No. 236A) have yielded a total of forty-nine crude, handwrought iron ship's spikes (2, 46, and 1, respectively).

Nearly all of the iron spikes are bent into a J or fishhook shape, and for this there must be some explanation. In answer to the obvious suggestion that the Indians bent the points of the spikes, it may be pointed out that these spikes bear no evidences whatever of marks of usage (i. e., abrasion, hammering, wear from use, etc.).[18] Nor is it probable that if the Indians had made use of the spikes from the wreck they would have bent them all in the same way. The following explanation is offered to account for the presence of the spikes in the Indian shellmounds, the bending of the spikes, and absence of signs of usage on the spikes: As the *San Agustín* lay half sunk in the shallows of the bay near the entrance of the Estero, she was battered and ripped apart by the waves and tides. When a section of side-planking ripped off and washed up on the beach it was rolled around, and in the process the spikes, already bent as the plank was wrenched off the ship's frames, were further clinched over. Such a plank would be a welcome find to the Indians, for they could use it to help roof over their semisubterranean houses.[19] That the Indians did steal planks from the wreck of the *San Agustín* even while the Cermeño party was still at Drake's Bay is attested in one of the depositions.[20] As the ship gradually went to pieces an increasing amount of wood must have become available to the Indians. Our archaeology showed that numbers of spikes were found in concentrated areas at from six to eighteen inches below the surface of the undisturbed Estero site. These concentrations presumably represent the spot where once stood native underground houses roofed over with planks from the *San Agustín*. When the houses were abandoned or burned (as was their fate in many cases) the boards disappeared and the iron spikes alone remained.

The presence in the Indian village sites of the Chinese export porcelain ware is relatively easy to explain. The wider occurrence of porcelain fragments than of iron spikes may be accounted for on the basis of greater usefulness, attractiveness, and portability of the porcelain vessels. Although no complete porcelain bowls or plates were found, there did occur in more than one instance, in single sites, several fragments of the same vessel. Presumably the whole pottery vessel was brought to the site and, when broken, was discarded and became scattered in the refuse layers. None of the fragments, all of which are irregular and have sharp edges, bears evidence that they were looked upon by the Indians as particularly valuable objects. Had they been so regarded we might expect that an especially colorful piece would have been drilled or notched for attachment to a cord and worn as a decorative pendant, but no evidence of this was found. Nor were any porcelain vessels found as burial offerings in the graves which were excavated.[21] These blue decorated porcelain bowls and plates seem to have been regarded by the Drake's Bay Indians as utilitarian containers and were discarded with other damaged tools, emptied clamshells, picked birdbones, etc., when they became broken. For several reasons it seems doubtful that the Indians were showered by the Spanish with such a plethora of gifts of porcelain vessels. The accounts mention only cloth goods and a few trifles as given to the natives at Drake's Bay—no reference is made to gifts of the more or less valuable chinaware. The Indians could have got these porcelain pieces from either of two sources: (1) from the camp of the Spanish, abandoned when they left in the *San Buenaventura* for Mexico, or (2) from some boxes containing porcelain which drifted ashore after the wreck had fallen apart so that its cargo could wash out. That the latter circumstance could have taken place is illustrated by the statement of Sir Edward Belcher, who received from the Hudson's Bay Company several articles of "Japanese chinaware" which had been washed ashore from a Japanese junk wrecked near Cape Flattery in 1833.[22] Since we know that the Indians secured the planks (at least in safety) only after the Spanish left, the same situation, in view of its value to the Spanish, may well have applied to the chinaware.

A preliminary report on the metallurgical analysis of the iron spikes has been submitted by Drs. Colin B. Fink and E. P. Polushkin. Unfortunately, forged iron is not amenable to the same exacting and determinative type of analysis as brass, and we must be satisfied with the general conclusion that the spikes are old. It is obvious that the spikes are hand-forged. Their variation in size and shape shows this clearly. That the spikes were found in stratigraphic association with the datable porcelain fragments is evidence *per se* that the spikes and porcelain are of comparable antiquity. The point to be made here is that notwithstanding the absence as yet of an inferable exact date for the spikes on the basis of their metallurgical analysis, the fact that the iron is indubitably old does not conflict with the more exact age indications suggested by identification of the porcelain types found in direct association.

It is only by inference, but inference based upon strong evidence, that we assign the iron spikes and porcelain to Cermeño's expedition of 1595. Although Drake's ship contained some Chinese export porcelain which had been taken aboard when Drake captured a ship from Acapulco bound for Callao,[23] there is little reason to believe that the porcelain which we have found is ascribable to Drake's visit. From the Drake accounts one gets the impression that the porcelain seized from the Spanish ship was highly regarded and hardly the stuff to be given away to their Indian visitors. Here was one of the products of the East Indies—fit to be delivered to the Queen of England rather than to a California native.[24] Furthermore, the Indians where Drake landed refused to accept gifts. Fletcher states that all presents given to the natives by the English were returned.[25] It seems most unlikely on these grounds that the porcelain may be ascribed to Drake.

On the other hand, the evidence points strongly to Cermeño's expedition as the one which introduced these remains. Indications that planks, which might easily have been from the wrecked *San Agustín*, were gathered from the beach by the Indians and the dates of manufacture of the porcelain all point to the Cermeño expedition. Furthermore, the Indian village which once stood on the archaeological Estero site was occupied at the time of Cermeño's visit, and it is near this village that the *San Agustín* was wrecked. It is not likely that heavy driftwood planks would be carried any great distance, and in this connection it is important to note that the Estero site is certainly within practicable carrying range.[26]

The results of these finds are of value. The archaeologist has succeeded in identifying a level of Indian occupation in six archaeological sites at Drake's Bay. This identification furnishes him with the earliest dated aboriginal remains in California and will be of great potential value as a temporal datum in unraveling the chronological threads of the development of pre- and post-discovery Indian cultures. The California historian sees these few material remains of Cermeño's California experience as relics of antiquarian and historical interest. Their antiquity and connection with one of the earliest explorations of the California coast and the Philippine trade make ther treasures in his eyes.

NOTES

1. Dr. J. L. Ord, of Santa Barbara, once told Henry L. Oak that he had seen Cabrillo's grave. Henry L. Oak, "Some Rare Books about California," *Overland Monthly*, XII (June 1874), 570. In answer to specific inquiry as to whether any historic material directly attributable to Cabrillo had ever been found or identified, Mr. Arthur H. Woodward, of the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art, writes that glass beads of the "chevron star" or "Twelve Apostles" type, attributed to the sixteenth or early seventeenth centuries, have been found on the Santa Barbara Channel coast, and "may be safely attributed to the Cabrillo period." Arthur H. Woodward to the author, Los Angeles, October 20, 1941. It thus appears possible that these beads may have been left by Cabrillo in the Channel area, but since they also might have been left by Vizcaino in 1602-3 and the evidence is indirect we must await further discoveries in order to be certain that we hold tangible evidence of Cabrillo's expedition to California in 1542.

2. These are summarized from the following: Henry Raup Wagner, *Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America in the Sixteenth Century* (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1929), pp. 154-67, 369-73; *idem*, "The Voyage to California of Sebastian Rodríguez Cermeño in 1595," this QUARTERLY, III (April 1924), 3-24; George Butler Griffin (editor and translator), "Documents from the Sutro Collection," *Publications* of the Historical Society of Southern California, II (1891), 17-22.

3. The locations of these coastal Pomo villages are shown in Samuel Alfred Barrett, *The Ethno-Geography of the Pomo and Neighboring Indians*, University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. VI, No. 1 (Berkeley, 1908), map at end.

4. Wagner, *Spanish Voyages*, p. 158.

5. These Indian customs agree well with those of the Coast Miwok tribe in the vicinity of Drake's Bay. Francis Drake in 1579 observed Indians on the California coast whose culture agrees closely with those seen by Cermeño. Robert F. Heizer, "An Ethnographic Analysis of Fletcher's Account of the Indians of California, 1579," MS.

6. For this and other acts of taking possession, see H. R. Wagner, "Creation of Rights of Sovereignty Through Symbolic Acts," *Pacific Historical Review,* VII (December 1938), 297-326.

7. Although Fletcher describes the attitude of the Indians in different terms, which is understandable since he was an Englishman and was less acquainted with natives than Cermeño and his companions, it would appear that the California aborigines regarded both the English (1579) and Spanish (1595) with fear and wonderment. This is a point which favors the view that both Drake and Cermeño landed in Drake's Bay. The chief difference in native actions, as Mr. Wagner has indicated, is that the Indians did not weep or lacerate themselves for Cermeño and his men. It is not easy to explain this difference, except perhaps on the ground that the Spanish acted very differently toward the Indians than did the English.

8. The banner with black feathers is presumably the ceremonial staff associated with the Central Californian *Kuksu* cult. See Alfred Louis Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California,* Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 78 (Washington, 1925), pp. 261-62. S. A. Barrett, *Ceremonies of the Pomo Indians,* University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, XII, No. 10 (July 1917), p. 425.

9. See note 7.

10. The original plan seems to have been to use the light-draft Philippine launch for a shore survey where the larger and more valuable *San Agustín* would have been impracticable.

11. Wagner, *Spanish Voyages,* p. 371.

12. The Estero site is identified by several other early explorers. See translation of the Bolaños-Ascension *Derrotero* printed in Wagner, *Spanish Voyages,* pp. 435-36. It reads: "On the northeast side [of Drake's Bay] there are three white cliffs very near the sea, and in front of the one in the middle an *estero* enters with a very good mouth without breakers. On going in this, you will soon encounter friendly Indians, and can easily find fresh water." The *Derrotero* was also printed by José Gonzalez Cabrera Buena in his *Navegacion especulativa y practica . . .* (Manila, 1734), from which it was translated in part by Henry L. Oak, *op. cit.,* p. 569. Professor Davidson is the first to identify our Estero site with the village mentioned by Bolaños. George C. Davidson, *Identification of Sir Francis Drake's Anchorage on the Coast of California in the Year 1579* (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1890), p. 34. Davidson goes even further when he identifies this village with the "Portus Novae Albionis" shown on the Hondius broadside. Davidson, *op. cit.,* pp. 34-35.

13. Mr. Wagner has called attention to the fact that although Cermeño saw tule *balsas* in San Luis Obispo Bay in 1595, all later accounts attest the presence of plank canoes in that place. Wagner, *Spanish Voyages . . .,* p. 371, note 57; *idem,* "The Voyage to California of Sebastian Rodríguez Cermeño . . .," pp. 6-7. This problem was cleared up recently by showing that through influence of the missionaries at Mission San Luis Obispo these superior plank canoes were imported from the Santa Barbara Channel. Robert Fleming Heizer, "The Distribution and Name of the Chumash Canoe," *The Masterkey,* XV (March 1941), 59-61.

14. Our search for a qualified expert on Chinese porcelain was a long one. The porcelain went through the hands of three institutional consultants before Mr. Hobby studied the pieces. The Department of Anthropology expresses its appreciation to Mr. Henry B.

Collins Jr., of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Carl E. Guthe, of the University of Michigan, Mr. Theodore Y. Hobby, and Mr. Horace H. F. Jayne, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for their assistance in this matter of identification.

15. The city of Ching-tè Chèn (on the Chang River in Kiangsi Province), since 1127, when the Emperor of China fled southward across the Yangtze River from the Mongols and set up his court there, was the main Chinese center of porcelain making and the site of the imperial factory. Great quantities of porcelain made here for export have been recovered in Malaysia, India, Borneo, Egypt, and the Philippines. William Bower Honey, *Guide to the Later Chinese Porcelain, Periods of K'ang Hsi, Yung Chêng, and Ch'ien Lung* (London: Victoria and Albert Museum, 1927), Chaps. 2, 3, 8. In connection with import wares, it is interesting to call attention to the fact that we have fragments of two porcelain plates (see illustration) which are almost identical with one pictured by Emil Hanover in *Pottery and Porcelain, a Handbook for Collectors*, Vol. II, The Far East (London: Ernest Benn Ltd., 1925), fig. 130, and described as "Export porcelain made for Persia. Period of *Wan Li*" and now in the Constantinople Museum. Chinese pottery of the Sung Dynasty (960-1278 A. D.) and Ming Dynasty (1368-1643) is abundant in burial caves and native cemeteries in the Philippine Islands. Fay Cooper Cole and Berthold Laufer, *Chinese Pottery in the Philippines*, Field Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Series, XII, No. 1 (Chicago, 1912). After the Spanish had become established in Manila, the trade between China and the Philippines was greatly increased. The trade articles were cloth, porcelain, iron, and various luxury goods (Cole and Laufer, *op. cit., passim.* See also B. Laufer, *The Relations of the Chinese to the Philippine Islands*, Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, L, 248-84 (Washington, 1907). This commerce was stimulated by the Philippine trade with Mexico carried on after 1565 by the galleons (significantly called the "China Ships") whose cargoes always included fine Chinese porcelains. William Lytle Schurz, *The Manila Galleon* (New York: Dutton and Co., 1930), pp. 32-33, 63 ff. In Mexico the imported Chinese porcelains were imitated during the period from about 1650 to 1800 to produce a particular style of Mexican majolica. Edwin Atlee Barber, *The Maiolica of Mexico*, Art Handbook of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art (Philadelphia, 1908), pp. 27, 28, 43, 46, 59-72, 105.

As noted elsewhere in this paper, the porcelain from the Drake's Bay archaeological sites is predominantly attributable to the period of the Wan Li reign (1573-1619), which was the ninth of a total eleven of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1643). The dating of the porcelain accords well with the time of Cermeño's voyage of 1595, but is too indefinite to eliminate Drake, who in April 1579 removed several chests of such porcelain from a Spanish ship bound for Callao.

16. The 1940 season's work was supervised by the present author. In 1941 Mr. Richard King Beardsley, of the Department of Anthropology, was in charge of operations.

17. A single porcelain fragment (Field No. 200, Estero site) is unique among all others by reason of a surface decoration of gold and copper-red painted over the blue underglaze. This piece, found at a depth of 33 inches and under similar conditions to the others in the Estero site, has been identified by Mr. Hobby as probably of the *Ch'ien Lung* period (1736-1795). Recognizing this specimen as inconsistent with all the others, which are predominantly of Wan Li or Late Ming attribution, Mr. Hobby suggests some error in its inclusion. There is, however, no error, nor is this piece to be considered as intrusive into the site more than any other single, randomly selected fragment. Whatever the inconsistency means, it seems improbable that a single piece can seriously alter our case. In explanation of this piece, it is suggested that the copper red-gilt decorated fragment is either (1) intrusive, or (2) wrongly identified as to period perhaps owing to lack of sufficient comparative material. It must be remembered that our porcelain constitutes ordinary household utility ware (bowls, plates), which is poorly represented in the

present day collections of Ming porcelain. Our pieces are not works of art or collector's items as such, hence the rarity of strictly comparable check items.

18. Unless, while the planks were used as roof-beams for underground houses, the protruding spikes were bent over by the Indians to prevent snagging their bodies on the sharp points. This explanation is presented here as a possibility. Unlike the Polynesian and Northwest Pacific coast peoples who knew and valued iron in pre-discovery times, the California Indians showed no interest in this substance. From what we know, certain tribes such as the Trinidad Yurok and Santa Barbara Channel Chumash learned to use metal implements readily only after they had been instructed in their superiority. On *a priori* grounds the anthropologist would not expect the Drake's Bay Coast Miwok to value iron as tool material at this early date (1595). The same has been often remarked in connection with the complete lack of interest in native gold in pre-Hispanic times by the California Indians. For data on the early use of metals by the Polynesians and Northwest Coast tribes, see Thomas Arthur Rickard, "The Knowledge and Use of Iron Among the South Sea Islanders," *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, LXII (London, 1932), 1-22; *idem*, "The Use of Iron and Copper by the Indians of British Columbia," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, III (January 1939), 25-50.,

19. The houses near the shore were probably covered with driftwood. Although large pines grow in the hills some three or four miles behind the bay they are so far away that it would have been extremely laborious to carry them down to the beach.

20. Wagner, "The Voyage to California of Sebastian Rodríguez Cermeño in 1595," p. 23.

21. Such burials may occur in some of the sites, and when further excavations are made these may be found. Two graves (one each at Cauley and Estero sites) contained a single iron spike. These spikes show no marks of usage, and I suggest that their presence may be explained on the grounds that the grave was lined with wooden boards, or was marked by a wooden grave post. If a plank or timber from the *San Agustín* were so used, the spikes, which were incidentally present, might be accounted for.

22. Sir Edward Belcher, *Narrative of a Voyage Round the World Performed in Her Majesty's Ship* Sulphur *During the Years 1836-1842* (2 vols., London, 1843), I, 303. There are other similar examples on record. See W. G. Gulland, *Chinese Porcelain* (London, 1898), p. 247.

23. H. R. Wagner, *Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World* (San Francisco: John Howell, 1926), pp. 123-24. "The Famous Voyage" account reads: "When our Generall had done what hee would with this *Cacafuego*, he cast her off, and wee went on our course still towards the West, and not long after met with a ship laden with linnen cloth and fine China dishes of white earth, and great store of China silks, of all which things wee tooke as we listed." Quoted in Wagner, *op. cit.*, p. 271. "The Anonymous Narrative" states that the "ship was laden with Lynen cloth and fine china silkes, & there were also in her diuers chestes full of fine erthen disshes very finely wrought of fine white Erth brought by the Spanyardes from the contrey of Chyna, which disshes the Spanyardes greatly esteme, of these dishes drake tooke four chestes full from them . . ." Quoted in Wagner, *loc. cit. The World Encompassed* says of this ship: ". . . we met with one ship more (the last wee met with in all those coastes) loaden with linnen, China silke and China-dishes . . ." *The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake* (London, 1628), p. 61.

24. For example, it is recorded that Queen Elizabeth received from Lord Burleigh on New Year's Day, 1588, a "porringer of white porselyn garnished with gold," and from Mr. Robert Cecil "a cuppe of green pursselyn" (celadon). This specific mention serves to indicate the high regard and esteem Chinese porcelain was then accorded in England. Emil Hanover says that for even some time after 1600 imported porcelain "was still re-

garded as a considerable rarity by Europeans." It is for this reason that I am inclined to doubt strongly that Drake would have handed over even a single piece(it will be recalled here that we found fragments of not less than *twenty-four* vessels) of this precious porcelain to the California Indians. Hanover, *op. cit.*, p. 85, note 13.

25. Fletcher says in *The World Encompassed*, "Our Generall hauing bestowed vpon them diuers things, at their departure they restored them all againe; none carrying with him any thing of whatsoeuer hee had receiued . . ."

26. This argument also has its weak point, since planks may have been towed by the Indians outside the surf or inside the bar on the waters of the *estero*. But even in this event in a bay where driftwood is well distributed it does not seem probable that logs or planks would be transported for great distances.

GEORGE K. FITCH

From a photograph taken in the late sixties, in the possession of his daughter, Miss Virginia Fitch

George Kenyon Fitch

Pioneer California Journalist

By John Denton Carter

GEORGE K. FITCH was a leading California journalist for almost half a century, from his arrival with a small printing outfit in 1849 until his retirement as editor and part owner of the San Francisco *Bulletin* in 1895. Although his career has remained relatively obscure, there have been few journalists who exerted a greater and more beneficent influence on the course of the State's history over so long a period of time as did Fitch. His daughter, Miss Virginia Fitch, of San Francisco, has recently presented the Fitch papers to the Bancroft Library and a more detailed study of his career is now possible.

George Kenyon Fitch was born on March 2, 1826, in Chautauqua County, western New York, of a family of Connecticut Yankees that had moved west with the stream of migration that followed the close of the War of 1812.[1] When he was six years old the Fitch family was caught up in the next great westward movement, the Jacksonian migration, and this time moved to the Western Reserve in Ohio, about fifteen miles west of Cleveland. He grew up here on the family farm surrounded by the wilderness, helping to clear the land, plant and harvest the crops, and in winter going to school.

When he was seventeen years old Fitch read Franklin's *Autobiography* and thereupon conceived the idea of becoming a printer. He applied to the publisher of a small weekly paper at the nearby town of Elyria for an opportunity to learn the trade. On being accepted, he apprenticed himself for four years at the princely wage of $25 for the first year, $30 for the second, $35 for the third, and $40 for the fourth. In addition to these wages he was to receive board and lodging at the home of the proprietor. He stated that he "accepted it as a first rate opportunity." Here he learned to set type and to work the primitive hand press then in use before the days of the steam press and electric motor.

After eighteen months at Elyria the paper was sold and Fitch accepted a better opportunity on the Cleveland *Daily Herald*, at that time and for some years afterward edited by Josiah A. Harris, one of the leading journalists in Ohio. The *Herald*, according to Fitch, was a fine school for learning the printing and newspaper business.

Fitch remained with the *Herald* until he completed his apprenticeship at the age of twenty-one and then decided to go to New Orleans, where wages were higher and opportunities better for establishing a business of his own. The steamboat trade was then at its height, and New Orleans was booming.

He arrived there in the fall of 1847 with $40 in his pocket and soon obtained work at a small job printing office at $15 per week. He boasted in later years that he always put $10 of this in his trunk on Saturday night. Within a year he was able to borrow enough money to buy an interest in the establishment and by April 1849 was clear of debt and the part owner of a profitable business.

California was first drawn to Fitch's serious attention in the spring of 1849 through his encountering by chance a copy of the *Alta California*. The gold fever took possession of him as it did so many others at that time, and he decided to go there and establish a newspaper. He sold his interest in the job printing office, taking his pay largely in old type. He bought elsewhere enough material to start a newspaper, acquiring "about $600.00 worth of material which included everything necessary to print a newspaper (weekly), including 300 reams of small size paper, the type, a small press, chases and column rules."[2] This material he shipped around Cape Horn to California, in June 1849, and made preparations to take passage himself by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

On July 13, 1849, Fitch left New Orleans on the steamer *Falcon*, bound for Panama.[3] He landed at the mouth of the Chagres River and proceeded by canoe up that winding stream to the town of Gorgona. From Gorgona the trip to Panama City was made on foot over winding roads and across unbridged streams, with the rain at times pouring down in torrents. On his arrival at the latter place he found to his dismay that the steamer *Oregon*, which was to take him on to San Francisco, had met with an accident in Panama Bay and would be delayed for four to six weeks. There was nothing to do but to wait and make the best of it.

Fitch's impressions of Panama have been preserved in a letter to his old employer, Josiah A. Harris, which was published in the Cleveland *Herald*. There is one passage in the letter that deserves quoting, for it not only gives a good picture of the mind of "Young America" of the mid-nineteenth century, the buoyant, arrogant spirit of Manifest Destiny, but also gives an insight into the Yankee mind of George K. Fitch and his simple faith in the sterner virtues of life. In commenting on the ruins of Panama's ancient houses, churches, and fortifications, surrounded by rank vegetation, he predicted that the people of the United States would soon spread over the country and build a new and better civilization on the ruins of the old:

> The plough-share of American progress has already marked the first furrow, which sooner or later must tumble these old rookeries to the ground. 'Tis destiny—'tis the voice of God.—Another race are preparing for this city a new life. Let it come! Onward and upward is their motto, and the indolent and pusilanimous must gradually disappear before the strong arm and determined tread of the invincible Anglo Saxon race. The resources of this country must be developed, and there is no room for the indolent and non-producer. It is not enough that the earth shou[l]d be peopled—it must be replen-

> ished. He who will not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is [b]ound to go back to mother earth, and give place to a new and superior race.[4]

While waiting for the steamer to be repaired, Fitch decided to start a newspaper, to be sold to the several hundred Americans stranded with him at Panama. He made arrangements with the proprietor of a Spanish weekly to revive the *Panama Star*, an English language newspaper that had suspended a month or two before. The proprietor was to furnish the materials and print the paper. Fitch was to prepare all the copy, set the type, and handle the circulation. Profits were to be divided equally. Five issues were published by Fitch: August 4, 11, 18, 25, and an extra on the 27th, the day the *Oregon* sailed.[5] It was a small four-page sheet, 8½ by 12½ inches, two columns to the page, and sold for one dime per copy. With $150 profit from his newspaper venture in his pocket, the editor of the *Star* published his farewell editorial in the last regular issue on August 25:

> The *Panama Star* is indefinitely suspended. Its readers will leave on the steamship *Oregon*, and the Editor will accompany them. Our thanks are hereby tendered to those of our countrymen whose liberality has enabled us to indulge in our favorite vocation during our detention. We mean to present a larger sheet to our friends in San Francisco.[6]

On the morning of September 18, 1849, the *Oregon* arrived in San Francisco Bay. The city of 30,000 people "was now spread out before us in all its unexpected greatness," wrote the enthusiastic young Fitch, but on landing he found a dreary, desolate waste of unpainted shacks stretched along the sand dunes bordering the bay. While waiting for his printing equipment to arrive he decided to try his luck in the mines. In a private letter to Josiah A. Harris at this time he wrote:

> I have come to this country with the intention of establishing a newspaper. My printing materials and paper, with both of which I secured a good supply, will be due about the first of January. Meanwhile, I shall try the diggings. I am well satisfied with my prospects here, but I should hate to take the responsibility of advising others to come. At present, this is a good country to make money in; but I do not see but there are as many poor devils here as any where. There is only a certain portion of any community than [sic] can be wealthy, because a large class always neglect opportunities, or are wasteful. It is so here.[7]

Fitch left for Sacramento on a "crazy little steamer," arriving there late in the evening of September 27. He procured supper for a dollar and slept that night under the trees on the bank of the river. Two days later he and nine other men, including a Methodist preacher, hired five yoke of oxen and two wagons to carry the baggage and set out for the dry diggings at Auburn on the north fork of the American River. Arriving there on October 2, he found only disappointment from the first, for he was never able to earn more than average wages. He found most of the miners making only a bare living, discouraged, and many of them sick. The few successful ones were either those possessed of strength and skill, or the lucky ones who had struck a rich vein or found a large nugget. He advised the readers of the Cleveland *Herald:*

> The extraordinary success of a few individuals is trumpeted abroad. The misfortunes of the many are kept in silence. The truth is, men deceive themselves, who come to this country to get rich in a few months.[8]

Fitch returned to San Francisco in December and, while waiting for his printing equipment to arrive, worked for a short time for Washington Bartlett, who had established the *Journal of Commerce* on January 23, 1850, the second daily paper to be published in San Francisco. His salary was $40 per week.[9]

About the middle of March the brigantine *Samuel Churchman* bearing Fitch's printing materials arrived at San Francisco. Although the outfit had cost only $600 in New Orleans, when it arrived in California it was worth $15,000 and, according to Samuel C. Upham, "could have been sold for that amount in coin, as printing material was very scarce, and 'sorts' were worth their weight in gold."[10] At this time, March 1850, three daily papers were being published in San Francisco—the *Alta California*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *Pacific News*.[11] There was only one paper at Sacramento, however, the weekly *Placer Times*, which had begun publication at Sutter's Fort on April 28, 1849. Since Sacramento offered a more promising field it was decided to ship the printing materials there and establish the paper.

To finance the business until it began earning a profit, capital was needed. Accordingly, Fitch took into partnership three printers, Henry S. Warren, J. M. Julian, and Theodore Russell, and one bookkeeper, Samuel C. Upham. The articles of agreement, dated March 18, 1850, provided that each of the four was to receive a one-fifth interest in the printing office, for which each was to pay him $3,000. The new partners were to pay $300 down and the remainder from the first profits of the business. The agreement provided that Fitch should have charge of the editorial department, with Upham acting as business manager. Warren, Julian, and Russell were entrusted with the mechanical operations.[12]

When the printing equipment arrived at Sacramento it was installed in the second story of a two-story building on Second Street between J and K which had been rented for $250 per month.[13] The first number of the tri-weekly Sacramento *Transcript* appeared on Monday, April 1, 1850. Ferdinand C. Ewer and George K. Fitch were listed as editors. The publishing firm was styled Fitch, Upham & Co. The subscription price was 12½ cents per copy, $16 per year.[14] In addition to publishing the paper the firm also did a large job printing business.

For the first few months the *Transcript* prospered, its profits running as high as $3,000 to $4,000 per month.[15] Shares in the concern doubled and tripled in value. Shortly after publication began J. M. Julian sold his one-fifth interest to Ferdinand C. Ewer for $5,000.[16] On June 13, 1850, Samuel C. Upham sold his interest to Gilbert Cumming Weld for $10,000, Weld taking possession on July 1.[17] Printers' wages were fixed at $60 per week but in the summer of 1850 the printers organized and forced through a piece wage rate of $2 per 1,000 ems in both San Francisco and Sacramento, enabling some to earn as high as $100 per week.[18] On June 1, 1850, the paper came out as a daily, the first daily to be published in California outside of San Francisco.[19]

The prosperity of the *Transcript* lasted for only a few months. The squatter riots, in August 1850, tended to unsettle land titles and were a serious check to the business boom. On October 20 a terrible cholera epidemic struck the city and raged for several weeks, closing up business almost completely. By the 29th there were thirty to forty deaths daily, resulting in a panic in which thousands fled the city, reducing the population by two-thirds. The *Transcript* for November 13 described the panic after the epidemic had subsided:

> Crowds flocked by every road from the city. The steamboats left the levee crowded with passengers. From one point alone,—the Horse Market on K street, men left for upwards of a week at the rate of a hundred a day. Thus the city was soon deserted. Business was suspended. Nearly all the large saloons closed, and there could not have been at one time more than 3,000 people in Sacramento. . . . We cannot but think that in the last twenty-five days our population has been decimated. Our cemeteries look like newly ploughed fields. . . .[20]

A Sacramento doctor counted the graves in the largest cemetery and found 966, of which 826 were fresh, nearly all of them victims of the cholera.[21]

A third blow to the prosperity of the *Transcript* was the competition of new papers that entered this virgin field of journalism. On October 30, 1850, a squatter paper, the *Settlers' and Miners' Tribune*, was founded. A Whig paper, the Sacramento *Index*, was established on December 23, 1850. Both these papers were short-lived, but on March 19, 1851, a group of printers founded the Sacramento *Union* and this proved to be a formidable competitor.[22] The *Placer Times* was still in the field, having become a daily in June 1850, shortly after the *Transcript* began daily publication.

Early in December 1850, the *Transcript* abandoned the independent position announced in its first issue and came out for the Democratic party.[23] On May 8, 1851, Fitch was appointed state printer by the new Democratic Governor John McDougal.[24]

By June 1851, Fitch was the only one of the five original partners remaining with the *Transcript*. At this time he came to the conclusion that three daily papers in Sacramento were too many. In an editorial on the subject he wrote:

> In no place in California has the printing business been more overdone, for at least six months past, than in this city. This is not a wealthy community—our merchants are nearly all small dealers—and when we think that the absolute expense (without a dollar's profit) of publishing a daily paper is not less than $1000 per week, it must seem strange to all that three papers have been sustained as long as they have been. We pretend to say, and we know what we assert to be true, that the three newspapers in this city have not made enough to fairly meet their current expenses last November. They have only been

kept up by gentlemen proprietors throwing in their labor (and it has been hard labor,) for no adequate reward.[25]

The editor of the *Transcript* proposed to Loring Pickering and Joseph E. Lawrence, proprietors of the *Placer Times*, that the two papers combine, thus lessening the competition and giving hope that the new paper might make a reasonable profit.[26] The proposal was accepted, and on Monday, June 16, 1851, the new paper, the *Placer Times and Transcript*, appeared on the streets.[27] The publishing firm was styled G. K. Fitch & Co.

The union of the *Placer Times* and the *Transcript* was the beginning of a friendship and business association between George K. Fitch and Loring Pickering that was to last a lifetime. Pickering was born at Richmond, New Hampshire, on July 13, 1812, but migrated west as a young man.[28] In 1849 he was one of the publishers of a St. Louis newspaper, but when the paper went bankrupt he decided to come to California and start anew. After a short time as proprietor of a general store at one of the mining camps, he came to Sacramento and bought an interest in the *Placer Times*. In later years Fitch and Pickering were publishers for a short time of the *Daily Alta California* and finally co-owners with James W. Simonton of the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin* and *Morning Call*, from the Civil War period until Pickering's death in 1892.

The new partners worked well together, and the paper was soon placed on a profitable basis. Both were Democrats and so continued the policy of supporting the Democratic party. New equipment, including a Hoe cylinder power press, was installed. The paper began soon to publish both a semi-monthly steamer edition, for distribution in the Atlantic States, and a weekly edition, to be sold in the mining camps and rural districts of California.[29]

The *Placer Times and Transcript* continued to prosper until the winter of 1852. On February 5 of that year, at the time of the first meeting of the legislature at Sacramento, a new Democratic paper, the *State Journal*, was founded by Vincent E. Geiger and Benjamin F. Washington.[30] Ruinous competition ensued between the two papers. Rivalry became so bitter that Fitch and Geiger came to blows in the hall of the State House when the *Times and Transcript* published an editorial referring to the latter as a "spunger."[31] The same old problem of too many rival papers at Sacramento again faced Fitch and Pickering. At this time there was no Democratic paper in San Francisco, where the leading dailies were usually independent. Fitch proposed to the editors of the *State Journal* that one of the Democratic papers at Sacramento pay the other $3,000 to move to San Francisco, thus giving both papers a clear field.[32] Geiger and Washington were given their choice and elected to remain in Sacramento, being very happy to get rid of a troublesome rival at so cheap a price. The *Placer Times and Transcript* closed up business at Sacramento and on June 28, 1852, began publication in

San Francisco.[33] The latter city was to become the scene of Fitch's journalistic labors for the next half century.

The *Times and Transcript* gave loyal support to Pierce and the Democratic party in the fall elections of 1852. When the new administration took office, however, the control of the patronage at San Francisco was given to the Southern wing of the party. The paper's prosperity depended to a large extent on party support and, since Fitch and Pickering were aligned with the Northern or Broderick group in the party, they decided to sell out.[34] The paper was sold to the proprietors of the *State Journal* for $30,000.[35] The last issue published by G. K. Fitch & Co., July 2, 1853, carried a notice of the dissolution of the partnership of George K. Fitch, Loring Pickering, and James B. Devoe.[36] On Monday morning, July 4, the paper appeared with B. F. Washington and J. E. Lawrence as editors.[37]

Fitch now established a brokerage business with Loring Pickering at San Francisco, but after a few months he gave this up and went East to visit his family and friends.[38] He was at this time only twenty-eight years old but was a man of some wealth and considerable experience. A little more than ten years before, he had left the farm to strike out for himself and during that period had encountered more varied experiences and borne greater responsibilities than do most men in a lifetime. At Cleveland he was given a most enthusiastic welcome by his old employer on the *Herald*, Josiah A. Harris. A news item in the *Herald* recounted the main facts of his career in California and expressed pleasure in knowing that "in addition to a wide and honorable reputation, Mr. F. has won handsome success in a pecuniary point of view."[39] It no doubt gave Fitch considerable pleasure to present to the *Herald* editor what was described as a "fine and heavy double-case gold watch and chain" on which was engraved, "Presented to Mr. J. A. Harris, by a *graduate* of the Herald, July, 1854."[40]

Fitch returned to San Francisco in the fall of 1854 just after the sensational departure of Henry C. Meiggs and in time to witness the banking panic of February 1855. During the severe depression that followed the panic there was little encouragement to embark on new undertakings, and he remained inactive for about a year. He returned to the publishing business when he and Loring Pickering purchased the *Alta California* for $8,000 at a sheriff's sale in October 1855.[41] The *Alta*, the "mother of California dailies," had met with reverses the past year and was no longer the leading daily in California. In January 1855, it had passed out of the hands of its original owners, E. C. Kemble and Edward Conner, when it was sold at auction for $13,500 to satisfy its creditors.[42] It was sold again at auction on September 28, 1855, to William F. Herrick, this time bringing $11,000.[43] Within a week or two the paper passed into the hands of Fitch and Pickering.

The time was most unfortunately chosen to re-enter the field of journalism in San Francisco, for on the very day that Fitch and Pickering issued their first number of the *Alta*, October 8, 1855, James King of William launched his little sheet, the *Daily Evening Bulletin*.[44] The *Bulletin* proved to be an immediate success. Its sensational attacks on bankers, politicians, rival editors, gamblers, and criminals of all types, caught the public fancy. Its circulation mounted rapidly, and by the first of the year it claimed to be leading the field.[45] This kind of competition Fitch and Pickering, with their more conservative methods, were unable to meet. In addition to the *Bulletin* there were nine other rival dailies in San Francisco bidding for public support.[46] The *Herald*, edited by John Nugent, and the *Daily California Chronicle*, edited by Frank Soulé, were well-established and well-edited dailies and offered almost as stiff competition as the *Bulletin*. On April 4, 1856, six months after purchasing the *Alta*, Fitch and Pickering sold out to R. C. Moore & Co., and again retired from the newspaper field.[47]

In 1857 Fitch went East again and on April 21 of that year was married to Miss Clara V. Duvall, daughter of a Washington, D. C., merchant.[48] He returned with his bride to California in November.[49] The following month, in partnership with Thomas Rutherford, Fitch purchased a weekly commercial paper, the *Prices Current and Shipping List*. This proved to be an unprofitable venture, however, and within six months he relinquished his control.[50]

Fitch's real opportunity in the newspaper field came with the changes that took place in the ownership of the *Daily Evening Bulletin* in 1859. After the death of James King of William on May 20, 1856, his interest in the *Bulletin* passed into the hands of his brother, Thomas Sim King.[51] Thomas King did not possess the outstanding qualities of his murdered brother but he was, nevertheless, an able journalist. He hired capable assistants, and under his editorship the *Bulletin* became within a few years one of the two or three outstanding journals on the Pacific Coast. On January 17, 1859, Thomas S. King sold his half interest in the *Bulletin* to his partner, Christian O. Gerberding, the business manager of the paper.[52] Gerberding was primarily a business man and needed a journalist as partner to handle the editorial and news departments. He found the right man in James W. Simonton, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* and the *Bulletin* and in later years general manager of the Associated Press.[53] Simonton was sold a half interest in the paper, and on March 31, 1859, his name appeared at the masthead as editor.[54]

George K. Fitch acquired an interest in the *Bulletin* through his friendship with Simonton. The two had become friends at Sacramento in 1850 when Simonton had brought out a printing outfit from the East with the intention of establishing a Whig paper. When Fitch was in Washington in 1857 he had agreed with Simonton to join in acquiring control of a San Francisco paper at the first opportunity.[55] Three months after Simonton became editor of the *Bulletin*, a one-fourth interest in the paper was sold to Fitch for

$8,500,[56] and on June 16, 1859, his name was added to those of Gerberding and Simonton as proprietors.[57]

Fitch found his place in California journalism only when he tied his fortunes to those of James W. Simonton and became connected with the *Bulletin.* He had given up his affiliation with the Democratic party after he sold the *Times and Transcript* in 1853. It was as an independent journalist that he published the *Alta California* for six months in 1855 and 1856.[58] When he went to the *Bulletin* he became an even more confirmed believer in independent journalism. He stated to an interviewer in later years:

> The Bulletin . . . . rather fashioned me instead of my fashioning it—It changed me as much as I did it & probably more—I adapted myself to that kind of newspaper policy. I had been printing a Democratic paper—I did not like to be in harness—I wanted to be independent in my journalism where I could exercise my own judgment & to be free.[59]

Simonton remained as active editor of the *Bulletin* until the latter part of 1860. As the clouds of Civil War gathered on the horizon, he went East to report at first hand the momentous events that followed the election of 1860.[60] He remained in the East, with only occasional visits to San Francisco, for the next twenty years, fifteen of these as general manager of the Associated Press in New York City.[61] He retained his financial interest in the *Bulletin,* however, and sent dispatches regularly to the paper which were printed under the heading of "Editorial Correspondence." With Simonton's departure Fitch became active editorial director of the paper and he continued so for the next thirty-four years. In January 1861, Gerberding sold his interest in the paper to Fitch and Simonton, and the *Bulletin* was reorganized.[62] Two of the editorial employees, James Nisbet and C. Julian Bartlett, were taken in as partners and sold one-sixteenth share each in the firm. Fitch and Simonton controlled the balance with equal shares.[63]

From 1861 until 1895 Fitch and the *Bulletin* were one and the same in the minds of the people of San Francisco and California.[64] Few journalists in the State exercised a greater influence on the course of public events during this period than did Fitch. Under his control the *Bulletin* continued to grow and prosper for two decades and more. In January 1895, the *Bulletin* was sold at auction, and Fremont Older succeeded to the editorial chair.[65] Fitch died in retirement at San Rafael on June 17, 1906, at the ripe age of eighty years.[66]

NOTES

1. This sketch of Fitch's early life before leaving for California is based on three manuscript sources. In 1886 he dictated to one of H. H. Bancroft's assistants a statement concerning his life which is now in the California MSS, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. In 1896 he wrote out a twenty-seven page autobiography which formed the basis for a short biography written by George D. Squires for publication in a volume of lives of prominent Californians. The volume, however, was never published. The last two items are included in the Fitch collection in the Bancroft Library.

2. George Kenyon Fitch, "Journalism in San Francisco and Sacramento" (1886), (MS in Bancroft Library), p. 6.

3. Fitch's trip from New Orleans to San Francisco is described in a series of interesting letters written to the Cleveland *Daily Herald* and published in the issues of September 18, November 19, 20, 1849, and January 22, 1850. Clippings of these letters are in the Fitch collection. The writer is grateful to Professor Arthur C. Cole of Western Reserve University for checking the publication dates in the files of the Cleveland *Herald*.

4. Clipping from the Cleveland *Herald*, November 19, 1849, in Fitch collection.

5. Four of the five issues published by Fitch are included in the Fitch collection. Copies of all five issues are preserved in the California State Library at Sacramento.

6. *Panama Star* (New Granada), August 25, 1849.

7. Published in part in the Cleveland *Herald*, November 19, 1849.

8. Cleveland *Herald*, January 22, 1850.

9. Fitch, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

10. Samuel C. Upham, *Notes of a Voyage to California via Cape Horn, together with Scenes in El Dorado, in the Years 1849-'50, with an Appendix Containing Reminiscences of Pioneer Journalism in California* (Philadelphia, 1878), p. 275.

11. The *Alta California* began publication as a weekly on January 4, 1849, and became a daily on January 22, 1850, the first to be published in California. The *Journal of Commerce* was founded as a daily on January 23, 1850. The *Pacific News* began publication as a tri-weekly on August 25, 1849; it became a daily on March 4, 1850.

12. G. K. Fitch, H. S. Warren, J. M. Julian, Theodore Russell, Samuel C. Upham, "Articles of Agreement," March 18, 1850 (Fitch MSS in Bancroft Library).

13. Fitch, "Journalism in San Francisco and Sacramento," pp. 11-13.

14. Sacramento *Transcript*, April 1, 1850. A file of the *Transcript* is preserved in the California State Library.

15. Fitch, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 16.

17. The contract signed by Upham and Weld is in the Fitch collection.

18. Fitch, *op. cit.*, pp. 17-18.

19. Sacramento *Transcript*, June 1, 1850.

20. *Ibid.*, November 13, 1850.

21. *Ibid.*, November 13, 1850.

22. For founding of these papers see [Edward C. Kemble], *A History of California Newspapers Being a Contemporary Chronicle of Early Printing and Publishing on the Pacific Coast Reprinted for the First Time from the SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION of December 25, 1858, Being the Account of Early American Printing and Publishing Written Soonest after the Events It Chronicles*, edited, with an introduction, by Douglas C. McMurtrie (New York: Plandome Press, 1927), pp. 142-44, 148. The effect of the new papers on the fortunes of the *Transcript* is described in Fitch, *op. cit.*, pp. 18-19.

23. Sacramento *Transcript*, December 2, 1850.

24. Theodore H. Hittell, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1898), IV, 160-61; for details of controversy involving appointment of Fitch see San Francisco *Herald*, November 22, 24, 1853.

25. Sacramento *Placer Times and Transcript*, June 16, 1851.

26. Fitch, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-20.

27. Sacramento *Placer Times and Transcript*, June 16, 1851.

28. For a sketch of Pickering's career see Loring Pickering, "Biography" (MS in Bancroft Library); San Francisco *Morning Call*, December 29, 1892.

29. Clippings from the *Placer Times and Transcript* in the Fitch collection.

30. Kemble, *op. cit.*, p. 154.

31. San Francisco *Daily Alta California,* March 6, 1852; San Francisco *Daily Herald,* March 7, 1852.

32. Fitch, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

33. Clipping from the San Francisco *Placer Times and Transcript,* June 28, 1852. The articles of copartnership for publication of the paper in San Francisco, dated June 25, 1852, and signed by Fitch, Pickering, and ten others, is in the Fitch collection.

34. See Fitch letter in San Francisco *Bulletin,* September 23, 1859, for statement of his relations with Broderick during this period.

35. Fitch, "Journalism in San Francisco and Sacramento," pp. 23-25. In a letter of Fitch to Simonton, May 18, 1861, Fitch states that the proprietors of the *State Journal,* "none of whom had any money, once got from a few politicians $30,000 and paid it to Pickering, Fitch and Lawrence to purchase the *Times and Transcript* . . ." The Fitch-Simonton correspondence is in the possession of Miss Virginia Fitch, of San Francisco.

36. Clipping from San Francisco *Placer Times and Transcript,* July 2, 1853.

37. Clipping from *ibid.*, July 4, 1853.

38. Fitch, "Journalism in San Francisco and Sacramento," p. 25; clippings in Fitch collection, Bancroft Library.

39. Clipping from Cleveland *Herald* in Fitch collection.

40. *Ibid.*

41. *Alta California,* October 8, 1855; George Kenyon Fitch, "Memoranda furnished George D. Squires in 1896, he having been engaged by some publishers agent to get up biographical sketches of Californians" (Fitch MSS in Bancroft Library).

42. *Alta California,* January 19, 20, 24, 25, September 28, 1855.

43. *Alta California,* September 28, 29, 1855; San Francisco *Herald,* September 29, 1855; San Francisco *Daily California Chronicle,* September 29, 1855.

44. San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin,* October 8, 1855.

45. *Ibid.*, January 4, 1856.

46. There were eleven dailies being published in San Francisco when Fitch and Pickering took over the *Alta,* but the number varied from month to month for the mortality rate was high and new ones were constantly being founded. The number rose to fourteen as the elections approached in 1856. See *Alta California,* October 5, 1855, and Ralph Simpson Kuykendall, "History of Early California Journalism" (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of California, 1918).

47. *Alta California,* April 5, 1856.

48. Squires, *op. cit.;* wedding announcement in Fitch scrapbook.

49. *Bulletin,* December 1, 1857.

50. For details of his purchase of this paper and the lawsuit that followed see *Bulletin,* June 23, 1858.

51. *Ibid.*, May 28, 1856.

52. *Ibid.*, January 17, 1859.

53. For Simonton's career see the following: Paul Kaufman, "James William Simonton," *Dictionary of American Biography,* XVII, 175-76; Augustus Maverick, *Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press for Thirty Years: Progress of American Journalism from 1840 to 1870; with Portrait, Illustrations, and Appendix* (Hartford, Conn., 1870); Elmer Davis, *History of the New York Times, 1851-1921* (New York: New York Times Co., 1921); "Death of James W. Simonton," San Francisco *Bulletin,* November 3, 1882.

54. *Bulletin,* March 31, 1859.

55. Squires, *op. cit.*

56. Fitch to Simonton, February 10, 1861.

57. *Bulletin,* June 16, 1859.

58. *Alta California,* October 8, 1855-April 4, 1856.

59. Fitch, "Journalism in San Francisco and Sacramento," pp. 40-41.

60. *Bulletin,* November 1, 1860; November 3, 1882.

61. Oliver Gramling, *AP: The Story of News* (New York and Toronto: Farrar & Rinehart, 1940), pp. 64-92.

62. *Bulletin,* January 23, 1861.

63. The details of the reorganization may be found in the Fitch-Simonton correspondence, January-June, 1861.

64. Fitch's editorship of the *Bulletin,* the most important period of his career, is outside the scope of this article, which is limited to his earlier struggles to find his place in California journalism.

65. *Bulletin,* January 11, 1895; San Francisco *Examiner,* January 10, 1895.

66. *Bulletin,* June 18, 1895.

Driving Livestock East from California Prior to 1850

By Robert Moorman Denhardt

A GOOD DEAL has been written and considerably more said about the influx of settlers and livestock into California from the earliest times to the present. On the other hand, little mention is found of the general movement, particularly of horses and mules, from California to points east. A little thought, though, will show that such was the case. Out on the Pacific Coast existed a civilization established while our revolutionary forebears were waiting on Bunker Hill to fire their deadly muzzle-loaders. In this Pacific haven livestock flourished and formed the principal basis of life for the early Californians.

During the nineteenth century the people of the United States were beginning to cross the Mississippi and settle in that great area of land lying to the west. The only settlement in the Far West of any considerable age was Santa Fé, which had been a Spanish and Mexican stronghold since the beginning of the seventeenth century. So it was Santa Fé that became the principal stopping place of the early drovers in their movements. It provided the last settlement on the way to California and the first civilization on their way back. A little later we find Salt Lake under the control of the Mormons furnishing another axis and much the same type of assistance. In the early days the livestock was taken from California by traders from New Mexico and the United States. Later we find the Californians also driving their stock east.

One of the earliest ventures undertaken by an Anglo-Saxon to obtain livestock in California and drive them east was accomplished by one Richard Campbell. Campbell was in New Orleans in 1826 and decided there were financial possibilities in bringing California mules to work in the Louisiana sugar industry. So in 1827 he left New Orleans and headed for California. At Santa Fé he picked up thirty men and pushed on to San Diego by way of Zuñi and, to quote, he "found no difficulty throughout the whole distance."[1]

A very few years later, in 1830, Ewing Young was also in California with the same idea. Only his beaver exploits have been stressed in the past, but he was there frankly for two reasons: to trap beaver *and* to buy horses and mules.[2] Young wrote a letter to John R. Cooper in 1830 in which he said: "...It was my intention to return from the Red [Colorado] River in December... and buy mules,... but... I must drop all idea of the mule speculation for this year."[3] When Young left California he took with him some 1500 horses back to Santa Fé.

Ewing Young intended to return but could not. David Jackson took his place.[4] Jackson with Ewing Young and David Waldo had organized a private company with the avowed purpose to "carry on merchandise business in New Mexico, hunt beaver, and purchase mules in California for the sugar plantations in Louisiana."[5] In the fall of 1831, a party under Jackson's leadership launched a mule-buying expedition. Luckily for the historian, the party was composed of some eleven men and Jonathan Warner. Warner lived a long and remarkable life, leaving behind a manuscript full of reminiscences. The mule-buying venture of Jackson is included.

Each man was given a mount to ride and for the length of the expedition was to receive twenty-five dollars a month. This does not seem like much money, but if the expedition took a year Jackson's payroll would be at least three thousand dollars. This indicates the profitableness of the expedition, as three thousand dollars in those days was no paltry sum. Seven mules loaded with Mexican silver dollars were carried along as purchasing power.

Jackson decided on a southern route, and so moved down the Rio Grande del Norte past the copper mines and Tucson to the Colorado. After getting started he decided it would save him money if he could have someone in California gathering livestock for him. Then when he arrived all he would have to do would be to start back without spending needless months in search of animals. Jackson knew that "a man by the name of Cooper" was living on the Coast and had been since the time of Wolfskill's party. Jackson wrote Cooper as follows:

> I call upon you as a friend unknown to act as an agent for me in sending up and down the coast collecting all mules from three to eight [years of age] not to exceed 1000 [in number]. Give [up to] eight pesos for unbroken mules according to [their] quality.[6]

The expedition succeeded in crossing the Colorado Desert rather happily and made their way slowly on to San Diego. They reached this town early in November of 1831. Here, to his disappointment, Jackson did not find any mules and it was necessary for him to continue as far north as San Francisco in order to buy the type of animal he felt suited for his needs. He obtained only about six hundred mules in all but did pick up one hundred horses. The number was so disappointing that he decided to unload them in Santa Fé instead of driving that small number to Louisiana by way of Texas. The Louisiana sugar mills would have to do without California mules for a while.

The adventurers mentioned above who came to California for livestock in the early days do not represent the entire group, but they are good examples. Governor José Antonio Chavez of New Mexico called attention to the trade in livestock between California and the East at this time. On May 14, 1830, he wrote to the minister of the interior of Mexico, telling him of the mule trading with California.[7] A better idea of the amount of the activity arising from the livestock trade can be gained from the following official reaction which occurred during the same period. This was a governmental command issued in California:

"Jan. 1839. The traffic in mules and horses for woolen manufacturers which has hitherto been carried on in the establishments, is hereby absolutely prohibited."[8]

However, this regulation against the trade was about as effective as a certain prohibition issue in the twentieth century. The order went on to suggest that the missions get their own looms in operation so that the Indians would not have to hide their nakedness in New Mexican woolens but might use California's own wool, which the officials of course felt was superior anyway.

Some of this movement included illegitimate trade. It was often as handy to steal as to buy. It saved time and money. Often it was difficult to find the rightful owner of stock which covered every hill in a sparsely settled land. The most famous expedition which carried off horses and mules illegally was the one led by Thomas L. Smith in 1840.[9]

Thomas ("Peg-leg") Smith was probably the most successful Rocky Mountain horse thief that ever carried his business to California. Peculiarly enough, in later years he became almost a social lion in San Francisco. Smith lived with the Utah Indians and, by joining first one side and then the other, succeeded in establishing himself nicely. His fee for his military service was a goodly percentage of the captured horses.

A traveler stopped at Smith's camp in 1850 and, seeing such evidences of wealth, asked Smith from whence it came. He replied that he had just returned from the Spanish country, that is, California, where he had successfully concluded a horse-dealing venture. Asked how much the horses had cost, he admitted that they had come rather dear. Two of his squaws had lost brothers and one a father. When further questioned as to the number obtained, he said that it was originally three thousand, but the rascals had taken back half of what he had started home with.

This raid was carried on successfully from the start. James Beckwourth acted as scout, pretending he was hunting otter. Every ranch from south of the Santa Ana River to San Juan Capistrano was visited and the best horses driven away. The most spectacular raid took place at San Luis Obispo, where the raiders got one thousand tame horses. They took some twelve hundred from this mission alone.

In 1841 the famous Joseph Reddeford Walker made a trip to Los Angeles with the avowed purpose of spending two months to obtain horse and mules. He had with him for the venture a party of fourteen men.[10]

Beckwourth came to California for horses in 1844. He had been rather successful in selling whiskey to the Indians and had obtained not only forty horses but some three thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. He packed this on the horses and headed for California. At the Pueblo de Los Angeles, which he reached in January, he did a profitable business. When he left, he had eighteen hundred horses and considerable other merchandise.[11]

In 1847 Walker was again taking horses east from California. Edwin Bryant wrote:

> Captain W. [Walker] is now on his return from the settlements of California, having been out with Captain Fremont in the capacity of guide or pilot. He is driving some four or five hundred Californian horses, which he intends to dispose of in the United States. They appear to be high-spirited animals, of medium size, handsome figures, and in good condition. It is possible that the trade in horses, and even cattle, between California and the United States may, at no distant day, become of considerable importance.[12]

Bryant was correct in his last assumption, for the trade was then and later of considerable importance.

So frequent were the drives that parties going back and forth had to be careful not to travel too closely behind a herd of livestock, for if they did, they would find little grass for their animals, and difficulty would be sure to arise.

The herds driven east varied according to the size, means, and ability of the expedition. The average number of animals listed in the government records ranges from two hundred to four hundred. However, since they had to pay a tax on those leaving, the chances are only a certain percentage were actually registered. Eugène Duflot de Mofras states that the caravans actually took away some two thousand head annually.[13] One of the largest herds recorded was 4,150, which left California in 1841. We know, however, that other large ones also left.

In 1848 the most astonishing of all the drives took place. This drive was under the direction of Miles Goodyear and was remarkable because of its climax.

> Miles Goodyear when a lad of fifteen years of age was born with an adventurous and independent spirit of adventure possessed him when he afterwards became within a few months from the day he left home a member of a tribe of Utah Indians and was located in the territory made famous by Brigham Young.

It was in these identical words that his brother Andrew in later years succeeded rather well in describing his unusual brother.[14] John Adam Hussey, writing about Miles Goodyear one hundred years later, starts his account in this manner:

> On the morning of April 23, 1848, a sentinel posted on top of a high hill near the Cajon pass in Southern California, sighted several bands of horses approaching from the direction of Los Angeles. He immediately communicated the information to his commanding officer, Lieutenant George Stoneman, 1st United States Dragoons, who was charged with seeing that no stolen animals passed eastward through this important gateway from California into the Mojave Desert, from whence trails led to New Mexico and the frontiers of the United States. The lieutenant immediately sent forward a corporal with four men to halt the caravan at a narrow point to the pass. His report of a few days later laconically records what happened: "On the 23rd an American by the name of Goodyear arrived with 231 animals and 4 men. The animals I inspected and by authority gave him a passport . . . I took from the American one mare not legally vented."[15]

With these brief words the lieutenant recorded the data of one of the oddest of all the many drives out of California. It was not unusual for the lieutenant. In fact, he was stationed at the post with the express purpose of preventing any of the animals from being taken out that were not legally purchased. His reference to the animal "not legally vented" merely meant that the mare in question had not had her brand cancelled, or vented. If it had been vented it apparently had not been done correctly. Each animal sold was always branded again by the owner to show he no longer had any claim to the stock. Each rancher had and recorded his own brand and his own vent.

Miles Goodyear was a frontiersman. Having come to Utah with the Whitman party in 1836, in 1845 he built the first home where the city of Ogden now stands, and the following year a fort and trading post, called Fort Buenaventura, on the Weber River some fifteen miles from the Great Salt Lake.[16] In 1847 he decided to sell out and go to California on a venture of his own.

The Mexican War had broken out and the United States Army needed horses to mount the cavalry. In Mexican fighting, as in Indian fighting, the distances were too great for foot soldiers. Goodyear was quick to react when he heard that the quartermaster in Leavenworth was having difficulty in obtaining enough horses. He knew that horses were cheap and abundant in California and he planned to take them to Leavenworth.

Early in the spring of 1848 Miles and his brother Andrew combed southern California for the best horses they could find. As later events showed, the Goodyears acquired horses full of endurance and stamina. They moved from the Pueblo of Los Angeles to what is now San Bernardino, through the Cajon pass to the Mojave River, striking it practically where the city of Victorville now stands. From there they followed the Mojave River to approximately Barstow, in the heart of one of the worst deserts in the United States. From Barstow to Las Vegas their route was nearly the same as that of the modern Highway 91. The path in those days was known as Journada del Muerto, and aptly so. Even today in a swiftly moving, air-conditioned car it is hot. When he reached Las Vegas, Goodyear pushed his weary horses to the Virgin River, then up the Santa Clara, through Mountain Meadows, across Escalante Desert, and then north to the Sevier River. A branch trail then led to the great Salt Lake. Goodyear pushed on through the wastes of Nevada and Utah till he reached the main trail. Here he met the emigrants going west.

When Goodyear and his party finally reached Fort Leavenworth they heard their news. The war had ended. The market had vanished. And they had driven horses more than halfway across the continent to this market that now was glutted! Miles Goodyear then showed a spark of genius. He decided to turn the horses around and take them back to California. His reasoning was simple and obvious. Gold had been discovered, the horses must now be in demand in northern California. There was no market in Fort

Leavenworth; there would be one at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, so there they would go.

Early the next spring the tenacious "Redhead" was on the trail. By this time, too, his wild horses were thoroughly trail-wise and undoubtedly gave him a minimum amount of trouble. When first leaving California they must have taken every opportunity to bolt for the thickets and any other likely-looking chance which might mean freedom. Now they settled down to the pace and shuffled along at a steady gait. In any case, their return trip from Independence, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, was made in fifty-four days—almost a record for a drive of that description.

Miners in Sacramento said that the Goodyear animals were in a wretched state, and small wonder. Had they not just traveled probably over four thousand miles, a good part of the way over desert country and with alkali water to drink, and the last half of the distance at forced speed? It was a superb test of horse flesh and horsemanship. It is of interest to note that Miles Goodyear made a profit on the expedition.

The drive of the redheaded Miles Goodyear may have been the most interesting, but it was by no means the last. Until the coming of railroad transportation, driving livestock east from California was a common occurrence. Daniel Bruhn was with some forty wranglers that drove 3,000 horses to Denver in 1870.[17] In the same decade Juan Sepúlveda drove two large herds east for John Forster.[18]

Since livestock was plentiful in California, it is not surprising to find horses driven out in large numbers. Some of the early drives had the Louisiana sugar mill markets in mind, as has been shown. The Rocky Mountain men traded them to the Indians for furs. Others sold to the government, which needed cavalry horses. Part of the stock was utilized in the settlement of the Great Plains and Rocky Mountain states, as work animals, as saddle animals, as freight animals, and for the production of the mule for mountain transportation.

NOTES

The above paper was written in the seminar of Dr. Lawrence Kinnaird, of the University of California, and all references are to books and manuscripts in the Bancroft Library.

1. For material concerning Richard Campbell see Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (7 vols., San Francisco, 1884-90), III, 162; Alice B. Maloney, "The Richard Campbell Party of 1827," in this QUARTERLY, XVIII (December 1939), 347; Eleanor Lawrence Meyer, "The Old Spanish Trail from Santa Fé to California" (M.A. thesis, University of California, 1930), p. 8; James Hervey Simpson, *Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Navajo Country . . . .* (Philadelphia, 1852), p. 124.

2. Order of José Berreyeza, San José, July 15, 1830, Departmental State Paper (MSS), II, 135.

3. Ewing Young to John R. Cooper, October 10, 1830, Vallejo Documents (MSS), XXX, 135.

4. David Jackson to John R. Cooper, December 24, 1831, Vallejo Docs., XXX, 280.

5. Jonathan Warner, "Reminiscences of Early California" (MS), p. 11.

6. Jackson to Cooper, December 24, 1831, Vallejo Docs., *loc. cit.*

7. "Itineraire du Nord-Mexico à la Haute-Californie," in *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* (Paris, 1835), Ser. 2, III, 316-23, quoted in Eleanor Lawrence, "Mexican Trade between Santa Fé and Los Angeles, 1830-1848," in this QUARTERLY, X (March 1931), 27.

8. Juan Bautista Alvarado, "Reglamento provisional para administradores de misiones," Santa Barbara, January 19, 1839, Article 8, Dept. State Papers, San Jose, V, 53.

9. For information concerning "Peg-leg" Smith see "Sketches from the Life of Peg-leg Smith," in *Hutchings' Illustrated California Magazine*, V (October, November 1860; January, February, March 1861), 147-55, 198-206, 318-21, 334-36, 420-21; "The Story of an Old Trapper," in San Francisco *Daily Bulletin*, October 26, 1866; Hayes Scraps, California Notes, II, 309-12; Horace Bell, *Reminiscences of a Ranger in Southern California* (Los Angeles, 1881), pp. 282-83; *Nevada Gazette*, October 25, 1866; San Diego Archives, No. 279, IV, 5-6; *The Californian*, San Francisco, October 12, 1867; Honolulu *Sandwich Island Gazette*, December 2, 1837; Thomas L. Smith folder, California Manuscripts; Robert Denhardt, "Southwest Drovers," in *The Cattlemen*, XXVIII (March 1939), 94.

10. [Santiago] Argüello al secretario de Gobernados, Los Angeles, February 10, 1841, Dept. State Papers, Benicia, IV, 3.

11. T. D. Bonner, ed., *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer in the Great West* (Los Angeles: U. S. Library Association [1932]), p. 384.

12. Edwin Bryant, *What I Saw in California* (New York, 1848), p. 143.

13. Marguerite Eyer Wilbur, ed. and trans., *Duflot de Mofras' Travels on the Pacific Coast* (Santa Ana: The Fine Arts Press, 1937), I, 185.

14. Andrew Goodyear folder, in "California Bibliographical" (MS). Dictations from personal interview, *circa* 1875.

15. John Adam Hussey, "A Little Deal in Horses," in *Western Horseman*, V (November 1940), 11.

16. Charles Kelly and Maurice Howe, *Miles Goodyear, First Citizen of Utah, Trapper, Trader and California Pioneer* (Salt Lake City: Western Printing Co., 1937), preface; see also Chapter VIII.

17. Waldemar Westergaard, "Nogle Breve Fra Daniel Bruhn," reprint from *Personal historisk Tidsskrift*, II Raekke, 1 Bind, 2 Haefte (1940), 125-45.

18. William McPherson, "Horse Drive to Utah," *Orange County History Series* (Santa Ana: The Orange County Historical Society), III, 107.

Out of the Past

A True Indian Story

Told by Lucy Young, of Round Valley Indian Reservation

To EDITH V. A. MURPHEY

CONFLICTS BETWEEN the Indians and the whites in what is now Humboldt and Mendocino counties began in the early fifties and continued well into the next decade. When the white people first began settling that region the Indians were not greatly disturbed. But many of the miners and packers used little judgment in their treatment of the natives, and, regarding them as their natural enemies, killed them whenever opportunity offered. The Indians retaliated by murdering whites who may or may not have been guilty of the crime that was being avenged.

As the gold hunters flocked in, the Indians began to fear for their food supply, and the ill-feeling soon became so great that it was considered necessary to keep a detachment of soldiers in the vicinity of Hoopa Valley. In the Mattole Valley, Hydesville, Yager Creek, and Van Duzen districts, trouble between the Indians and whites frequently flared. Fort Humboldt (within the present city limits of Eureka) was established in 1853, and several other military posts followed in the early sixties. The Federal Indian Department also began to take notice of the situation and reservations were set aside and the neighboring Indians were gathered together and placed on them.[1] Many of these, however, escaped, and soldiers were sent in their pursuit.

The kidnapping of Indian children and selling them into virtual slavery was practiced by some of the whites in the early sixties,[2] for a state law permitted the indenture of Indians and Indian children,[3] and unscrupulous men took advantage of it.

Lucy Young, a Wailaki Indian[4] from the vicinity of Alderpoint and now living on Round Valley Reservation in Mendocino County, wishing to present to the world the Indians' side of the story, in 1939 dictated the following recollections of her childhood. Although now over ninety years old and almost blind from cataracts, Lucy is in good health, her spirit undaunted, and her mind clear. The major part of the narrative, as far as we can judge, took place in the summer of 1862. No attempt has been made to dress up the story. The words are Lucy's own.

LUCY'S STORY

My grandpa, before white people came, had a dream. He was so old he was all doubled up. Knees to chin, and eyes like indigo. Grown son carry him in great basket on his back, every place.

My grandpa say: "White Rabbit"—he mean white people—"gonta devour our grass, our seed, our living. We won't have nothing more, this world. Big elk with straight horn come when white man bring it." I think he meant cattle. "'Nother animal, bigger than deer, but round feet, got hair on neck." This one, horse, I guess.

My aunt say: "Oh, Father, you out your head, don't say that way."

He say: "Now, Daughter, I not crazy. You young people gonta see this."

People come long way, listen to him dream. He dream, then say this way, every morning.

They leave li'l children play by him. He watch good. Have big stick, wave round, scare snake away. He had good teeth. All old people had good teeth.[5]

One time they travel, they come to big pile of brush. My grandpa stop, and look at it. He say: "This, good wood. When I die, burn my body to ashes on top of ground. Here gonta be big canoe, run around, carry white people's things. Those White Rabbit got lotsa everything."

"How canoe gonta run round on dry ground all round here?" we askum. "Don't know," he say. "Just run that way." He mean wagon, I guess.

I never grow much. They call me "Li'l Shorty," but I know pretty near everything that time. My grandpa put his head on my head, smoove my hair, and hold his hand there.

"Long time you gonta live, my child," he say. "You live long time in this world."

Well, I live long enough. I guess 'bout ninety-five next summer, if I living till then.

My grandpa never live to see white people, just dreaming every night 'bout them. People come long way, listen him dream.

My grandpa move down by big spring. One day he couldn't get up. He say: "I gonta leave you today. I used to be good hunter, kill bear, elk, deer, feed my children. Can't feed my children no more. Like old root, just ready for growing now. Pretty soon dead. Speak no more."

All seem like dream to me. Long, long ago. Night-time, he die, and in morning, all tied up in deerskin with grass rope. Sit up knees to chin. They tie him up too soon. He roll over, and come back. Scare everybody. He ask for water, and ask for packstrap to basket always carry him in. He ask for li'l basket he always use for cup. He drink lots.

"I starve for water, and want my strap," he say. "That's why I come back."

Then he die. Our people dig big hole, put stick across. Put brush. Put body in. Put more brush. Burn all to ashes. They put basket and strap, too, with him, when he go where people go at last.

First soldiers ever I see, my li'l sister 'bout three feet high. Took us to Fort Baker[6] and down Van Duzen River. Mother run away, twice. Last time tookted us to lower country. I run off, too, many times.

It was in August. Soldiers had all Inyan together. Gonta takum to Hoopa.[7]

Mother run away when we hit redwoods. Hide us all in hollow tree. Lay there all day. I had li'l cup and bucket soldier give me. Mother send me hunt water.

I 'fraid lost. Break bushes every li'l way. Offus dark in redwoods. Can't see nothing. Pretty soon come to big fern. I break it, lay in my track. Pretty soon hear waterfall, fill bucket. Turn back, find stick I broke. Find fern. Good thing I do that way. Might I lost. Too dark, them redwoods.

Two days we lay in hollow log. Hear soldier in camp, go li'l ways, listen. Go li'l further, listen.

Way down gulch, lotsa hazelnut, we eat. Travel on. 'Bout sundown come out open country. Big ridge. Look down. Two elk feed by alder spring. Raise up head like tree branches. Big horn. Then he run quick. We hear brush crack way down there.

We see horse track. Hide again. Somebody whistle. We drop in fern. Just see soldier hat go by. We watchum long ways. When dark come, we go way down open ridge.

Something rustle. I think dogs overtake us. We look back. Skunk family follow us—mother, five li'l ones.

We go down, find li'l flat, heavy timber. We lay down, sleep till sun-up. Mother never eat, just drink water. We got crackers, dried beef from soldiers.

There we stay till sundown. Mother begin get sick. If she die, she tell us go back to soldiers, not to no other white people. We go on. From top of mountain, we come to big pond. High mountain. I pack water for poor mother.

Poor li'l sister tired, can't hardly walk. I pack her by hand. Look all time for sarvice berry. Go way out around. See track. I think must be people. Nobody there. Look close, bear track, deer track, too.

Get pretty close our own country. Bunch grass country. We make li'l hole, so we lay down to sleep. Mother never sleep. I never sleep. Li'l sister sleep. Too tired, li'l sister.

We hear bear coming. Mother raise up head. Moon just coming up. Listen, listen. Bear pass on by. Next thing, Mother say: "Children, wake up, let's go. Sunshine big all over country."

We go round behind Lassik Peak on top of ridge. Rocky. I want hunt water. I starve for water. I hunt for water like in redwoods, see li'l ferns, drink water, carry to mother, rest awhile, then go on. Too hungry we feel. I want go back on road, let soldiers catch us. Then we find sunflower, plenty. We gather head, seed dry 'nough to eat. We go down creek, catch crawfish. Mother can't eat hardtack, make it sick.

We had bedticking dresses, soldiers made us. I wear that. Mother holler: "Young ducks coming down in water." I stand in water, catch li'l ducky in my skirt. Two of 'em. Pretty good size. Can't fly yet. Run on top of water. We killum, club.

We had soldier matches. If didn't had, we could make fire with stick. Lotsa buckeye good for that in Soldier Basin. We swinge cotton [singe the down] off li'l ducks. Get lotsa maple leaf. Fill hole with coals. Wrap ducks in leaf, keep ashes off. Put in hole. Duck offus fat, taste good, smell good. I never eat. Want mother eat, get stronger. I eat dry beef, crackers, good enough. After we eat, I catch crawfish again that I lose outa dress skirt when duck come downstream.

We stay one night. That's all. Keep moving. Up hill here, all way to Kettenshaw. Got to that valley. White man been plant wheat, then go off, leave it.[8] This wheat lotsa ripe. Moonlight. We all pick awhile, drop down sleep. I pick li'l longer. Drop down, sleep. Mother pick all night. Had basket pretty near full.

She wake us up: "Come, children. Big spring ahead of us. We make it tonight."

I 'fraid step on snake, I say. Mother got deerskin, make us high moccasin, up to knee. No moccasin for mother, hide ain't big enough.

We get to big spring, we stay all night, all day. Evening, mother want to go down to head of Soldier Creek. We stay there, gather brush, make basket, pounding basket, call it "Chesta-a." Pounding rock, call it "Bilt-sook."

Two days mother take make "Chesta-a," then pound wheat. Roast it first in old pan we find there. Make pinole.

Long time we stay there, get good basket roots along river. Kinda lonesome there. Talk 'bout move over li'l gulch, get hazelnut. Bear like hazelnut, too. I 'fraid bear get mother. She laugh, tell me if bear get it, take li'l sister to soldier. They gonta take care us both.

Then mother talk 'bout go Alder Point. No rain, no snow. I don't want go, I wanta stay where lotsa wood.

Mother gather hazelnut. Come back quick, 'mence crack all night by small firelight, take hazelnut out. Everytime I wake up, I hear cracking, cracking, so don't have to carry shell.

We move our camp back to Mad River. Don't stay long. Then go South Fork Mountain. There we stay 'bout month, eat hazelnut. Lotsa ketten (camas) bulb, too. Then come rain.

Poor mother, build bark house. He happy there.[9]

One day, I see smoke over to Kettenchaw. Me'n li'l sister playing. We see big smoke raise over Kettenchaw. Mother come out, shade eyes with hand—look, look.

"Guess someum come back from Hoopa," he say.

Mother want go back, see who there. I 'fraid. I tell it: "You go there, someum kill us. I gonta take li'l sister, go to soldier, *now*."

We had thick black oak bark, we pack fire on it, save matches. Evening time, wind blow, 'way down ridge, I see big fire raise up where I drop coal.

Over Kettenchaw two women, one man, burn coals in grass for grasshopper. They see our smoke, know then we still alive.

"That's our cousin and li'l children," they say. "Them that run off from soldier." Lotsa Inyan die on road, starve.

Mother went down to river, stay all night. Morning come, we go way up ridge on top of Kettenchaw. Coming down, mother tell me: "Daughter, I dry for water." I get water. I ask it gonta flat down on Kettenchaw. He say "No, we get out on point see who is, if we know."

Had big load hazelnut to pack. "Push basket up for me, Daughter," mother say. He sit down, I lift strap, push basket up on back. Just then, I hear brush crack. Look quick, see soldier hat. I run back, way back, run in gulch. Mother call me: "Come back, don't run off." I lay there long time. After while, I come back.

Our cousins come there, dressed in soldier clothes. Man had mustache, too. Look strange. I ask it: "Where you woman?" "Coming slow," he say. "Sick, pack grasshopper, pack basket, nothing to eat but grasshopper."

Mother divide pinole and hazelnut. He feedum good. All us went back to Mad River. We had old uncle coming there. Lotsa fish in hole, deep hole. Can't catchum, so we get big root (soap root) poundum, put in hole. Lotsa fish come then top water ain't dead, ain't hurt, just float. If put in fresh water, gonta come alive again.

We eat that evening. They tell me go down river, look for old uncle. I run down quick, come back. Mother tell me: "Stay down li'l while. Might be pass us." I go out again, look all round, hear rock rattle. I watch, watch. See poor old fellow coming, pack big black basket.

I run to camp, say: "Old uncle coming now." "Go on," mother say, "go meetum." I do. He 'mence cry, hold my hand. He had to catch fish, like we did, too.

Fall time, then, acorns getting good. All want go back Alder Point, winter there. 'Mence rain hard. We camp, build bark house. Everybody tell li'l sister 'n me: "Go on outside, play." We get oak ball, playing, playing. We play pitch 'n catch.

White people come find us. Want take us all to Fort Seward.[10] We all scared to dead. Inyan boy tell us: "Don't 'fraid, won't kill you."

Tookted us to Fort Seward, had Inyan women there, all man killed. Plenty house there; any Inyan escape from Hoopa, bring it to Fort Seward.

After while, Chief Lassik come in. White people went away to get grub, snowing. Find Inyan track way down some place on road. Three white men, two-three Inyan boys gonta hunt up who make track—find it.

"Don't run," Inyan boy tellum. "Gonta take you Fort Seward." They bringum, four Inyan men, five women, Fort Seward. Chief Lassik among them. He uncle-cousin my mother. They all stay there, kill deer, pack it in. Pack wood all time.

One white man come there, want take me South Fork Mountain. His woman got li'l baby. He want me stay his woman. He take me South Fork. He herd hogs, gonta takum to Weaver. I never stay long there. This Inyan woman whip me all time. Didden' talk my language. 'Bout week all I stay. Commence rain pretty hard. He tell me go get water. I go down, water muddy. I get it anyway. He ask me, make sign, "Where you get this water?" I showum down to river. He think I get water in hole near house. He throw out water, commence whip me, tell me go get water.

I go down river, pretty steep go down. I throw bucket in river. I run off. Never see bucket no more. I had soldier shoes, take off, tie around neck. Water knee deep. I just had thin dress, can run good. Come up big high bank. Keep look back see if that woman follow me.

Lotsa redwood tree stand there. I see hog got killed, laying there, neck and shoulder eat up. Hog warm yet. When I put foot on it, something come up behind me. Grizzly bear growl at me. Wind blow from river. He smell me. I fall over back in tall ferns. I feel same as dead. Grizzly set there, his paw hang down. Head turn look every way. I keep eye on him. He give up listen, look, turn around, dig hole to sleep in. I keep still, just like a dead. Fainty, too, and weak.

That's time I run—when he dig deep. Water up to my waist. I run through. Get to Fort Seward before I look back.

At last I come home [Fort Seward, where Lucy's mother was]. Before I get there, I see big fire in lotsa down timber and tree-top. Same time awfully funny smell. I think: Somebody get lotsa wood.

I go on to house. Everybody crying. Mother tell me: "All our men killed now." She say white men there, others come from Round Valley, Humboldt County too, kill our old uncle, Chief Lassik, and all our men.[11]

Stood up about forty Inyan in a row with rope around neck. "What this for?" Chief Lassik askum. "To hang you, dirty dogs," white men tell it. "Hanging, that's dog's death," Chief Lassik say. "We done nothing, be hung for. Must we die, shoot us."

So they shoot. All our men. Then build fire with wood and brush Inyan men been cut for days, never know their own funeral fire they fix. Build big fire, burn all them bodies. That's funny smell I smell before I get to house. Make hair raise on back of my neck. Make sick stomach, too.

That man what herd hogs, his Inyan boy speak my language. He say: "Why you come back?"

"That woman whip me every day," I say.

"What for she whip you?"

"Everything, little or big, she whip me."

Boy say: "White man say he gonta take all you folks over there, build you house."

That white man, same evening got me, took to his house. Then took me down South Fork again. I ride behind. He talk his women. He had cowhide rope. Short one. He upped that. Give woman good whipping with that. He stay all night, next morning go back Fort Seward. 'Nother Inyan boy where I was. I didden' know he spoke my language. When man come, that woman wash clothes down by the river. Want me stay take care baby. She go on, then this boy talk with me. He tell me: "Tomorrow, 'nother white man come, gonta take you off. Way down. Tomorrow, white man come."

So it did happen. He take me then. This boy say: "Better you stay white people, better for you. All your people killed. Nothing to come back for."

I didden' say nothing. Yes nor no.

He bring me back Alder Point, this white man did. From there he take me down low. I ride on packsaddle. Had big blanket over me. Winter time.

Get up on top of mountain, meet 'nother white man, got li'l Inyan boy with him. This boy talk my talk good. He ride packsaddle too. They take us way up to Blue Rock Mountain. White men live there. Dogs begin barking. We get there, ride up to gate. White man take me off. I can't walk. Ride all day. Take li'l boy off, too.

I see woman come out of door. I know that woman, one of my people. Bill Dobbins' mother.[12] This one, her father's my aunt. She know me. I know her. She set down in chair, hug me, commence cry. I cry, too, cause think 'bout mother all time.

This woman live with old white man. He cook supper. This woman don't know how to cook. He come in, think I his daughter. "Your pappoose?" he say. She say: "No." Put hand on chest. "My Inyan," she say.

"Ah-hah," white say. He bring out li'l baby tumbler, give me li'l whisky, put sugar in it, cause riding in cold.

Then they took me to Long Valley. He had 'nother wife there. Next morning that other man was there, washing face. He come in, count my finger: "One, two, three, four, days you going down, close to ocean." That man washing was cutting wood there. I stay there and play with pups. I look back. Two small Inyan boys stand there. I look and feel afraid. Went in house.

That man cook supper. He go to bed overhead. I sleep in big blanket by chimney. He cook in kitchen in morning. "Get up," he say. "Breakfast ready."

Two Inyan women come in. Talk quick to me: "Poor my li'l sister, where you come from?" "I come from north. That bald-headed man bring me."

"He got wife and children," they say.

These women talk clipped my language. "That's way all Inyan children come here," they say. "He bringum all."

I half cry, all time for my mother. After while, bald-headed man come back, talk women long time. Gonta have big gamble over there, they say. Men got up and left. First, they give women grub, hog backbone, ribs.

These women say: "In four days you go stay old couple close by us." One um say: "I got white man, I come see you."

They leave for home. Little ridge, over hill. I hear Inyan talking, li'l way. I stand there and think. Only show for me to run off, now. Nobody there. I run in house. Match box on shelf. I put it in dress pocket. In kitchen, I find flour sacks. Take loaf bread, take boiling meat. Take big blanket from my bed.

I went out so quick, I never shut door. Then I went out to barn, open door, let all horses out.

All day I travel on edge of valley. I forgot I gonta have to swim Eel River. Then I see white man house, and lotta Inyan house, all smoke even–good sign. I go towards white man house. I go upstream, look for foot-log. Brush thick, too. I found big trail. 'Fraid then. Stop and listen, every li'l while. Pretty soon find footbridge. Just getting dark good. Star coming up. 'Nother big stream, Shallow water.

Lotsa people there. Lotsa bell. Talk. Laugh. Pack-train stop there. I cross above camp. Water knee-deep. Go up long hill. Pretty near daylight, come out on mountain. Come out in big open country where Billy Dobbins' mother lived.

Owl commence holler, coming daylight. Way this side, great big rock. Big live-oak. Hollow place. I lay blanket down. Sleep all day; dark, I wake up.

Night come. I pack shoes one shoulder, blanket, 'nother shoulder, pack grub in hand. Lotsa snow that time, Bell Springs Mountain. There I put on shoes. I come out in big opening, went down away from road.

Saw big mountain, went over it. I back-track li'l way. I see white man hunt for me on white horse. I lay still long time, travel all night.

Went down in canyon, find big log all dry underneath. I sleep right there all day. Had to cross two li'l creek, went barefoot there. When I cross those two li'l creek, I home to old stamping ground, not far from Alder Point.

Again I lay down in sun to sleep. Three days I stay there, 'fraid go down to Fort Seward. Good weather. Think 'bout mother all time. Half-time cry, once awhile. Two nights I stay alone, then I go to Fort Seward.

That white man told Inyan boys watch for me come home. Lotsa women there, man all killed.

I go where they get water, two-three places there where make buckeye soup. It ain't done yet. Nobody there. I taste buckeye, all bitter yet. I drink water, outa basket setting there. After awhile I see woman coming. I step behind brush. He never see me. He pour water in buckeye. Talk to self 'bout being bitter. It was my mother! Then I step in plain sight. He stir soup with hand, shake drops off. Look round. "Who's you," he say. "That you, my daughter?" I say: "Yes." He hug me and cry. Poor mother!

"Inyan boy watching," he whisper. "You come in 'bout morning, 'bout midnight?" "No," I told it. "Got grub, got blanket, I sleep down here, some place."

"Shall I bring buckeye soup tonight?" "No," I tell it. "Don't fetch grub out, might they follow you, find me."

Two night I hide out. I go way down creek down under big tree roots. Sleep dry. Then I go to house. All time I never leave no sign. Mother and li'l sister hunt me. Make believe gather wood, never find me.

My uncle hunt me the last night. I see him. Then I show up on open ground. He say: "Poor li'l thing, hunted, starving. 'Bout midnight I put you 'cross river in boat." I say: "Tell mother meet me out there."

He say them two li'l girl been take away from that 'nother woman. Cry all time.

Midnight, I go in, meetum. Watch stars for time. I eat. Mother give me 'nother blanket, food too. Them two men don't make no track—walk in leaves and river. Had big boat. Put my aunt and me 'cross river. If mother let li'l sister go, white men would kill mother.

We travel all night, sleep all day till sundown. Had lotsa dry meat. Left most of my white-man grub with mother. Found some of our people at Poison Rock, pretty near sundown. I see old man pack wood. He been on look-out. He go in big bark house. I look in door, big fire in middle of house.

Man say: "Li'l girl look in door." They get up, bring me in. Young girl lay there, sick, my half sister. That night she die. Snowing, raining hard. They dig hole right by house, put body in. All went out. Tore all house down, set it afire. Midnight, snow whirl, wind howl. Then we went over to 'nother house; all left there next day, went over to Soldier Basin.

We stay there awhile, went to Cottonwood. Some of our people there. We went to head of Mad River, next day to South Fork of Trinity River. We stay all night. Tired. No horses. Next day to Cottonwood.

My cousin, Ellen, Wylackie Tom's woman, was there. We found her right away. Then I stay at Cottonwood all summer. After awhile, my cousin living with white man, he want kill her, she leave him. I stay with her and li'l boy.

Ellen's cousin-brother say to me: "Take care my li'l boy, cause I gonta Hayfork. Maybe white folks kill me," he say. "Take care my boy, takum way off."

White man name Rogers come after this. Ellen my cousin's man, went to work for him. I go with her to Hayfork,[13] and take li'l boy too.

Rogers, my white man, took me then to take care of, that summer. Marry me bimeby when get old enough, 'Bout size ten year girl,[14] I guess, when first see soldier. I stay there at Hayfork long time. My mother come there, too. She die there after awhile at Hayfork.

My cousin, Ellen, younger than me but she got man first. We didn't neither one know much. Man told us cook beans. We cook green coffee for beans. Man cook long time for us.

Li'l sister, white man took her away. Never see her no more. If see it, maybe wouldn't know it. That's last young one tooken away. Mother lost her at Fort Seward.

I hear it, I went back, got mother, brought her to Hayfork. Lotsa Inyan there, lotsa different language, all different. Mother stay with me until she die.

You ask 'bout father. He got killed and brother in soldier war, before soldiers captured us. Three days fight. Three days running. Just blood, blood, blood. Young woman cousin, run from soldier, run into our camp. Three of us girls run. I lose buckskin blanket. Cousin run back, pick it up. I roll it up, put under arm–run more better that way.

We had young man cousin, got shot side of head, crease him, all covered his blood, everything. We helpum to water. Wash off. No die. That night all our women come to camp. I ask mother: "You see my father, big brother?" "Yes," she say, "both two of um dead." I want go see. Mother say "No."

Young woman been stole by white people, come back. Shot through lights and liver. Front skin hang down like apron. She tie up with cotton dress. Never die, neither. Little boy, knee-pan shot off. Young man shot through thigh. Only two man of all our tribe left–that battle.

White people want our land, want destroy us. Break and burn all our basket, break our pounding rock. Destroy our ropes. No snares, no deerskin, flint knife, nothing.

Some old lady wear moss blanket, peel off rock good.

All long, long ago. My white man die. My children all die but one. Oldest girl, she married, went way off. Flu take restum. Oldest girl die few years ago, left girl, she married now, got li'l girl, come see me sometimes. All I got left, my descendants.

'But twenty-five years ago I marry Sam. Marry him by preacher. Sam, he's good man. Hayfork Inyan. Talk li'l bit different to us people, but can understand it. We get old age pension, buy li'l place here in Round Valley, keep our horses, keep cow, keep chickens, dogs, cats too. We live good.

I hear people tell 'bout what Inyan do early days to white man. Nobody ever tell it what white man do to Inyan. That's reason I tell it. That's history. That's truth. I seen it myself.

INDIAN FOODS AND METHODS OF OBTAINING AND PREPARING THEM

In the midst of the foregoing narrative Lucy's attention was caught by bright colored pouches of salmon eggs slowly drying on a line above the stove. She explained that these could be dried and eaten like pinole, after they had been pounded, or they could be seared over coals and eaten when crumbly.

It was the duty of men to cook the meat, Lucy said, but a young hunter never ate his own kill. His friends shared theirs with him.

Women prepared an acorn soup. Many items of food were cooked in ashes. Lucy never enjoyed eating anything with ashes on it, for she was "offus tickler" (awfully particular).

Tan oak acorns were chosen by Lucy's people as best for acorn soup, a rather thin mush. White oak and black oak acorns were best for bread. Tan oak acorn meal was leached by pouring water on it, as it was spread on a frame lined with incense cedar twigs. It was allowed to sweat and become mouldy by being too closely covered. This mould, which contained the bitterness, was carefully peeled off, and the residue was sweet and pleasing to the taste.

Grasshoppers were considered quite a delicacy. The wings were pulled off and the remainder roasted. They have a sweet, buttery, nutty flavor. The larger mountain grasshopper which flies even with a horse's back, and remains stationary, making a loud ticking sound, was not used. These are still called "machine grasshoppers."

When fishing, the Indians preferred black salmon, which they usually speared. Later in the season, a net was used for spring salmon. This net was made from wild iris fibre. On either side of the wild mountain iris leaf is a single tough thread. These fibres were stripped in the following manner: The thumb-nail was allowed to grow long, and a mussel-shell was fastened to the thumb. The fibre was then caught between the mussel-shell and the thumb-nail and was drawn out. The tedious work of collecting the fibres was done in summer by the women, but the net was woven by the men in winter.

Small nets to carry squirrels or other small meat, such as birds, were made from this material, also nets for spring salmon. These last were of a length from nose to hand—a familiar way of measuring cloth. Nets for black salmon were made from Indian hemp, and were of a size measured by a big man throwing it over a shoulder behind him to his head.

Elkhorn wedges were used to split rocks for arrows. Said Lucy: "One kinda rock, poison to human flesh. It is very blue. When this arrowpoint pierces flesh, that person is gonta die."

Lucy's father was an expert arrowmaker, expert on points. He tried his arrowpoint on his arm. If it did not cut sharp and quickly, he threw it away. It had to cut quickly to be good.

"In early days," said Lucy, "everywhere you travel, was good water. Ever since cattle, sheep been come in, they tromp, spoil water.

"White people talk 'bout hard time. I never see it yet, this country, Round Valley. Once, long ago, hard winter, too much long snow, rain, can't get nothing to eat. People begin eat their deerskins. Had pepperwood nuts gathered. Each of us little ones get four pepperwood nuts for supper, that's all. Old people get nothing. In morning, they take old deerskin, swinge hair off, blister skin by fire. It all swell up, look like bread raising, then eat. Every two days, they eat like this. That's only hard time I see.

"When snow going off, Father went out. Can't walk far. Too weak. Eat nothing. Find big white fungus on black oak. He bring it home, pound it fine, heat up rock, put in water, cook in basket. Then find long grass under trees, dry in basket over fire. Pound for pinole.

"On Mad River, white oaks have black moss, pound it out, squeeze it out, cook it thick, taste like acorns. Pretty black, but glad to eat.

"Wolf starving too, catch deer, down in deep snow. Wolf eat buck meat too much, throw it up. Our people find it, wash it off, cook, eat it. *That's* what I call hard winter.

"Got no roots, pound manzanita berries, stone and all, make pinole.

"Too much stock make Inyan hard time, eat all grass down, can't gather seed. Same time ruin water."

Before white people came into Mendocino, Trinity and Humboldt counties, the Indians had need for salt. The coast tribes got their salt easily, but those inland had more difficulty. There were certain salt springs in the possession of certain tribes who every year would grudgingly allow tribes with whom they were not on very good terms to come in and take salt enough for several months.

There were certain salt springs in the neighborhood of North Yolla Bolly Mountain which were under the claimed ownership of Indians hostile to Lucy's tribe, but yearly a pilgrimage was made by Lucy's people to this area for salt. Because they had no horses, the entire journey was made on foot, and only those were eligible to go who would not be a burden to the group. Old people, very small children, and nursing mothers were left at home. If stores of roots or berries had been left over from the winter, these were buried in pits in the ground or placed in safe caches. Big baskets or surplus valuables were hung securely in trees. The summer would be dry, and there were no thieves in those days. If possible, fresh meat was obtained in order to leave some with the stay-at-homes and to take some with the salt party for the first day or two, when hunting was unlikely to be good. It was planned to take a month's time, reaching their objective so as to arrive close to North Yolla Bolly about full moon.

Knee-length buckskin moccasins were worn by the big walking children, i. e., those able to take care of themselves and carry a small pack of salt as well. The women, too, wore these moccasins, but the men went barefoot.

For some time before the journey began, old baskets, nets, and carriers of any kind were collected and patched so that they could contain salt. Lattice work in varying sizes was made to fit in the baskets to hold successive layers of salt.

As they traveled they lived off the country, and frequently pauses were made to fish or hunt, to dry meat, or to prospect for bulbs and mark the places where they grew, with the thought of harvesting them when ripe on the return trip.

Having finally arrived at the salt ground they waited, if too early, for the moon to be right. Some of the women kept the children with their baskets on the edge of No-Man's Land—the section between the territory claimed for hunting by Chief Lassik, Lucy's great-uncle, and the salt country claimed by their enemies—while the swift runners among the women and the entire band of warriors crept on to the salt country. There the springs were very salty. Crusts of salt covered the ground, and frequently low hanging shrubs were encrusted also and could be stripped quickly into the baskets. The moon made it light as day. If the time was exactly right they were not molested, but if they were a day or more late their passage was fiercely disputed by the other Indians.

If they were lucky, their foray was successful and resulted in nearly a year's supply of salt, which, when they had put a discreet distance between them and their enemies, they would stop to pick over for sticks and stones and sometimes boil down in baskets with hot stones, pouring off the small dirt on top and leaving a crust of pure salt to be skimmed when cold.[15]

Secure in the possession of this valuable salt, much hunting was done on the way home, meat was dried and fish dried and smoked. Frequently they met other hunting parties, and much visiting and sharing of game ensued. Small wonder that all Indians thought of Heaven as the "Happy Hunting Ground." It was an ideal life, that of the salt journey, making use of everything in nature, wasting nothing, sharing everything, stealing nothing. Why steal, when anything could be had for the asking?

Compare this life with the decade following the coming of the white man, when an Indian had no rights that a white man was bound to respect, not even the Indian's wife, or land or game. Small wonder that reprisals and bloody battles such as Lucy witnessed were common events in the 'sixties, and even in the 'fifties.

NOTES

1. For accounts of the Indian troubles of this period see Anthony Jennings Bledsoe, *Indian Wars of the Northwest; a California Sketch* (San Francisco, 1885); Owen Cochrane Coy, *The Humboldt Bay Region, 1850-1875, a Study in the American Colonization of California* (Los Angeles: The California State Historical Association, 1929), Chaps. IX-XI; and Llewellyn L. Loud, *Ethnogeography and Archaeology of the Wiyot Territory*, University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. XIV, No. 3 (December 1918), pp. 305-7.

2. Coy, *op. cit.*, p. 167, and Loud, *op. cit.*, pp. 310-11.

"In the frontier portions of Humboldt and Mendocino counties a band of desperate men have carried on a system of kidnapping for two years past: Indian children were seized and carried into the lower counties and sold into virtual slavery. These crimes against humanity so excited the Indians that they began to retaliate by killing the cattle of the whites. At once an order was issued to chastise the guilty. Under this indefinite order, a company of United States troops, attended by a considerable volunteer force, has been pursuing the poor creatures from one retreat to another. The kidnappers follow at the heels of the soldiers to seize the children when their parents are murdered and sell them to the best advantage. During my recent visit at Round Valley a hundred of the fugitive Indians came voluntarily into the reservation for protection." Report of George M. Hanson, superintending agent Indian Affairs, Northern District of California, to Hon. William P. Dole, commissioner of Indian Affairs, Yuba City, July 15, 1861, in 37th Cong., 2d Sess., Senate Ex. Doc. No. 1, I, 759. See also Same to same, December 31, 1861, in 37th Cong., 3d Sess., Ex. Doc. No. 1, p. 461.

3. *Cal. Stats.* (1860), 196-97.

4. Lucy's father was an Alderpoint Wailaki and her mother was a Lassik—a niece or cousin of Chief Lassik from whom the tribe took its name. Alderpoint is not far from Fort Seward, on Eel River, in Humboldt County.

"Wailaki," according to Professor Kroeber, "is a Wintun word meaning 'north language,' and is applied by some of the Wintun to certain other Wintun divisions as well as to several neighboring groups of aliens. . . . The Wailaki were the uppermost Athabascan tribe on Eel River, which they held to the Big Bend. . . . They owned also several affluents on the western side, Kekawaka Creek on the eastern, and the whole of the North Fork except the head, where the Lassik lapped over." Alfred Louis Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 78 (Washington, 1877), pp. 114-20.

For additional material relating to the Wailaki, see Stephen Powers, *Tribes of California* (Washington, 1877), pp. 114-20; Pliny Earle Goddard, *The Habitat of the Wailaki*, Univ. of Calif. Pubs. in Amer. Archaeol. and Ethnol., XX (1923), 95-109; *idem*, *Habitat of the Pitch Indians, a Wailaki Division*, Univ. of Calif. Pubs. in Amer. Archeol. and Ethnol., Vol. XVII, No. 4 (1924); *idem*, "Wailaki Texts," *International Journal of American Linguistics*, II (1923), 77-135; Edwin M. Loeb, *The Western Kuksu Cult*, Univ. of Calif. Pubs. in Amer. Archeol. and Ethnol., Vol. XXXIII, No. 1 (1932), pp. 73-95; and E. Curtis, *The North American Indian* (Norwood, Mass., 1924), Vol. XIV.

The Lassik Indians lived along Eel River, from a few miles above the mouth of the South Fork not quite to Kekawaka Creek, and also on Dobbins Creek, an eastern branch of the main stream, and in Soldier Basin at the head of the North Fork, another eastern tributory. To the east, they extended to the head of Mad River. That stream and the upper Van Duzen may also have been Lassik as far as Lassik Peak. Still farther east, and over another ridge, was the uppermost course of the South Fork of the Trinity, which may have been hunting territory of the Lassiks. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, pp. 143-44. For further information about the Lassik, see Powers, *op. cit.*, pp. 121-22, and Pliny Earle Goddard, "Lassik Tales," *Journal of American Folklore*, XIX (1906), 133-40.

Lassik and Wailaki culture are so similar that they are practically indistinguishable, according to Robert F. Heizer, of the Department of Anthropology, University of California, who furnished most of the anthropological and ethnological references cited in these notes.

5. A study of pre-Caucasian burials does not bear out this statement, according to Heizer.

6. Fort Baker, at Neal's Ranch on the Van Duzen River, was established early in 1862. It was garrisoned by Co. A, Third Regiment of Infantry, California Volunteers, Captain Thomas E. Ketcham commanding. In the fall of 1863 Camp Baker was abandoned for a new location near Iaqua, commanding the passes between Mad River and the Yager and Van Duzen rivers. Coy, *op. cit.*, pp. 169, 184.

7. The Hoopa Indian Reservation was established by Act of Congress in April 1864, and possession was taken in February 1865. Bledsoe, *op. cit.*, p. 476, and Coy, *op. cit.*, pp. 191-96. But Hoopa Valley was called "Hoopa" by the Indians long before there was a reservation there, and even before Fort Gaston (which preceded the reservation in that location) was established.

Lucy stated definitely that they started for Fort Baker, but after she and her mother and sister escaped the plan was changed and those who did not get away eventually arrived at Hoopa.

The troops from Fort Baker apparently met with little resistance in taking prisoners, for 180 were reported as captured by August 1, 1862. Coy, *op. cit.*, p. 173. It is probable that they were rounding up the Indians to take them to the newly established reservation on Smith River, in Del Norte County. Coy, *op. cit.*, pp. 172-74; Loud, *op. cit.*, p. 336.

8. East of the redwood forests on Eel River and its tributaries is a beautiful little valley called Ketinshou, or Kettenshaw. At the beginning of the winter of 1860-61, most of the settlers moved down on Eel River to avoid the loss of stock by cold and snow, leaving but one man in the valley, John Fulwider. In February 1861, the Indians robbed his home and drove him from the place. He went to the nearest settlement, but found it deserted. The few families which had lived there had been forced to leave everything and seek a safer locality. Bledsoe, *op. cit.*, p. 338. The name of the valley comes from "Hetten Chow," meaning "Camass Valley." Powers, *op. cit.*, 117.

9. Lucy habitually mixed genders—said "he" for "she" and vice versa.

10. Fort Seward, on the upper Eel River, was established by Captain Lovell in September 1861 and was abandoned in the spring of the following year. Coy, *op. cit.*, pp. 166, 169.

11. Chief Lassik was evidently killed sometime between April and the middle of July 1863, for he apparently was still alive when the Mountaineer Battalion was formed in April of that year (Bledsoe, *op. cit.*, pp. 403-5), and on July 18, the Indian agent reported:

"I have ascertained that only 130 out of 840 Indians which were removed to Smith River reservation from Humboldt bay last September, ever returned; and that little band, with their chief, Las-ac, left the first night after they landed in the valley. Las-ac, I hear, has since been killed." Report of George M. Hanson, superintending agent Indian

Affairs, Northern District of California, to Hon. William P. Dole, commissioner of Indian Affairs, San Francisco, July 18, 1863, in 38th Cong., 1st Sess., H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 1, p. 212.

12. Bill Dobbins, now about 74 years old, is Lucy's cousin and makes his home with her and her husband. He has corroborated much of Lucy's story.

13. Hayfork Valley, Trinity County, was so called because of the hay put up there. The fork of Trinity River called the Hayfork runs into the South Fork at Hyampom.

14. If Lucy were ten years old in 1862 she would be only eighty-nine now and not the ninety-five years she claims. But when she told Mrs. Murphey that she was about the size of a ten year old child she qualified her statement by adding that Indians in the early days were stunted by underfeeding. It is probable, therefore, that she was about twelve.

15. Lucy's description of the salt journey is considered to be of value from an ethnographic standpoint. For general comparative material, see A. L. Kroeber, Culture Element Distributions, XV—*Salt, Dogs and Tobacco*, Anthropological Records, Vol. 6, No. 1 (Berkeley: University of California Press [1941]).

Hugh C. Murray

California's Youngest Chief Justice

By Edgar Whittlesey Camp

AMONG SEVERAL men whom Stephen J. Field, in his *Personal Reminiscences*, characterizes as remarkable, and of whom he says that "the history of their lives would be full of interest and instruction," he lists Hugh C. Murray, one time chief justice of California's Supreme Court.[1]

Hugh Campbell Murray was born at St. Louis, Missouri, on April 22, 1825. While he was still a small child his family moved to Alton, Illinois, and there he grew to manhood. We know nothing of the schooling he received, but ancient croutons in some of his legal opinions suggest that he may have studied Latin for a year or two.[2] Shortly before the United States went to war with Mexico he entered the law offices of N. D. Strong, of Alton, as a student.

While still a law student, on March 8, 1847, he received a commission as second lieutenant of infantry in the regular army. On the ninth of the following month he was assigned to the 14th Regiment, which was being organized under an act of Congress approved February 11, 1847. Six of this regiment's ten companies saw action, August 18-20, 1847, at San Antonio, Contreras, and Churubusco, and eight companies fought at Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and Mexico City. No record has been found of the action seen by the remaining two companies, and it is not known in which of the regiment's ten companies Murray served. Six and a half months after the fall of Mexico City, on March 31, 1848, he resigned his commission[3] and returned to Alton.

Completing his legal studies, Murray soon was admitted to the bar.[4] It is probable that he never practiced his profession in Illinois, as he left, early in 1849, for California by way of Panama. After crossing the Isthmus he shipped for San Francisco aboard the *Two Friends*, but landed at Cape San Lucas and, with a few of his fellow-voyagers, made the long, perilous trek to Upper California. He reached San Francisco in September, after enduring great hardships and privations, and immediately began the practice of his profession.[5] "He soon formed a large circle of friends, and was distinguished for his social and convivial qualities. He was not long in obtaining a lucrative practice."[6]

On January 8, 1850, a veteran of almost six months in California and almost five months in the city, he was elected a member of the ayuntamiento of San Francisco.[7] Apparently this early popularity was due solely to his personal qualities, as he was only twenty-five years in age and is said to have arrived unheralded and unknown.[8] He has been described as tall and bony, with black hair and beard.[9] A photograph, preserved in an "Album of Justices and Commissioners of the Supreme Court" in the California State Library, Sacramento, shows a rather pugnacious, but otherwise unimpressive, face, with full beard, a mass of hair, short nose, rather small eyes, large ears, and a large, firm mouth.

Doubtless Murray continued his practice of the law while a member of the city council. There is, however, no record of his appearance as attorney or counsel during this period before the Supreme Court of California.[10] His practice was soon ended; for by a resolution of the legislature, approved April 20, 1850, he was appointed, in his twenty-fifth year, a justice of the Superior Court of San Francisco.[11] This was a court of record, of first instance, and of general jurisdiction, which had recently been established by an act approved on April 5, 1850.[12] Murray continued in this office until October 11, 1851, when he was appointed, by Governor John McDougal, a justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Nathaniel Bennett.[13]

The Constitution of California, as adopted in 1849, had provided for a Supreme Court consisting of a chief justice and two associate justices, these to be elected at a general election for a term of six years. It also provided that "After the first election the senior Justice in commission shall be the Chief Justice."[14] In accordance with these provisions, the first legislature, on December 22, 1849, had elected Serranus Clinton Hastings chief justice, Henry A. Lyons first associate justice, and Nathaniel Bennett second associate justice.[15] On February 1, 1850, the legislature passed a resolution which provided that Hastings should go out of office at the end of two years from January 1, 1850, Lyons (who was to succeed Hastings as chief justice) at the end of four years, and Bennett at the end of six.[16] On March 11, 1851, a law was passed to have one justice elected in 1852, and one at the general election every second year thereafter; but on April 28, 1851, another act was passed providing for the election of one justice in that year and one every second year thereafter.[17]

Bennett resigned on October 3, 1851, and Governor McDougal, as heretofore stated, appointed Murray to fill the vacancy. Justice Lyons resigned on March 31, 1852, and on April 2 Governor Bigler appointed Alexander Anderson to fill that vacancy. In the general election of November 2, 1852, Alexander Wells, Democrat, was elected for the short term, and Murray, also a Democratic candidate, was elected to succeed himself. By virtue of that election they took office on January 3, 1853. Wells was re-elected for the full term on September 7, 1853, and assumed office on January 4, 1854. Murray was re-elected for the full term on September 7, 1855.[18]

In the meantime, Hastings served his term of two years, but did not run for re-election. Solomon Heydenfeldt was elected as Hastings' successor and took office on January 1, 1852. Lyons became chief justice, and Murray stood next in seniority of commission. Therefore, when Lyons resigned, between the January and April 1852 terms, Murray, then about to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday, became the third chief justice of California. His right to the title during part of the time he held it has been questioned.[19]

The new chief justice had prepared for his profession in a state whose courts followed the common law in pleading, practice, and evidence. There is nothing to indicate that when he came to California he had any knowledge of other systems of jurisprudence, or that he suspected that the common law was susceptible of improvement in any respect. His repugnance to change in the law as he had learned it is shown frequently in his opinions.[20] He was extremely hostile to legislation that allowed a party or a person in interest to testify in his own behalf.[21] On the other hand, he opposed any reversion to the infliction of capital punishment for such a crime as theft.[22] It is related that on being asked what he knew about the law, Murray replied: "I do not know much about it, and am too indolent to study. If I am elected I shall acquire knowledge without effort. Every lawyer who comes before me will be a compulsory teacher, giving me the benefit of his midnight cramming and tedious search after authorities."[23] Possibly some such remark was made by him before his election by the legislature in 1850 to the Superior Court of San Francisco. If so, it was doubtless meant as a joke, for he was not lazy, and there is nothing to indicate that he thought himself unlearned in the law.

The legislature, in 1853, granted him permission to leave the state for five months on account of his health.[24] The reference to his health may not have been a pretext for, in April 1854, he wrote that he had meant to file "a separate opinion stating my views *in extenso*, but other business of the court as well as my want of health have prevented."[25] That he was not incapable of some physical exertion at the time the leave was granted is amply shown by the following account taken from the *Alta California:*

> "Your correspondent was eye-witness this afternoon to a rencontre which occurred in the bar-room of the U. S. Hotel, between Hon. Hugh Murray and Mr. [John] Conness, Assemblyman from El Dorado county. The difficulty originated from remarks made by the latter on the floor of the House, while the Senate resolution granting leave of absence to the former was under discussion. Mr. C., on entering the room, while the table was still crowded, was attacked by the Judge, who demanded of him an instant retraction of the offensive language, at the same time seizing him by the throat and bending his body over the counter. Mr. C. called loudly upon his friends for assistance, and also appealed for protection to the Speaker. The table was by this time completely vacated and the room filled. The crowd, however, refused to interfere and Mr. C., requesting to be heard, was permitted to speak. He insisted that in his remarks he intended no disrespect to the character of Judge Murray, and on reiterating the statement the apology was accepted, and so the matter ended."[26]

One other "affair" has been recorded: A Sacramento citizen named Hill was reported to have said that Murray was the meanest man that ever sat on a supreme bench. The Chief Justice, apparently believing that the statement went beyond the truth, the next time he met the exaggerator on the street, struck him down with his cane.[27]

In 1855 Murray was reelected to a full six-year term as the candidate of the American, or "Know Nothing," party, which had come rather suddenly into prominence in the state. How long before his nomination he was considered a member of that party is not clear, but an opinion written during the October 1854 term of the court shows him favorable to its objectives.[28] Murray was nominated by the state convention at Sacramento and after a hard fight was elected in a close vote.[29] At the state convention of the Temperance party something occurred that aroused the wrath of the chief justice. His name apparently was not placed in nomination before that convention.[30] Former Justice Hastings and a few others attempted to hold a "rump" convention to nominate Murray, but the effort failed.[31]

Of the chief justice as a speaker in his own behalf reports differ. Oscar Shuck, recalling a stump speech made by Murray for the new American party in 1855, wrote: "His utterance was distinct, deliberate; his voice strong and very agreeable to the ear, and he wore an easy dignity. . . ."[32] The *Alta*, quoting from the *State Journal* a report of a speech during the same campaign, remarked: "The judge is a slow, uninteresting but correct speaker. In his case the stump partakes of the bench, so far as dryness of matter and the style of delivery are concerned; but the former greatly excels the latter in vindictive and abusive epithets."[33] The newspaper also expressed the opinion that "a policeman who would make such a slang speech in public would be locked up in the Station house."

Most of Judge Murray's opinions are short. In fact most of the cases turn on a single question of law.[34] One who knew him says that he had a patient and powerful mind, capable of the severest investigation.[35]

In one opinion he anticipated some of the doctrines announced in the Dred Scott case.[36] He was familiar with decisions on the obligation-of-contracts clause.[37] Also, it would seem that he thought the "social compact" something more than a convenient fiction. In one opinion he notes that the court's decision accords with "natural law."[38] In another he discourses at some length not only on the social compact but also on "natural rights" and "natural justice."[39] He now and then used language more emphatic than is usual:

> The whole transaction, from its inception, is pregnant with a bare-faced fraud. It is one of the most disgusting exhibitions of venality and corruption that we have been called on to review or adjudicate, and it is our earnest desire for the sake of good morals, and the character of the bar, some of whose names appear in the record, that this Court will never again be called on to review so flagrant as [*sic*] a piece of dishonesty.[40]

He sometimes ranged the stratosphere. The following sounds odd in these days of aerial bombings: "As the world has advanced in civilization and learning, the influence of religion has been felt and recognized by the Christian countries of Europe, in their intercourse with each other. War has been stripped of its most disgusting features."[41]

His mind was saturated with the teachings of John C. Calhoun concerning the relations of the states to the national government.[42] The most astonishing attack by Murray on powers exercised by Congress was his insistence that it could not authorize writs of error from a state court to the Supreme Court of the United States, or the removal of causes from a state court to a federal court.[43] He was violently opposed to the creation of a state debt. In one opinion, when the state's indebtedness had reached the alarming height of seven dollars per inhabitant, he wrote:

> If such things are to be continued, what will be the condition of the country ten years hence? . . . In the cities of San Francisco and Sacramento, the taxes, State, county and city, to say nothing of license taxes and other municipal imposts, amount to some five per cent. . . . To withstand these exactions the people of this State would require more than Promethian [sic] vitals.[44]

He had much pride of opinion, and clung stubbornly to the opinion he had first expressed.[45] One ends a reading of his decisions with the conviction that they are the work of a man with little imagination or humor.[46] There is no reason for doubt as to his physical or moral courage.[47]

It has been said that a man is entitled to one vice; some say that he really needs one. Judge Murray, by some of his contemporaries, was considered overstocked in that respect. There can be no question that he drank alcoholic liquors to excess;[48] his alcoholism may even have become a disease. He was a gambler who could not keep away from the gaming houses.[49] Yet, perhaps while attempting to overcome this addiction, "with eye severe and beard of formal cut," he wrote two scathing opinions regarding gambling and so-called "debts of honor" that forbid any attempt to justify or even mitigate his behavior:

"It needs no authority or arguments to satisfy this court that the practice of gaming is vicious and immoral in its nature, and ruinous to the harmony and well-being of society."[50]

"There can scarcely be any obligation of honor or honesty moving between parties who contract, in the teeth of the statute prohibiting the act, and who must be supposed to have understood their exact relations to one another."[51]

In a volume published some thirty years after Murray's death he is charged with sexual sins.[52] He was a bachelor but there is no evidence that he flouted the applicable conventions of his time and place.

It may have been "faro" and "stud" that kept him poor. He seems, moreover, to have had little desire for riches. Arriving in California while the Gold Rush was young, he held office at salaries that never exceeded ten thousand dollars a year and, even though the cost of living was high, he ignored the chances for good fees at the bar and the opportunities to make a profit in real estate and other ventures.

Hugh C. Murray did not live to complete the term to which he had been elected in 1855. He died of consumption on September 18, 1857.[53] He was buried in the state plot in the City Cemetery at Sacramento, where a monument was erected to his memory by order of the legislature.[54] His funeral was attended by a procession led by a grand marshal, the Neptune Hose Company No. 1 bringing up the rear of the cortege, followed by citizens in carriages.[55] He was survived by his mother, who is said to have been a woman of strong intellect and estimable character,[56] and a brother, both of whom were residents of Alton, Illinois. He left no will and no property, except his law library, which was appraised at four thousand dollars.[57]

Judge Murray made no contribution to jurisprudence. This is true of most justices. However, candor required one of his sternest foes to acknowledge that he was:

> A man of talents far above the ordinary standard, of a keen and quick perception; possessing a mind well stored with legal knowledge, and a heart warm with those social qualities which drew around him many friends; occupying a position before the people, such as is seldom reached by one so young.[58]

NOTES

1. Stephen Johnson Field, *Personal Reminiscences of Early Days in California, with Other Sketches* (copyright, 1893), p. 108.

2. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), VII, 224, footnote; "Hugh Campbell Murray," *National Cyclopedia of American Biography* (New York, 1892-1926), XII, 330; inscription on monument in City Cemetery, Sacramento, quoted in San Francisco *Call*, Supplement, June 9, 1886; Oscar Tully Shuck, ed., *Representative Men of the Pacific* (San Francisco, 1870), p. 473.

3. Francis Bernard Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army* (Washington, 1903), I, 108, 738; II, 298, 398, 399; *National Cyclopedia of American Biography, loc. cit.*

4. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography, loc. cit.*

5. Shuck, *op. cit.*, p. 474.

6. *Loc. cit.*

7. Theodore Henry Hittell, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1898), III, 384; Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, and James Nisbet, *The Annals of San Francisco* (New York, 1855), p. 266.

8. "Proceedings of the Court Had upon the Death of Judge Murray," 8 Cal. Rep. [p. iii].

9. San Francisco *Call*, November 22, 1882, p. 1, quoting from Portland *Oregonian*.

10. This statement is based on an examination of *California Reports* up to the time Murray took his seat on that bench.

11. *Cal. Stats.* (1850), 468. "Resolved, That the Justices of the Superior Court of the City of San Francisco shall be classified as follows: . . . the Hon. Hugh C. Murray shall hold office for the term of two years, and shall be Chief Justice at the expiration of the term of the Hon. P. A. Morse . . ."

12. *Cal. Stats.* (1850), 159-62.

13. 1 *Cal. Rep.* [iii], footnote.

14. *Constitution of California* (1849), Article VI.

15. *California Blue Book or State Roster 1907* (Sacramento, 1907), p. 652.

16. *Cal. Stats.* (1850), 462. Hastings was thirty-six years old and had been chief justice of the supreme court of Iowa. Lyons was forty years of age.

17. *California Blue Book, loc. cit.*

18. *Loc. cit.*

19. Murray became chief justice without question by seniority in commission on Lyons' resignation. In the autumn of 1852 he was elected for the remainder of Bennett's term. It might seem that after that election he would cease to hold office under the commission of October 1851 and hold thereafter under a new commission, and that Heydenfeldt, holding the older commission, should have become the chief justice.

In many cases before the court during its first seven years only two justices participated in the decisions. For a time in the summer of 1856 the court consisted of Heydenfeldt, out of the state, Terry, in the custody of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, and Murray, who utilized the enforced vacation in visiting certain health resorts in the state and, remaining in seclusion, avoided contact with the famous Committee. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VII, 225.

20. "The practice of granting writs of injunction in every conceivable case affecting personal and real estate, and restraining persons in the enjoyment of their property, has been carried to a greater extent perhaps in this State than any other; so much so, as to impair the efficiency of and benefits arising from the judicious exercise of this power. These abuses ought to be checked by this Court wherever they occur." DeWitt *et als. v.* Hayes, 2 Cal. 469-70.

"We have often intimated our desire for correct pleading, and are forced in the present case to animadvert upon the loose system which the present Practice Act of this State introduced." Payne *v.* Treadwell, 5 Cal. 312.

21. Perhaps he did not know how much the old rules of disqualification had been changed in other states. California lagged in this reform. A law of 1850 carried a provision permitting a party to testify for a co-plaintiff or co-defendant. This was repealed by the Practice Act of 1851, and Murray commented:

"Experience has shown that the rule was a premium upon perjury and fraud, and it was wisely abolished." Lucas *v.* Payne, 7 Cal. 96.

". . . the reason of excluding a party to the record, is not an [sic] account of interest, but on high grounds of public policy, and to prevent too frequent temptations to perjury . . ." Gates *v.* Nash *et als.*, 6 Cal. 195.

"Our statute allowing persons to testify in their own cases is in derogation of the common law rule. It opens a wide door to perjury, and cannot be too strictly construed by courts." Hotaling *v.* Cronise, 2 Cal. 64.

22. A man had been sentenced to be hanged for larceny of property valued at about $400. Murray wrote:

". . . we regret that our legislature have considered it necessary to thus retrograde, and in the face of the wisdom and experience of the present day, resort to a punishment, for less crimes than murder, which is alike disgusting and abhorrent to the common sense of every enlightened people." People *v.* Tanner, 2 Cal. 258.

23. Bancroft, *loc. cit.*

24. *Cal. Stats.* (1852-53), 308. The resolution authorized Murray to go beyond the limits of the state on a visit to the Atlantic states and remain for such time as might be necessary for the restoration of his health, not to exceed five months. Hittell, *op. cit.*, IV, 131, says that the lawmakers were reluctant to grant this leave, wishing to reduce the number of such favors.

25. Thorne *v.* San Francisco, 4 Cal. 155.

26. San Francisco *Alta California*, January 21, 1853, p. 2, col. 3, quoting correspondence published the previous day in the Sacramento *Union*. The legislature was sitting at Vallejo.

27. Hittell, *op. cit.*, III, 477.

28. A white man had been convicted of murder on testimony of Chinese witnesses. A statute provided that "no black or mulatto person or Indian shall be allowed to give evidence in favor of or against a white man." This law had been enacted in 1850, before the crusade against the Chinese and before the American, or "Know Nothing," movement became important in the state. Murray wrote:

"The anomalous spectacle of a distinct people, living in our community, recognizing no laws of this State, except through necessity, bringing with them their prejudices and national feuds, in which they indulge in open violation of law; whose mendacity is proverbial; a race of people whom nature has marked as inferior, and who are incapable of progress or intellectual development beyond a certain point, as their history has shown; differing in language, opinions, color and physical conformation; between whom and ourselves nature has placed an impassable difference, is now presented, and for them is claimed, not only the right to swear away the life of a citizen, but the further privilege of participating with us in administering the affairs of our Government." People *v.* Hall, 4 Cal. 405. So he held that a Chinese was in the same class as a Negro or an Indian, and that the legislature had intended and had enacted that none but whites should testify against whites.

29. Shuck, *op. cit.*, p. 475.

30. San Francisco *Alta California*, June 30, 1855, p. 2.

31. *Ibid.*, September 4, 1855, p. 2.

32. Oscar Tully Shuck, *History of the Bench and Bar of California* (Los Angeles, 1901), p. 436.

33. "The Judicial Ermine," in San Francisco *Alta California*, September 4, 1855, p. 2.

34. His most elaborate opinion was his last, published after his death. Welch *v.* Sullivan, 8 Cal. 165-203, 511-12.

35. Shuck, *Bench and Bar*, p. 88.

36. In Re Perkins, 2 Cal. 424-59.

37. Smith *v.* Morse, 2 Cal. 524-57.

38. People *v.* Folsom, 5 Cal. 379.

39. Billings *v.* Hall, 7 Cal. 3-18.

40. Argenti *v.* San Francisco, 6 Cal. 679.

41. Fowler *v.* Smith, 2 Cal. 39.

42. Calhoun's theories became almost an obsession with Murray, to be declared in season and out, on the stump or from the bench. He was thus led to declarations which today seem absurd. As examples see his opinions in Siemssen *v.* Bofer, 6 Cal. 252-54; Taylor *v.* Steamer Columbia, 5 Cal. 272-74; In Re Perkins, 2 Cal. 435-36; and Ex parte Knowles, 5 Cal. 300-6.

43. Johnson *v.* Gordon, 4 Cal. 368-74.

44. People *v.* Johnson, 6 Cal. 505.

45. He insisted that a former opinion of his was sound and that the Supreme Court of the United States had abandoned a correct and taken an indefensible position, and he refused to follow suit. Gunn *v.* Bates, 6 Cal. 269. So also where he had written an opinion that went far astray as to the application of Mexican law to certain contracts, he stuck to his opinion when his colleagues discarded it on rehearing. Fowler *v.* Smith, 2 Cal. 42-50.

46. His heavy attempts at humor demonstrate the absence of it in his mentality.

"The difficulties grow out of the statute, which would seem to have been enacted by a Legislature much resembling the '*parliamentum indoctum*' or lack-learning parliament of which Lord Coke speaks with so much spleen. We may congratulate the country that this same want of professional knowledge does not now exist, and that our present legislators, so profoundly learned and deeply skilled in the arcana of the law, even beyond the experience of barristers and judges, will readily ascertain and remedy the defect by a change in the organic law, or in some other way." Matoon *v.* Eder, 6 Cal. 61.

"It is always supposed that the framers of every instrument had some intention, and this is the first time I ever knew such intention to be defeated, by trying to establish the fact that the Legislature did not know what it was about. This conclusion not infrequently forces itself upon courts, but they are bound, out of charity and courtesy to the other departments of government, to suppose that their action originates in some intelligent design." Nougues *v.* Douglass, 7 Cal. 76.

47. See quotation in Shuck, *Representative Men*, pp. 475-76, from the Sacramento *Union*. It probably required no little moral courage to declare invalid the "Settlers' Act" of 1856, which required an owner winning an ejectment suit to pay the occupant the value of his improvements. Billings *v.* Hall, 7 Cal. 1. In a case that involved an attempt to move the capital, he held the statute invalid against considerable pressure to sustain it. Nougues *v.* Douglass, 7 Cal. 65-81. See also People *v.* Lee, 5 Cal. 353-54; People *v.* Backus, 5 Cal. 275-78.

48. Shuck, in *Representative Men*, p. 474, says that his "convivial habits" contributed to his immediate popularity in San Francisco.

"The Sons of Temperance in San Francisco have repeatedly admitted Judge Murray into their order and as repeatedly has he violated the pledges he had given. . . . Honor to them for it; and indeed honor to him for his exertions to reform. But dishonor in the men who would place so very feeble a brother in the van of the moral fight and make so frequent a deserter the standard-bearer of the Temperance Host; who would elevate him to the highest position of honor and power in our State, as the representative of their principles, the exemplar of their practice.

"Hugh C. Murray the Temperance Judge! Could not Satan give us a pious text in support of the nomination? . . . while we regard Judge Murray's frequent attempts to break loose from the debasing practice as the most honorable of his California life, we would seriously, nay solemnly ask, Is it fit to place upon our Supreme Bench for six years—SIX YEARS—as the Judge of this great and growing State, a man who has borne for the past years of his Judgeship an undeniable character for intemperance and gambling? . . . Are the people of this State so solicitous for Judge Murray's moral well-being that they would make him *their judge*, that the dignity may assist him to become a better man?" San Francisco *Alta California*, September 4, 1855, p. 2, col. 3.

49. Doubtless the stories of his gambling swelled as they were retold; a late version of one of them, taken from the Portland *Oregonian*, fills half a column in the San Francisco *Call*, November 22, 1882, p. 1.

50. Carrier *v.* Brannan, 3 Cal. 329.

51. People *v.* Kent, 6 Cal. 91.

52. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *California Inter Pocula* (San Francisco, 1888), p. 605. However, the *Alta California*, whose hostility to Murray was relentless and merciless, in its determination to prevent his election in 1855, hit Murray wherever he was vulnerable. With its reporters watching him day and night, it made no charges against him other than drunkenness and gambling.

53. Shuck, *Representative Men*, p. 475.

54. Sacramento *Union*, July 26, 1873, p. 2.

55. San Francisco *Alta California*, September 21, 1857, p. 2.

56. Shuck, *op. cit.*, p. 476.

57. San Francisco *Alta California*, September 25, 1857, quoting the Sacramento *Age*.

58. *Ibid.*, September 19, 1857, p. 2, col. 1.

Recent Californiana

A Check List of Publications Relating to California

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

Connell, Will
The Missions of California. New York: Hastings House [1941]. 105 pp. including many illus. $2.00.

Dane, G[eorge] Ezra and Beatrice J. Dane
Ghost Town, Wherein Is Told Much That Is Wonderful, Laughable, and Tragic, and Some That Is Hard to Believe, About Life During the Gold Rush and Later in the Town of Columbia on California's Mother Lode, as Remembered by the Oldest Inhabitants and Here for the First Time Set Down. Illustrated by Fred Ludekens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941. xx + 311 + [1] pp., illus. $3.50.

deFord, Miriam Allen
They Were San Franciscans. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1941. 321 pp., illus. $3.50.

Eberstadt & Sons, Edward
The Northwest Coast, a Century of Personal Narratives of Discovery, Conquest & Exploration from Bering's Landfall to Wilkes' Surveys 1741-1841. [Catalogue No. 19.] New York: Edward Eberstadt & Sons [1941]. [vi] + 127 pp. $1.00.

[Harte, Bret]
By Bret Harte: How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar. [Los Angeles]: The Ward Ritchie Press [1941]. 41 pp., illus. $3.00.
Limited edition of 525 copies. Wood engravings by Paul Landacre.

Hubbard, Joel H.
Vallejo. Edited by Pauline C. Santoro. Boston: Meador Publishing Company, 1941. 374 pp., illus. $2.50.

Jacobsen, Pauline
City of the Golden Fifties. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1941. xvi + 290 pp. $3.00.

Kneiss, Gilbert H.
Bonanza Railroads. Stanford University: Stanford University Press [1941]. xvi + 148 pp., illus. $3.00.

Long, Margaret
The Shadow of the Arrow. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1941. 310 pp., illus. $3.50.
History of Death Valley.

Ogden, Adele
The California Sea Otter Trade 1784-1848. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1941. xi + 251 pp., illus. (Paper) $2.00.

Stalder, Walter
A Contribution to California Oil and Gas History. California Oil World, First Issue, Part 2 (November 12, 1941).

Stephenson, Terry E.
Don Bernardo Yorba, a History of the Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana. Los Angeles: Glen Dawson, 1941. 115 pp., illus. $3.00.
Limited edition.

U. S. WORK PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION

History of the San Francisco Theatre, Vol. XVI, Famous Playhouses: Part 2. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in Northern California. Sponsored by the City and County of San Francisco. [7] + 397 + [1] pp., illus. [Mimeographed.]

——Inventory of Federal Archives in the States, Series VIII, The Department of the Interior, No. 5, California, Parts 1 and 2. Prepared by the Survey of Federal Archives, Division of Community Service Programs, Work Projects Administration. San Francisco: The Survey of Federal Archives, 1941. 2 vols.

——Ship Registries and Enrollments, Port of Eureka, California, 1859-1920. Compiled by the Survey of Federal Archives, Division of Community Service Programs, Work Projects Administration. San Francisco, 1941. xii + 167 pp., chart, tables. [The foregoing are mimeographed.]

ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

CALIFORNIA JOURNAL OF MINES AND GEOLOGY

Vol. XXXVII, No. 2 (April 1941), contains: "California Earthquakes of the Mission Period, 1769-1838," by Robert F. Heizer.

COVERED WAGON

Vol. I, No. 1 (September 1941), contains: "Sutter's Fort," by Virginia Storti; "Land of the Tules," by Annie Mitchell; "Beef for the Mother Lode," by Joe Gividen; "Out of the Past," compiled by Jack Frost; "A Mexican Grant," by Blanche Hichens, and other articles.

MASTERKEY

Vol. XV, No. 5 (September 1941), contains: "Aboriginal Trade between the Southwest and California," by Robert F. Heizer; Vol. XV, No. 6 (November 1941), contains: "Yurok Tales," as told by Jane Van Stalen to Bertha Parker Cody; "San Diego in 1854," an excerpt from the journal of Lieut. David Sloan Stanley.

OREGON HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Vol. XLII, No. 3 (September 1941), contains: "Commercial Routes from 1792 to 1843 by Sea and Overland," by Oscar O. Winther.

PACIFIC HISTORICAL REVIEW

Vol. X, No. 3 (September 1941), contains: "The Prelude to Russia's Departure from America," by Anatole G. Mazour.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST QUARTERLY

Vol. XXXII, No. 4 (October 1941), contains: "J. Ross Browne," by Dorothy O. Johansen.

PAN-AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST

Vol. XVII, No. 3 (July 1941), contains: "Itinerary of Lord Walsingham in California and Oregon, 1871-1872," by E. O. Essig.

THE SACRAMENTO BEE

Sacramento, California, September 20, 1941, contains: "Fremont's Cannon Finds a Home," by Carroll D. Hall. Articles by Harry P. Bagley on California historical subjects appear weekly.

WESTWAYS

Vol. XXXIII, No. 8 (August 1941), contains: "The Man Who Brought Gold," by Peter Carr Allen, "Mendocino's Ghost Town," by Nell Murbarger, "Trail of the Slim Princess," by Philip Johnston; Vol. XXXIII, No. 9 (September 1941), contains: "Was She the Empress Eugenie?" by Robert Grandin Orr, "Self Liquidating Shipyard," by Jerry MacMullen; Vol. XXXIII, No. 11, Part 1 (November 1941), contains: "Ghost Town of the Mojave," by Aaron Dudley and Alvin Fickewirth.

News of the Society

Meetings

The Society met at luncheon on Sunday, October 26, 1941, at Hotel Stockton, in Stockton. The meeting was commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first party of deliberate overland immigrants. Captain Charles M. Weber, the founder of Stockton, was a member of that party. His grandson, Hon. Charles M. Weber, addressed the meeting and told the story of his grandfather's life.

After giving a brief summary of his early years and an account of the journey across the continent, Mr. Weber told how Captain Weber, after a few months of observation, settled in San Jose, where he formed a partnership with William Gulnac. They not only conducted a mercantile business but ran a mill, baked their own flour, manufactured salt and tanned leather, in addition to owning land and acquiring cattle. In 1843 they acquired the Rancho Campo de los Franceses, on which the City of Stockton stands. Weber afterward bought Gulnac's interest. He aided in the rebellion against Micheltorena, was active at the time of the Mexican War on behalf of the American cause, and raised a company of volunteers that conducted the campaign against Sanchez.

After the war he settled on his ranch. He mined successfully in 1848, but, like his fellow traveler John Bidwell, he recognized the extent of the gold fields and that they would attract a population that would need enormous supplies. He therefore laid out the City of Stockton and proceeded with its development and with his farming operations. He reserved to his city the ownership of its waterfront and made many civic improvements at his own expense. Even after he had parted with most of his land he still felt the obligation imposed by the terms of his original grant.

After the luncheon the members visited the Museum where many letters, maps and documents belonging to Captain Weber's heirs were exhibited for the occasion. Later they were the guests of his granddaughter, Mrs. Gerald D. Kennedy, at the Weber house, which contains many of the furnishings of the old house dating back to the founding of Stockton.

There were one hundred and three members and guests present.

The Society held a luncheon meeting on Tuesday, November 18, 1941, at the Palace Hotel. The speaker, Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, took as her subject, "Robert Louis Stevenson in California," in commemoration of his ninety-first birthday. Mrs. Powers dwelt particularly on Stevenson's life in Monterey and San Francisco. Displayed on the wall in back of the speaker was a series of pictures of Stevenson's haunts in Monterey and of some of the people with whom he made contact there. There was also an attractive sketch of the house on Bush Street where he lived while he was in San Francisco. With these as a text Mrs. Powers spoke of the relations Stevenson had with each person or place.

She took occasion to tell of the gift of the so-called Stevenson house in Monterey to the State by its owners, and praised their spirit and generosity. This led to comment on the preservation and marking of historic sites in and about Monterey, a community which has been a leader in this activity.

There were seventy-one members and guests present.

ANSON S. BLAKE

Gifts Received by the Society

August 1, 1941, to November 15, 1941

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From MR. LYDELL BAKER—Baker, E. D., *Speech . . . Delivered at Forest Hill, August 19, 1859*, from the phonographic report of the Sacramento *Union* made by Charles A. Sumner.

From MISS FANNY J. CHIPMAN—[Sharpsteen, W. C.], *William Farragut Chipman In Memoriam* [San Francisco, 1939 (mimeographed)].

From MRS. EDMOND D. COBLENTZ—Dale, Harrison Clifford, ed., *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific 1822-1829 With the Original Journals*, revised edition, Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1941.

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From MISS REGINA EMMERICH–Biographical data concerning José Joaquin Gomez.

From MRS. MILTON H. ESBERG–Stock certificate, Tolo Mining Company, Virginia Mining District, Storey Co., Nevada, February 21, 1882.

From MRS. MIRIAM FELDHEYM–13 Deeds, Abstracts of Titles, etc., for various San Francisco properties issued in 1866, 1869, 1877, 1878, 1883, 1894, 1898, and 1899; 4 miscellaneous receipts issued to Mr. S. Levy of San Francisco 1898 and 1900.

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PICTURES

From MR. FREDERICK J. BOWLEN—2 small photographs, framed together, of n.w. corner of Van Ness Ave. and Fulton St., San Francisco, after fire of 1906; 4 small photographs: Lola Montez' home, Grass Valley, Calif.; portrait of Lola Montez; interior and exterior of Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, Nevada.

From MR. JAMES K. FISK—Stereoscopic views: 4 of San Francisco, 3 of Yosemite, 1 of Mammoth Tree Grove.

From MRS. MABEL LEWIS (through CAPT. R. E. O'NEILL)—Large framed portrait (in oils) of Nellie Hall Bacon, painted by Fortunato Arriola in the sixties.

From MR. CRITTENDEN VAN WYCK—Album of photographs of San Francisco during the period of reconstruction after the earthquake and fire of 1906.

From MR. ERNEST A. WILTSEE—2 photographs of the grave of E. Allen Grosh in the cemetery of Last Chance, Placer County, California (1 framed); photograph of the home of Dr. John Marsh as it was in July 1941 (framed).

From MISS LOTTIE G. WOODS—Photograph of Dr. J. D. B. Stillman.

MISCELLANEOUS

From MR. FREDERICK J. BOWLEN—Large bookcase made by members of his battalion, S. F. Fire Department.

From MR. HOWARD W. DERBY—Tongs for handling hot coals; found about 1937 north of Pacific Heights.

From MR. FRANK E. KILPATRICK—Colt revolver taken from Tiburcio Vasquez at the time of his capture.

From MR. THEODORE E. MERRITT—Hinge from building at Volcano, California; Fragments of brig *Euphemia;* Fragment of tile from Mission San Gabriel; Fragment of tile and handmade nail found in Ohlone Indian burial ground near Mission San José; Beaded wristlet made by Yosemite Indian woman; Ox shoe from Weaverville; Mule shoe; Pony shoe; Piece of iron from ferryboat *Alameda.*

From MR. A. SCHONFELD (through MR. E. A. WILTSEE)—5 songs published by Bell and Company and T. C. Boyd, of San Francisco, including 2 with colored ornamental borders published in 1860.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Program of concert held at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, February 6, 1885.

New Members

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Clark, Miss Irene	Sacramento	Miss Caroline Wenzel
King, Percy L.	San Francisco	Mrs. Daniel Volkmann
Mein, William Wallace	Redwood City, Calif.	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Milliken, Ralph L.	Los Banos, Calif.	Mr. Paul Parker
Salinger, Mrs. Jehanne B.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Steger, Mrs. Gertrude A.	Palo Cedro, Calif.	Mrs. Alice B. Maloney

In Memoriam

GEORGE EZRA DANE

1904-1941

The passing of George Dane (on October 28, 1941) is a tragic sorrow, not only to his family and friends but to the world of western letters, in which he, in his brief years, had made himself a living part.

George Dane's grandfather, Ezra, crossed the plains and mined in the Tuolumne region in the fifties. His father, George B. Dane, was born there and later moved to Pasadena, where George Ezra arrived on December 21, 1904. His mother, Beatrice, is a native of Wisconsin and a graduate of the University of Minnesota.

Young George attended the public schools in Pasadena, graduated from high school at the early age of fifteen, and from Pomona College in 1924. He then went abroad, enrolled in the University of Geneva and after a year of study received the Certificate du Séminaire. He then attended the Academy of International Law at The Hague and finally entered the Harvard Law School, where he obtained the LL.B. in 1928 and became an associate editor of the *Harvard Law Review*. His scholastic attainments were high and he was an accomplished linguist.

Upon his return to California he entered the law firm of McCutchen, Olney, Mannon and Greene, where he specialized in admiralty practice.

His marriage to Yvonne Harley on March 22, 1934, was the beginning of a period of great happiness. Their home in San Francisco and at Pedro Point was the center of an ever widening circle of friends. Her interest and active cooperation in his literary work was a stimulus and inspiration, and to her he dedicated his last book, *Ghost Town*, published upon the very day of his death.

He had the magic gift of humor and a sensitive feeling for the subtleties of language, always seeking that turn of word or phrase essential to the spirit of the tale. So in *Ghost Town* he and his gifted mother recaptured the robust lore and homespun philosophy of America's background, and we laugh and live again in that forgotten time.

It was with his mother ten years ago that he first entered the field of folklore in a book of tales of Father Serra's Island, Majorca, entitled *Once There Was and Was Not* and published by Doubleday, Doran. This was selected as a "book-of-the-month" in the Literary Guild's junior section. It was the beginning of his interest in California history, for he felt that similar material on folklore was to be found here.

So he wrote busily during much of the time that could be spared from pressing office duties. In 1934 he edited Alonzo Delano's *Penknife Sketches*, published by the Grabhorn Press, and in 1935 and 1936, George F. Parsons' *Life of James W. Marshall* and Delano's *A Sojourn with Royalty*, published by George Fields. In 1938 he wrote a contribution on "Stockton" for the series of *Coast and Valley Towns of California* published by The Book Club of California. For Mark Twain's *Letters from the Sandwich Islands*, reprinted from the old files of the Sacramento *Union* (by the Grabhorn Press and later by the Stanford University Press), he wrote a superb introduction. This was followed, in 1940, by *Mark Twain's Travels with Mr. Brown*, in collaboration with Franklin Walker (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.). He also edited J. A. Moerenhout's *The Inside Story of the Gold Rush*, published by the California Historical Society in 1935.

From 1935 until 1939 he served on the Board of Directors of this society and for many years he was a member of its Publication Committee. He was a founder of the recently organized California Folklore Society, a member of the Roxburghe and Comstock clubs, and was one of the inspired revivers of the old mining order of E Clampus Vitus, in which he took immense delight.

He was a gentle person, merry and companionable, of simple tastes and with a heart full of compassion and love for humanity.

Charles L. Camp

Eleanor Mack Davenport

1874-1941

When Miss Eleanor Davenport passed away at her home in San Francisco on November 23, the California Historical Society lost one of its most enthusiastic and loyal members. Although Miss Davenport was not a native Californian, having been born in Boston, Massachusetts, on April 6, 1874, she was intensely interested in the history of this state and usually read the California Historical Society Quarterly from cover to cover and regularly attended the Society's luncheon meetings when her health permitted.

Coming to California with her parents (William F. and Elizabeth Hewitt Davenport) and brothers in 1889, she lived first in Redlands; but in 1891 the family removed to San Francisco, and here she made her home for the past fifty years.

At the University of California, which she entered with the Class of 1895, Miss Davenport was a special student in languages.

She was actively interested in many charities, especially The Ladies Protection and Relief Society, the Children's Agency, and the Associated Charities. She also belonged to several small literary groups and was intensely interested in music.

Throughout the many illnesses which she experienced during the past few years Miss Davenport kept her keen sense of humor and cheerful disposition, as well as the unselfishness which characterized her whole life. She will be greatly missed by her many friends and her two surviving brothers, Dixwell and Hewitt Davenport, both of San Francisco.

CORA SMEDBERG FELTON

1874-1941

Cora Smedberg Felton met her death in a highway accident October 9, 1941, when returning from a meeting of the California Roadside Council, the organization she founded in 1929 for the preservation of the beauty of the California countryside.

Always a lover of natural beauty, in 1935 she took a prominent part in the Conservation Forum at the Yosemite National Park. In 1939 she became chairman of the committee on parks and boulevards of the citizens' beautification committee of the city of San Francisco, and as chairman of this committee developed a plan for a boulevard encircling the city. This plan is so clear, precise, and withal so feasible that the San Francisco Federation of Arts, to which she was long a delegate, is bringing it to the attention of the city's planning commission. The plan is only one of many manifestations of her deep concern with the physical aspect of the West and of her valiant fight against the public's indifference to their heritage of beauty.

With equal ardor, Mrs. Felton devoted herself to the development of San Francisco's cultural pursuits. She was a member of the San Francisco Opera Association, the San Francisco Symphony Association, the San Francisco Society of Women Artists, and the San Francisco Art Association. To all of these she gave of herself for she was not only a generous patron of the arts, but also a close friend of the artist. Painters, musicians, sculptors, poets, and writers were her house guests and received her encouragement and her wisely given aid.

Born in San Francisco on February 2, 1874, she traveled widely but remained always conscious of her roots in the city she loved. She was the daughter of an officer in the Union Army during the Civil War, Colonel William Renwick Smedberg; the granddaughter of a California pioneer, Israel W. Raymond. She graduated from Miss West's school in San Francisco. Upon the death of her father she conducted for a time the insurance business she inherited.

In 1914 she married Charles N. Felton, Jr., son of the United States Senator of the same name. Several years later she adopted her first cousin, Elizabeth Raymond.

Never physically robust, through rare self-discipline she lived a life of extraordinary activity, rich in friendship and rich in work which will conserve for the West some of the beauty she felt so keenly.

JEANNETTE DYER SPENCER

We regret also to report the death of Mrs. Frank H. Garcia, of Oakland, on October 29. The obituary that we expected to include, however, has not yet been received.

Marginalia

Lois Foster Rodecape (Mrs. DeForest A. Rodecape) will be remembered for her "Gilding the Sunflower; a Study of Oscar Wilde's Visit to San Francisco," in the June 1940 issue of this QUARTERLY, and her "Quand Même; a Few California Footnotes to the Biography of Sarah Bernhardt," in the June 1941 issue.

Robert Fleming Heizer, formerly an instructor in the Department of Anthropology, University of Oregon, is now with the Department of Anthropology, University of California. His article on "Alexander S. Taylor's Map of California Indian Tribes" appeared in the June 1941 issue.

John Denton Carter received his degree of Ph.D. from the University of California last May, his doctoral thesis being a history of the San Francisco *Bulletin.* He is a native of Texas and did his undergraduate work at the Southern Methodist University, in Dallas.

Robert Moorman Denhardt is assistant professor of agricultural economics at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and is on leave for the academic year 1941-42 with a grant from the Rockefeller Institute in order that he may complete his history of the western horse. He is a member of the Southwestern Committee on Latin American Culture, a director of the Texas Horse, Mule and Jack Association, and secretary of the American Quarter Horse Association.

Mrs. Edith V. A. Murphey is a range botanist and student of Indian uses of native plants, with the Field Service of the Office of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior. She lives at Covelo, California, near the Round Valley Indian Reservation, and has made pack trips with Lucy Young through the wilderness area described in her narrative.

Edgar Whittlesey Camp, lawyer, was born at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, on February 27, 1860. After receiving a bachelor's degree in 1880 and a master's in 1883 at Beloit College, Wisconsin, he studied law in Milwaukee and was admitted to the Wisconsin bar in 1883. He began the practice of his profession in the same year in North Dakota. After serving as county attorney of Foster County, North Dakota, 1884-85, as a member of the North Dakota Constitutional Convention, 1889, as reporter of the North Dakota Supreme Court, 1890-91, and as United States district attorney for North Dakota, 1892-94, he removed to Los Angeles, California, in 1896. From 1904 to 1928 he was associated, in various capacities, with the legal department of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. He was a member of the California State Assembly in 1902-3.

Among our new members:

Miss Irene Clark is a teacher in the C. K. McClatchy Senior High School, Sacramento.

Mr. William Wallace Mein, born in Nevada City, California, become interested in mining and as a young man went to South Africa, where he became manager of several large mining companies. He has since been president of several oil and mining enterprises in this country and is now president of both the Calaveras Cement Company and Bishop Oil Company, as well as being a director of several others.

Ralph LeRoy Milliken is a graduate of Stanford University and a rural mail carrier and orchardist living in Los Banos, California. History is his hobby and he has gathered a large collection of local material, some of which he has published.

Mrs. Jehanne Bietry Salinger is a native of France and has devoted considerable time and study to the history of the French in California.

Mrs. Gertrude A. Steger is president of the Shasta County Historical Society.

The response to the appeal for voluntary workers has been generous. The work done by those who have responded has been of material assistance. Thanks in particular are due to Miss Lucie Dobbie, Mrs. Lawton R. Kennedy, Mrs. Alice B. Maloney, and Mrs. Gertrude A. Steger. It is hoped that these and others can continue to give assistance. The librarian expresses her appreciation of the work of Battalion Chief Fred J. Bowlen and his men in building a badly needed bookcase.

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Volume XX

1941

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SAN FRANCISCO

In this Index, illustrations have been indicated by printing the page numbers in *italic* type. The titles of articles printed in the *Quarterly* have been set in large and small capitals. Abbreviations have been used as follows: Co. = company or county; ed. = editor or edited; opp. = opposite; S. F. = San Francisco.

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